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SNOWDEN, WILLIAM H.
SOME OLD HISTORIC LANDMARKS
OF VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND



SOME
Old Historic Landmarks

OF
VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND

DESCRIBED IN
A HAND-BOOK FOR THE TOURIST

OVER THE
WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA RAILWAY

BY
W. H. SNOWDEN, A. M.
OF ANDALUSIA, VA.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF NEW JERSEY,
VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND, &C.

SEVENTH EDITION OF FIVE THOUSAND.
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Washington-Virginia Railway Company
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WILLIAM H. SNOWDEN

TO THE READER.

This Hand Book makes no pretensions to literary excellence, nor fine typographical display. The only aim of the author in its preparation has been historical accuracy and the acceptable presentation of much and varied information in a little compass and at a small cost. It is merely an epitome of a Library Edition of much greater scope, with many more subjects and illustrations, now being published.

While the Book is offered nominally as a guide to locate important places for the tourist, and to briefly narrate whatever of historic interest pertains to each of them, it is also designed for more than a mere itinerary to be hastily read and then carelessly thrown aside as being of no further value.

Some there may be of its readers it is hoped, who will find its contents of sufficient interest to take home for household reading and preservation.

We are now in an age when there is a far greater desire among all classes of our people than ever before for inquiry into whatever relates to or throws new light upon the work, the struggles, the progress, manners and usages of the generations of the *earlier* days.

Some repetitions of facts and occurrences will be found in reading the different chapters on account of their having been written at different times, for which the reader's indulgence is asked. The thanks of the author is due to such of his friends as have contributed to the work, and especially to Miss Eugenie DeLand of Washington City for her numerous pictorial designs. In the book will be found not only a summary of the life, services, and character of General Washington, and a description of his home, his farms, and his farming operations, and the changes which have been incident to his land estate since his passing away, but also descriptions of numerous other outlying historic landmarks on both shores of the Potomac. The writer trusts that the book, hastily prepared in brief intervals of pressing duties, may prove an acceptable companion to all strangers wayfaring among the many interesting historic points which will be open to them by this convenient and delightful route of travel to the Home and Tomb of the venerated Washington.

W. H. S.

ANDALUSIA, VA.



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Washington City to Mount Vernon.

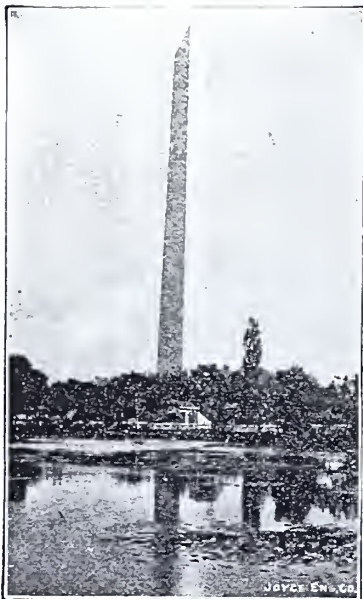
Washington, Alexander Island, Arlington Junction, Addison, Four Mile Run, St. Elmo,
St. Asaph, Del Ray, Lloyd, Braddock, Rosemont, Alexandria, New
Alexandria, Dyke, Bellmont, Wellington, Arcturus, Herbert
Springs, Snowden, Grassymead, Hunter,
Riverside, Mount Vernon.

The tourist who boards the train of the Washington-Virginia Railway Company at the corner of Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, in the National Capital, for a ride to the Home and Tomb of George Washington will pass through a region of country whose every locality bears the vivid impress of most interesting as well as important historical associations, reaching back through nearly three hundred years of the beginnings and progress of our country in the march of civilization and advancement.

On every stream and thoroughfare, in every valley and on every hill crest there is some memento or land mark, in whatever direction the eye may range, to remind of the pioneers who transformed the wastes of the wilderness, marked the bounds of the homesteads, laid the hearth stones, established the neighborhoods and set up the altars of the Virginia Commonwealth. Aside from the great historic interest which pertains to every portion of the way of this desirable route to Mount Vernon, there is also for the tourist a pleasing diversity of natural scenery, of which the broad skirting river forms a very attractive part.

As the train passes down 14th street towards the Potomac, the beautifully diversified grounds of the Agricultural Department, those of the Smithsonian Institute and of the National Museum and the Botanical Gardens, comprising a large area reaching to the foot of the Capitol may be seen on the left. The extensive and varied collections in the spacious buildings of these grounds from all lands and climes amply illustrating the mineral, animal and vegetable Kingdoms of nature will well repay a visit. On the right are the monumental grounds from which rises the great shaft erected to the memory of General George Washington. This structure rises to the height of a little over 555 feet above ground level and 600 feet above mean tide water, and is the highest work of masonry in the world.

It is built of granite and marble and contained in its wall is a block of native copper weighing 2100 pounds from Lake Michigan. Its foundations are of blue stone laid 16 feet in depth. The topmost stone weighs over 3000 pounds. The whole structure is surmounted by a point of aluminium 9½ inches high and 5½ inches square at its base weighing 100 ounces, the cost of which was \$225. Whiter than silver and not liable to corrosion this point as the sunlight strikes it, glistens like a huge diamond or an intense electric light. The base of the shaft is 55 feet square, with walls 15 feet thick. The whole structure weighs more than 80000 tons. Just under the pyramidon or pinnace stone is a platform with an area of 1167 feet from which, through eight windows, the visitor has magnificent prospects of the surrounding country. Here, the walls are 18 inches thick. The corner stone was laid July 4th, 1848, and the whole was finished in 1885 at a cost of \$1,500,000. On an average 500 visitors ascend the monument daily at a yearly cost to the government of \$20,000.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The top of the great structure is reached by an elevator, and also a stairway of 50 flights of steps, each flight consisting of eighteen steps—900 in all. Within the walls of this structure there is room enough to contain a thousand persons. Like the great dome of the Capitol, this massive shaft from its commanding height is a conspicuous land mark for many miles distant in all the approaches to Washington. Being so high and isolated from other surrounding objects it has been struck numbers of times by lightning but without material injury. Strange to say, but it is nevertheless a fact established by nice and careful experiments, that this massive monument so deeply and broadly founded, has a daily leaning movement toward the sun, amounting at times to four or five inches.

In close proximity to the monument is the National Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where are printed all the paper currency and postage stamps of the government.

Emerging from the National Capital the train crosses the Potomac River by the New Highway Bridge, into Alexandria county, Virginia. This bridge, built in 1906, is 2,666 feet long and has a wide draw over the main channel of the stream through which large sailing vessels and steamers may pass up to the port of Georgetown two miles beyond, which place is at the head of a tide water navigation reaching down by a continually widening and deepening stream, until at its confluence with the waters of Chesapeake bay, 108 miles, it is seven miles in width. The distance from the Capital to the Atlantic Ocean is 185 miles. To Norfolk 210 miles. Fifty miles below the Capital the water becomes salty. The head waters of the Potomac are in the Alleghany mountains and its entire length is about 400 miles. This river was called by the Indians Cohangoruton. "River of Swans." Before the advent of the white man the haughty Algonquins had their tribal town or Capital where the superb city now lifts its domes and towers. The corner stone of the Capitol was laid with masonic ceremonies by George Washington in 1793. He was then serving the first year of his second term as president. Harper's Ferry where the Shenandoah joins the Potomac is fifty miles distant. Great Falls eighteen miles.

The first white man who ever gazed upon the fair face of the Potomac and its beautiful landscapes was that renowned adventurer Captain John Smith, one of the Jamestown colony who with fourteen companions in an open barge in the Spring of 1608 explored its majestic course through the unbroken wilderness from the Chesapeake to the head of tide water a few miles above the present site of the Capital. From his notes and observations he made a map of the lands bordering the stream, with their numerous affluents and various Indian settlements, which is still extant in his quaint book of travels and explorations.

The flats in front of the city and over which Long Bridge and its causeway passes consist of



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

about 1000 acres, and are now being transformed by the government into a vast insular park and when laid out with roads and walks and planted with trees and shrubbery as contemplated, will be a place of great beauty and attraction.

Over the famous Long Bridge most of the great armies marching for the defence of the Union from the loyal states of the republic, entered Virginia during the civil war from 1861 to 1865. Not far from the western end of the bridge along the Columbia turnpike may still be seen remains of Old Fort Runyon, built by the union troops—the first military works raised for the protection of Washington against the advance of the secession forces, and which was then the base of the first picketing and skirmishing operations of the great conflict. These defences were commenced by daylight of May 24th, 1861. To Runyon's New Jersey brigade, second, third and fourth regiments belongs the honor of constructing this, one of the strongest of the forts, and it was named for the brigade's commanding officer—Gen'l Theodore Runyon. The old works are now in the midst of the extensive brick yards of Brick Haven and Waterloo. A portion of them yet remain, but the greater part of the historic clay thrown up here by the boys in blue of '61 now does service in the walls of Washington houses. The perimeter of this fort exceeded that of any of the other forts in the chain, covering an area of about twelve acres, and its armament consisted of twenty-three guns, one of which was a thirty pounder rifled Parrott, eight were eight inch sea coast howitzers, ten were thirty-two pounders and four six pounder field guns, all mounted on barbette carriages. These were manned by 315 men. A strong stockade fronted the marsh between the fort and the river. Fort Albany was in the immediate vicinity to the westward and Fort Jackson was to the northward.

While the great line of defences was in course of construction by the armed multitudes who swarmed all the hills and valleys from Washington to Great Hunting creek, the Long Bridge* played a very prominent part in the startling activities of the war. Over its broad thoroughfare passed unceasingly, night and day, railway military trains, commissary supply wagons, hurrying regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, dashing couriers and clattering mounted orderlies. The Capital was filled with contractors, speculators and adventurers of every description, and with relatives and friends of the soldiers, all of whom found their way over the river by this bridge to the numerous encampments.

A new steel bridge with capacity to accommodate the great and increasing railway and other travel over the stream, and of architectural design in harmony with the proposed plans for the beautifying of the National Capital, is already in course of construction to take the place of the old structure.



THE OLD LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

*If any of the boys in blue who came down from the loyal states in the early sixties for the defence of the Union, crossing the bridge, had imagined that they were on a holiday excursion to see gay and easy times their visions were soon dispelled when they began the incessant drills and the laborious work of erecting the great lines of defences about the National Capital.

On either side of the river, both in Virginia and Maryland, the hills presented a continuation of heights which commanded the territory lying beyond, and these were quickly taken advantage of by the engineering department of the United States army. Strong embankments were thrown up, powerful guns were placed in position, and in order to give the widest range for execution, forests were leveled and in some instances houses and barns removed, so that the enemy would have no chance to come upon the city unawares. The forts were constructed of earth, timber and masonry in the most careful and thorough manner. They contained wells, bombproofs and magazines; were surrounded by ditches, fringed and planted with abatis of sharp-pointed branches and were armed variously. Well nigh forty years of peace have passed since these defences were constructed. To-day, hardly one of them remains intact as when the notes of *reville* and tattoo sounded in their midst. Nearly all of them have been demolished. The ramparts have been leveled, the ditches and rifle pits filled: and the plowshare of the farmer is again passing over them as before the war. As the forts were erected and provided with their armaments, they were as quickly garrisoned by the troops that poured into Washington from the north, and many of the bravest and best of the soldiers who fought for the perpetuity of the government saw their first service in the forts around Washington.

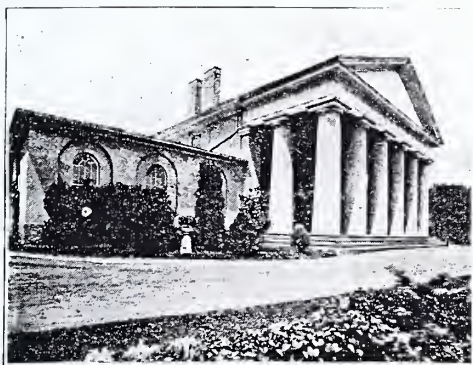
THE SYSTEM OF DEFENCES.

By the 1st of January, 1862, the entire defensive line, mounting about 500 guns, was in an advanced condition, although not completed. It was not, indeed, until the summer of 1865 that they were in anything like a finished shape. When completed the works comprised 62 forts with 44 supporting batteries, the whole having an armament of over 1,000 guns and requiring 16,000 men to properly man them. The first suggestion to erect fortifications was made early in May, 1861, by Gen. Mansfield, who was then in command of the troops in the city, and he indicated Arlington Heights as the best place to begin. By the 24th of that month Forts Ellsworth, Runyon, Albany and Corcoran were established for the special purpose of protection to the approaches of the bridges and ferries on the Potomac. It was not until the first battle of Bull Run had been fought, however, that a systematic plan of defense was thought of. After the battle of Bull Run the cluster of commanding heights, four miles west of Alexandria and six miles from Washington, were occupied by the confederates, but in October of that year the hills were again taken possession of and fortified by the Union troops. The system of works constituting what are called the defenses of Washington were divided into four groups: First, those south of the Potomac, commencing with Fort Willard below Alexandria, and terminating with Fort Smith, opposite Georgetown, comprising twenty-nine forts and eleven supporting batteries; second, Forts Ethan Allen and Marcy at the Virginia end of the Chain bridge, with their five batteries for field guns; third, those north of the Potomac and between that river and the Anacostia, commencing with Fort Sumner and terminating with Fort Lincoln, comprising nineteen forts, four batteries armed with heavy guns and twenty-three batteries of field guns; fourth, those south of the Anacostia, commencing with Fort Mahon at Benning and terminating with Fort Greble at Oxon run, nearly opposite Alexandria, comprising twelve forts and one armed battery.

Looking to the left beyond the reclaimed flats from this end of the bridge may be seen at the junction of Anacostia with the Potomac, the Arsenal, containing a museum of heavy and small arms, antique and modern, in which may be studied by the curious in such things, their wonderful evolution from their primitive forms and processes of loading and firing. Among the artillery are many guns which have been captured in various battles and sieges. The arsenal grounds are notable as having been the place where the chief conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln were hanged.

In full view to the right of the bridge on an elevation overlooking a vast and varied landscape of cities, highlands and river, stands the classic home of George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington and grandson of Martha Washington, erected in 1802. The place is known as Arlington. The large estate consisting of 1160 acres on the death of Mr. Custis in 1857 became the property of

Gen. Robt. E. Lee who had married his daughter and only child Mary Ann. Mr. Custis had inherited his estate from his father, John Parke Custis who purchased it of Gerrard Alexander in 1745.



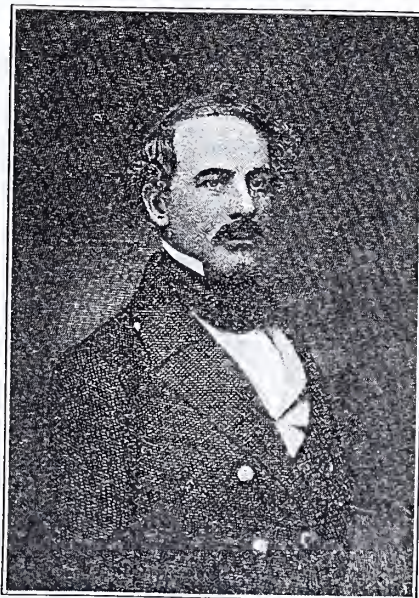
ARLINGTON MANSION.

General Lee became the leader of the secession armies and the estate in those troublous times being unoccupied by its owner was in 1863 sold under the confiscation act for the payment of the direct tax which had been levied upon it for \$92.00 and became the property of the U. S. Government which took possession of the premises and set apart 200 acres of the domain for the interment of dead soldiers of the Union Army. In this National Cemetery specially laid out and beautified with reference to the patriotic purposes in view, nearly 20,000 soldiers have been buried from battle fields, hospitals and homes. The ceremonies at this beautiful place on every Decoration Day under the direction and loving care

of the Grand Army of the Republic are very imposing and always attract many thousands of the surviving veterans and friends of the departed. South Carolina seceded from the Union in December, 1860, and Col. Lee remained at his post in the United States army. Other States followed and he kept his place. Fort Sumpter was fired upon and the United States troops had a collision with the citizens of Baltimore and still he adhered to the government. But on the 19th of April, 1861, the convention in session in Virginia, passed the ordinance of secession and united her fate with that of the south. Col. Lee then believing that his allegiance was first due to his native state, resigned his commission and joined the Southern confederacy.

The title of the Government to all of the Arlington domain has been perfected since the conveyance by the confiscation act, by acknowledged satisfactory values \$150,000, to the legal heirs of the property. This interesting locality with its great natural beauties, its adornments of art, its shaded walks and drives, its fine panoramic views and its sacred burial associations the tourist should not overlook or pass by. It may be reached every hour of the day by the cars of the Electric road. From Addison Station just beyond the brick works, a mile to the left and on the Potomac bank still stands the old Custis homestead of Abingdon where the three sisters of the Arlington proprietor—Nellie Custis, who became Mrs. Lawrence Lewis of Woodlawn, Elizabeth Custis, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Law and Martha Custis afterwards Mrs. Thomas Peters were born. They were the children of Col. John Parke Custis and Eleanor Calvert, daughter of Benedict Calvert of Mount Airy, Maryland. Their father, Col. John Custis son of Martha Dandridge Custis died of camp fever contracted in the siege of Yorktown, 1781, and their grandmother Martha, again changed her name in 1759 and went to live with Col. George Washington at Mount Vernon. Much interesting history pertains to Abingdon and its first occupants.

At Addison Station may be seen the dry bed of the channel of the Old Georgetown and Alexandria Canal, a branch of the great commercial water way connecting tide



COL. ROBERT E. LEE AT 40.

water of the Potomac with navigation on the Ohio, a distance of 360 miles, an enterprise commenced in 1828, and which grew out of the efforts of the projectors of the "Potomac Company" of 1784 of whom George Washington was the most prominent worker.

Along Four Mile run which the electric road crosses, four miles from the Capital, General Washington owned several hundred acres of land, and near its head waters, where the Old Columbia pike crosses them he had mills, from which were shipped cargoes of flour to the West Indies in the earlier Colonial times. Then, the run unvexed by bridges was deep and navigable for sea going craft. On this stream was situated the convalescent camp of the civil war.

From Four Mile Run to Alexandria, four miles beyond, the road passes through a beautifully undulating and fertile stretch of country, which suburban improvement is invading and gradually dotting with handsome residences. Through this stretch the contemplated avenue or boulevard from Arlington and the Memorial Bridge to Mt. Vernon, a distance of seventeen miles, when constructed, will doubtless pass.



ABINGDON HOUSE—BIRTH-PLACE OF NELLIE CUSTIS.

At Spring Park Station the road strikes the Leesburg Turnpike, the Old Military highway over which General Edward Braddock and most of his army of British regulars and provincial troopers marched in the spring of 1755 to expel the French and their Indian allies from the lands of the Ohio river. The regulars consisted of the 44th regiment under Col. Peter Halket and the 48th commanded by Col. Thomas Dunbar, mustering 500 men, each with supplies and provisions and about 800 provincial troops.

The Braddock road over which the gay regulars and provincials made their slow and wearisome march is still a way and a highway, holding its course to the mountains though not as then rugged with stumps of trees and boulders and shadowed by unbroken forests but graded and smoothed for easy and pleasant travel and lying through a region of farms and hamlets.

They left Alexandria, then but a straggling hamlet in the forest, the second week in April, and reached the Ohio borders the first week in July ensuing, marching a distance of more than 300 miles through an unbroken wilderness with swollen streams innumerable to ford, and rugged hills and mountains to toil over. The disastrous battle was fought on the ninth of July. Out of 86 officers, 26 were killed, among them Braddock and Halket. The army after the battle, under Col. Dunbar marched to Philadelphia and went into winter quarters.



MAJOR GENL. EDWARD BRADDOCK.

For Braddock's obstinacy in refusing to listen to the advice given him by old Indian fighters as to the modes of conducting the campaign, which later he vainly regretted; he paid the penalty with the loss of his life. With him were slain twenty-six out of his eighty-six officers, among them Sir Peter Halket; and thirty-seven were wounded including Col. Gage and other field officers. Gage afterwards figured as a general in the British army, fighting against the colonists. Braddock was rash, and courted every danger. Shirley his secretary was shot dead and both his English aides were disabled. The battle was a rout. The regulars were panic stricken and fled, even fired upon the provincials, mistaking them in the smoke for the enemy. Gen. Braddock had been in the British service for more than thirty years and had participated in many severe engagements under the Duke of Cumberland. Although a brave soldier, he was rash and impetuous and tyrannical.

Braddock had five horses disabled under him. At last, a bullet entered his right side and he fell mortally wounded. He was with difficulty brought off the field and borne along in the train of the fugitives. All the first day he was silent, but at night he roused himself to say—"who would have thought it." Dunbar was now in command. On the 12th of July he destroyed the remaining artillery, and burned public stores and the heavy baggage to the value of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, pleading in excuse, that he had the orders for so doing of the dying general. In mid-summer he evacuated Fort Cumberland and then hurried to Philadelphia for winter quarters. At night Braddock roused again to say, "we shall know the next time better how to manage them," and died. His grave was made near Fort Necessity. Thus ended the famous expedition of 1755 against the French and Indians and the first days of military glory in Alexandria.

Since the occurrence of the events we have narrated, hardly a century and a half has passed, but the circumstances seem dim to us now and very remote; for the succeeding years have wrought so many changes for the colonies and the states. They are not so distant after all when measured by the years of a long life time.

The straggling hamlet of Belle Haven, then a frontier post in the midst of perils and alarms from Indian incursions, has grown to be a pretentious town, and the wave of civilization has rolled westward two thousand miles beyond it and encompassed with its blessings, the realms of a continent. It presents to-day but few traces of the exciting circumstances of those primeval times. The old council house where the colonial governors deliberated, still remains; and here and there, other land marks are pointed out to revive memories and traditions, a hipped roofed house, moss grown, with quaint gables, an outside chimney and dormer windows. Now and then in digging in the streets, a crown stamped button from a red coat of one of Braddock's regulars, or a coin with the superscription, "Brittania and Georgius 2d," or a rusted flint lock are

unearthed, which to the fanciful gazer brings up whole chapters of history of the long vanished years and fan into glowing embers their smouldering remains.

Few great battles were fought in the vicinity of Washington during the civil war, but this neighborhood was well peopled with soldiers who were kept constantly on the alert, for raids, and skirmishes: and small actions were matters of frequent occurrence. The most significant and the bloodiest fight of all was the first Bull Run battle, which was fought about twenty-one miles from the city. The second fight, known also as the battle of Bull Run, was fought at Manassas, within a few miles of the first battle.

During the early part of the war the citizens of Washington were well acquainted with the sounds of the conflict; and the fear of invasion was constantly in the minds of all. One of the earliest skirmishes that took place in this immediate vicinity was that at Edwards' Ferry, June 18, 1861, and again October 4, and October 21 and 22, in the same year, there were actions at that place. An unimportant skirmish took place at Seneca Mills, June 14 and 15, 1861, and July 7 of that year there were skirmishes at Rockville and great Falls. A few days later, in July, the forces of the two armies met at Silver Spring in a brief engagement.

Early in May, 1861, Alexandria was evacuated by the confederate forces and later in the month the Union army moved into Virginia and occupied Arlington Heights and Alexandria, capturing Captain Ball of the confederate army and his cavalry troop of thirty-five men. Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, commanding the 11th New York, known as the 1st Fire Zouaves of New York city, was shot and killed in Alexandria.

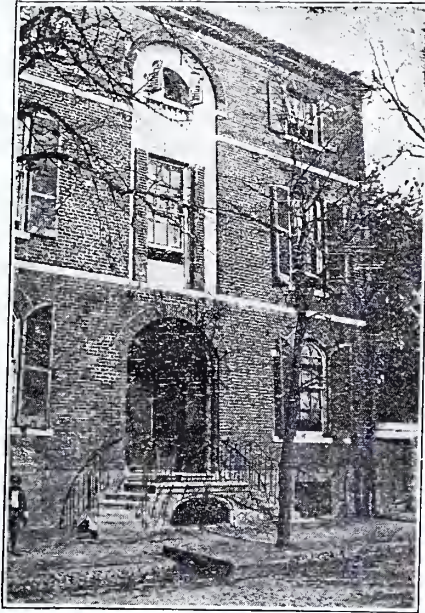
August 18th, 1861, there was a skirmish at Pohick Church, Va., about twelve miles from Alexandria, and later in the month there were skirmishes at Ball's Cross roads and Baily's Corners. The first day of August there was a skirmish at Munson's Hill. Fairfax Court House, which is about seventeen miles from Washington, was the scene of an engagement June 1, 1861, when a company of regular cavalry cut through the confederate lines. Six Union soldiers were killed and twenty confederates. In the middle of July this town was occupied by the Union forces, under General McDowell, and this inaugurated the Bull Run campaign, which ended in the first battle by that name, which was fought July 21, 1861.

Throughout the rest of the war there was hardly a month in which some engagement did not occur on Virginia soil within twenty miles of Alexandria. The confederates were making constant efforts to drive back the pickets thrown out by the Union forces and to force inward the line of defences. There were engagements at Dranesville, Leesburg, Burke's Station and Dumfries.

Just as Richmond was the object of a general campaign on the part of the Union army, so Washington was the goal toward which flying columns of southern forces were constantly being thrown. The nearest approach to an actual invasion of the capital occurred July 10, 1864, when Fort Reno and Fort Stevens, a few miles north of the city, were attacked by a part of Gen. Jubal A. Early's raiding army. A fight took place at Fort Stevens on the 7th street road, and after a sharp struggle the confederates were driven back and the threatened capture of Washington was averted. The fighting on this occasion covered three days, although at no time did the engagement amount to a fixed battle. Forty union soldiers were killed in the various encounters on that occasion.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

Seven miles below the National Capital, on the opposite shore of the Potomac River stands the city of Alexandria, with a population of eighteen thousand and a history dating back to the year 1748, when Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, and their associates, as incorporators by the authority of the General Assembly of Virginia, organized the beginning of its municipal government. Fifty years before that time not a single white man had permanent residence there, and only a few years before, 1669, the whole of the domain from Great Hunting Creek to the falls of the Potomac



THE FAIRFAX HOUSE.

COR. CAMERON AND ST. ASAPH STS.

Britain during the colonial contest.

The city fronts at a convenient elevation on the river where the depth will admit of vessels drawing over twenty-five feet of water. Once its port was a very busy one, with a commerce extending to the West Indies, South America and Europe. Before the time of railroads the merchants of the place kept up an extensive trade in wheat and other farm commodities, brought over the turnpikes by the caravans of white sheet topped wagons from the rich lands of the Shenandoah and adjoining regions.

The old town's historical associations are of surpassing interest to every lover of the lore of Colonial times. No locality in the thirteen original provinces was more intimately connected with the beginnings and subsequent development of the spirit and feeling which led to the declaration of American Independence. It was indeed a hot

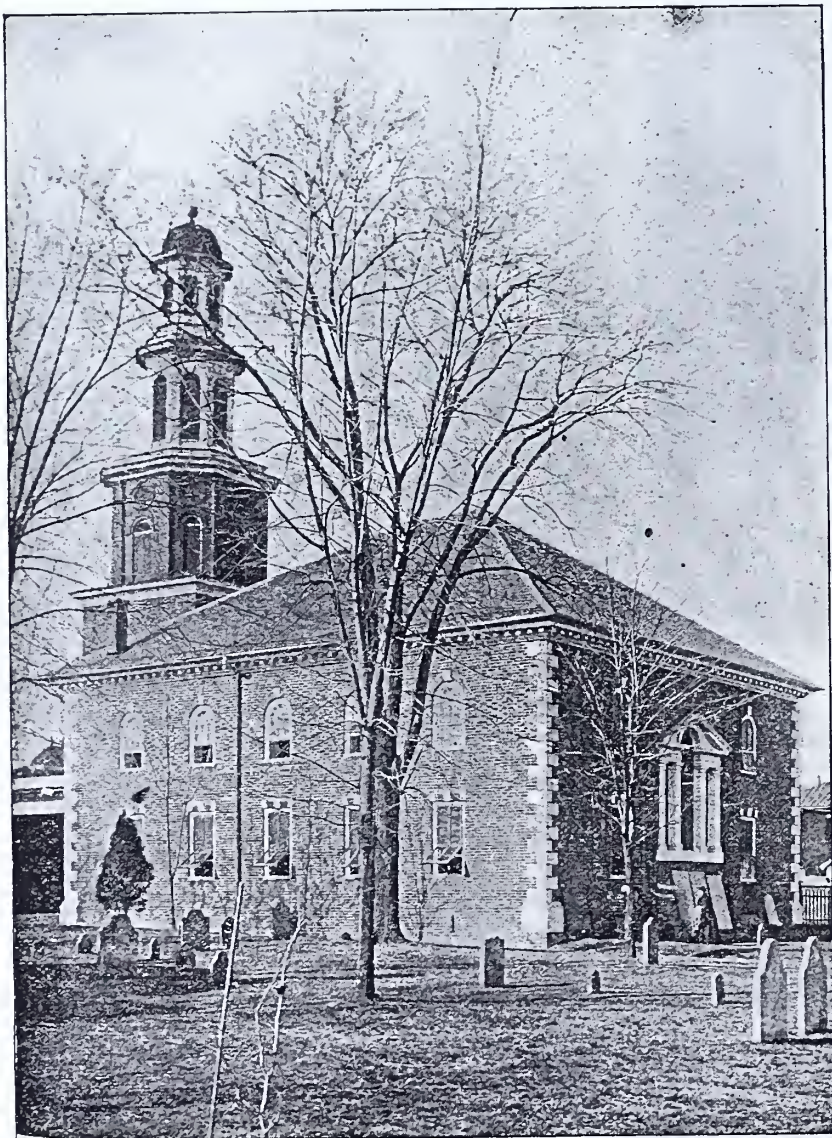
bed of patriotism all through the long struggle. Her people were early imbued with the spirit of resistance to the oppressive measures of Great Britain and no town in all the colonies responded more promptly and continually for troops and resources, through the contest. "Here it was," says a contemporary English traveler, "that Geo. Washington amid the plaudits of the inhabitants first stepped forth as the patron of sedition and revolt and subscribed fifty pounds for the support of hostilities." The town was then about twenty-five years old and its population about five thousand.



THE LLOYD HOUSE.

COR. WASHINGTON AND QUEEN STS.

Through the years of the continental strife and general trouble incident to it, as everywhere else, the industries of the town were greatly depressed, but prosperity returned with the dawn of peace. The wagon trains again came down with their freight, from the far frontiers, and commerce again unfurled her sails as in the years agone. In 1814, the population was nearly 8000. In 1816, two years after the capitulation to



CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

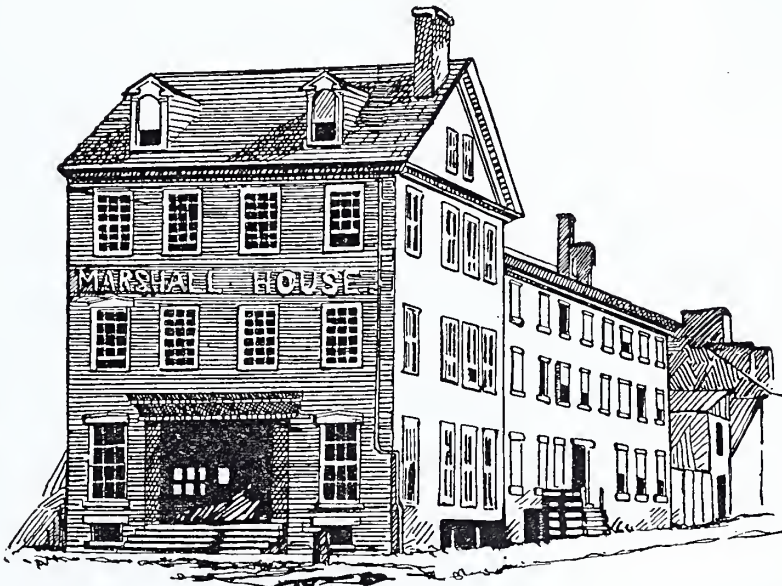
and plunder by Admiral Gordon, commander of the British fleet up the Potomac, the arrivals of sails at its port were, nineteen ships, forty-two brigs, fifty-two schooners from foreign ports and three hundred and twenty-two coastwise entries.

Had the conditions of trade and traffic and the various local economic industries which then existed continued unchanged through the succeeding years, Alexandria today could doubtless show a population double and treble that which it now claims.

The construction of the Potomac Canal and the laying of the three several railways, the Baltimore and Ohio, with its branch to Winchester, the Midland and the Loudoun and Hampshire, ended the old time wagon industries over the mountains and diverted most of the wonted trade to other points.

Here in the spring of 1755 met the Colonial Governors, Dinwiddie of Virginia, Shirley of Massachusetts, De Lancy of New York, Morris of Pennsylvania, Sharpe of Maryland and Dobbs of North Carolina, to arrange plans for the prosecution of the French and Indian war on the Ohio river. This meeting of the colonial governors might be called the second congress in America. That of the council at Albany in 1747, the first.

Christ Church, built in 1767 on Washington street near to King with its unaltered pew of George Washington will bring back forcibly the plainer days when the great hero mingled so often in religious service with his neighbors and friends of old Fairfax.



MARSHALL HOUSE.

The spacious rooms of the Old City Hotel on Royal street between King and Cameron will call up many festive scenes when the same revered personage was wont to lay aside his dignity for the time and trip gaily through the mazes of the dance, with fair women and brave men; here also, he had his headquarters when he visited Alexandria, and here in 1799 he gave his last military order to the Alexandria volunteers.

The Marshall House on King street above Royal, will make fresh the tragic circumstances of the killing of Col. Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves, May 24th, 1861. That was the first blood shed in Virginia during the war. The following tragic account of the occurrence is from the Alexandria Gazette:

"Probably no survivor of the Army of the Potomac visits Alexandria without inquiring for the Marshall House. It became famous in history in the early days of the late war, and has so remained ever since. It was in this building that one of the bloodiest tragedies of the war was enacted, in which two men met their death in a terrible encounter.

"The spring of 1861 found Alexandria, as well as many other Southern cities, in a ferment of excitement. The place was held by a few companies of Confederate soldiers, who flaunted the stars and bars literally within sight of the Capitol and under the guns of the Federal steamer "Pawnee," which was anchored off the city at the time.



COL. ELMER E. ELLSWORTH.

Manassas Junction on the Orange and Alexandria (now Virginia Midland) Railroad, about twenty-seven miles distant.

"The plans of the Federal troops, through some miscarriage, proved ineffectual so far as capturing the rebel soldiers was concerned, and only a small company was netted. The Federal troops were sent in three directions, when the move on the city was made—some by way of Chain Bridge above Georgetown, others *via* the Long Bridge, where trains now pass from Washington into Virginia, and the remainder by water. The Confederate pickets around the wharves and on the outskirts of the city gave the alarm in time to allow a safe retreat, and when Uncle Sam's soldiers entered the city, those of the Confederacy were well on their way South.

"The New York Fire Zouaves were among those who reached Alexandria by water. No doubt their young and patriotic, though ill-starred colonel had viewed the obnoxious flag from a distance as well as Mr. Lincoln, and had longed for the opportunity of



THE ELLSWORTH TRAGEDY.

"One beautiful Saturday afternoon, a few weeks before the lamentable tragedy which concentrated the attention of the country on Alexandria, James Jackson, who was the lessee of the Marshall House, a sort of tavern more than a hotel, situated on the southeast corner of King and Pitt streets, flung to the breeze, from the roof of that building, a large-sized Confederate flag, with the defiant assertion that the man who lowered it would do so over his dead body. The occasion was one of some rejoicing and enthusiasm among those who had cast their fortunes with the Confederacy, or who sympathized with the disunion movement.

"A few days before the capture of Alexandria, President Lincoln and his Cabinet, from some elevated spot in Washington, with field glasses, viewed the objectionable flag, and in the course of the conversation that followed, Mr. Lincoln remarked that the ensign of treason would not remain there long; nor did it, as on the night of Thursday, May 23, 1861, a silent move was made on this defiant city, which resulted in its capture and the stampede of its Confederate garrison to

lowering it. The Marshall House is situated five blocks in a westerly direction from the wharf where the Zouaves landed. It was very early in the morning when Colonel Ellsworth, with a small squad of his men, proceeded up the street of Alexandria, little dreaming that in less than half an hour's time his lifeless body was to be borne over the same street to the boat from which he had just landed. Cameron street, a commercial thoroughfare, up which he wended his way, was comparatively deserted. But few people were moving, the bulk of the city's inhabitants being asleep. The inmates of the Marshall House were still in the arms of Morpheus, oblivious to the fact that the rebels had vanished before the defenders of the Union, while the flag of the Confederacy was hanging limp in the absence of any breeze. The ill-fated Colonel Ellsworth soon reached the fatal tavern and with his half-dozen followers obtained an entrance. Meeting with no opposition, and not dreaming for

a moment they would encounter any resistance in the face of the fact that the city had been captured, the colonel proceeded immediately to the roof for the purpose of taking possession of the coveted flag.

"After passing through the front door, a staircase was encountered which ran spirally, the first turn leading to the second floor, the third to the next floor, and the fourth to the garret and roof. The colonel and his men, before they reached the roof, met a man in his night-clothes coming out of one of the rooms, of whom they inquired for the proprietor. The man replied that he was a boarder himself, and knew nothing of the whereabouts of the proprietor. It has since been suggested that the unknown individual was Jackson himself. It took the Zouaves but a few minutes to lower the flag and detach it from the pole which protruded from the trap-door, and Colonel Ellsworth having taken it in charge, began his descent. About half-way down the flight of stairs leading from the garret, he saw Jackson, but partially dressed, emerge from one of the rooms on the landing armed with a double-barrelled gun. Ellsworth, little dreaming of the bellicose nature of the man with whom he had to deal, pleasantly remarked to him, "I've gotten a prize." Jackson made some defiant retort, and, before any one could divine his intention, raised his gun and discharged it at the colonel. An extraordinary charge of buckshot had been placed in the weapon, and a hole was torn in the unfortunate Ellsworth's breast large enough in which to place one's fist. Colonel Ellsworth, it is said by some, fell without a groan, though others have asserted that he gave vent to an audible sigh. In his descent he fell on his face on the landing, and while his life's blood was flowing his followers were avenging his death. The weapon Jackson used was an ordinary double-barrelled shotgun, and after killing Ellsworth he took aim at those who were with him, but before he could pull the trigger the second time the gun was knocked upward by the Zouaves and the charge entered the door frame. Francis E. Brownell, one of the squad, then sent a bullet crashing into Jackson's head and as he fell, sword bayonets were thrust through him. Jackson's body was forced down the flight of stairs leading to the second floor, and fell on the landing. The body of Ellsworth was subsequently raised by those who had accompanied him into the fatal building, covered with an American flag, and silently and sorrowfully borne to the boat from which he had a short time before landed.

"Considering the terrible tragedy which had been enacted, the day proved a remarkably quiet one, Jackson's body was soon picked up by his friends, washed, and placed in a coffin, and it lay in state throughout day and night.

"The scene of the tragedy was visited by numbers during the day. The landing upon which Jackson fell and where he had writhed in death agony presented a sickening sight. Blood filled a space about two yards square, and it was necessary to go on tip-toe to avoid walking in it. There was a pool of blood about a foot square where Ellsworth had fallen.

"Colonel Farnham succeeded Ellsworth in command of the Zouaves. On the 21st of July following, the regiment participated in what proved to the Federal army the inglorious battle of Bull Run. The Zouaves and the famous Black Horse Cavalry engaged in hand-to-hand encounter throughout the eventful day, with terrible carnage to both, during which Colonel Farnham was struck on the ear by a piece of shell, from the effects of which he died a few weeks later. In the stampede from the fatal field the Zouaves suffered greatly, and the Monday following, the survivors straggled into Alexandria in a bedraggled, dejected, condition, many of their comrades being then stark and stiff on the bloody field of Bull Run. A cold rain had set in, and no provision had been made for their reception, and they were on the verge of suffering. It was in this emergency that numbers of the prominent people of Alexandria, though southern sympathizers, exhibited a christian spirit which the good-natured Zouaves were not slow to appreciate. Houses were opened and entertainment afforded many of them and their straggling *confreres* by parties whose political predilections were hostile to the principles for which the vanquished had fought.

"The Zouaves lingered about Alexandria for a few months, and the term of their enlistment having expired, they were mustered out of service.

"Jackson, the destroyer of Colonel Ellsworth, was a typical Southerner. Though brave and fearless, his political predilections had run riot with his judgment, and, rather than let the rash threat of protecting his flag come to naught, preferred sacrificing his life. There is little to be said in palliation of his act save that he lived at a time when men's blood had reached the fever-heat of excitement, and when rashness was occasionally exhibited by the champions of both sides.

"The killing of Ellsworth produced the greatest sorrow as well as exasperation in the North, and Alexandria was immediately besieged by parties from a distance, anxious to inspect the scene of the tragedy. A piece of oil-cloth on the landing on which the colonel fell was cut up and carried away by relic hunters. The flooring subsequently met the same fate, and finally the balusters were cut away, piece by piece, and carried North. For several years the old Marshall House was looked upon as a sad memento of war times by soldiers of both sides—by the Federals as a place where a brave and promising young officer laid down his life at the beginning of the four-years conflict, and by the Confederates as the spot where a determined sympathizer of their cause showed a courage in the face of inevitable death equalled by few on either side.

"About twenty years ago, on a cold, weird night, the Marshall House was found to be on fire, and, despite the exertions of the fire department, but little more than the bare walls were left standing. Upon being rebuilt, it ceased to be a house of entertainment and the new building is used for other purposes."

There is more at Alexandria to call up the memory of Washington than in any other place in our country except that of Mount Vernon. Alexandria was, emphatically, his own town. It was his post-office, his voting and market-place. It was the meeting-place of the lodge of Freemasons to which he belonged. He was a member of its corporation council, and owned property within its limits. He was the commander of its local militia, and was a member of its volunteer fire company. He slept in the houses of many of its leading citizens, and danced the minuet with its fairest daughters. He was a vestryman of the parish, and was a regular attendant of Christ Church, where his pew is kept undisturbed to this day.



This farthing, struck in the London mint in the year 1752, when George the Second was reigning monarch was doubtless brought over the sea by one of Braddock's soldiers three years later and put into circulation in the new born hamlet of Belle Haven. From its worn appearance it must have been kept nimbly going from pocket to pocket and

the story of its wanderings if we could read it now would be a very entertaining one. Mayhap it helped to pay for many a mug of cider or grog, or dinner, while the troops were waiting for their long march through the wilderness.

THE OLD TAVERN.

In the ball room of the city hall the birth-night balls, in honor of the birthday of the king and queen, were given before the revolution, when Gen. George Washington was a very young man and danced at them with no thought of disloyalty. From the court yard went all the coaches for Georgetown, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, before the city of Washington was anything but swamp and forests, and not even laid-out, and to Williamsburg, Richmond, Charleston and New Orleans, as soon as a regular road was opened through the wilderness. In those days Alexandria was considered a central place of importance to which the fashions were sent from Philadelphia. Later, when the British came to help fight the French and Indians, when General Braddock had his headquarters, and held his council of war in the Carlyle House on the opposite side of the market, some of his officers, and many people of distinction, were glad to stay at the City Hotel, then known as Claggett's or Gadsby's Tavern. Later still, long afterwards

in fact, when Gen. Lafayette was entertained by the Masonic Lodge, "he alighted from his carriage at the door of the City Hotel at 3 o'clock," dined at the banquet in the ball room, and lodged there during the festivities incident to his visit.

VISIT OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

The visit of General Lafayette to Alexandria is one of the green spots in the city's history. There are some now living who remember the occasion; others who have a dim recollection of it when, as little children, they toddled along, having hold of their parents' hands. This was in the year 1824, the city at that time put on a holiday attire, and the enthusiasm animated all from the youngest to the oldest.

At that time hundreds of Alexandrians could be found who had fought in the seven years' conflict for independence. To them the name of Lafayette was sacred, and many who participated in the honors conferred upon the illustrious Frenchman had been encouraged by his presence and valor on the field of battle.

It is unnecessary to describe all the details of his reception and entertainment while here. Let it suffice when it is said that almost every one in the community turned out and vied in doing honor to him, who when the infant republic most needed help, left his own land and cast his fortune with us, and lived to see the independence of a country declared which has grown and prospered ever since.

The house where Lafayette was entertained while in Alexandria is one of the most prominent in the city.

It is situated on the southwest corner of St. Asaph and Duke streets. Such are a few of the many points of historic interest which the old town possesses for the curious wayfarer within its borders.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE.

Few of all the colonial buildings of Virginia left standing, have more interesting historical associations than the Old Carlyle Mansion which forms a portion of the Braddock Hotel on North Fairfax street. It was built by John Carlyle in 1745, when the town was in its infancy and surrounded by forests. At that time the waves of the Potomac washed close to the walls of the building, but by subsequent levellings and fillings of the immediate hill slopes for the city's improvements, they have receded to the distance of several hundred yards.

The structure of cut stone and massive walls, thanks to the reverential care of generations of owners is still in a good state of preservation. In the colonial days when it stood alone it must have presented a stately appearance with its wide porch on the



THE LAFAYETTE HOUSE.



CARLYLE HOUSE.—FRONT VIEW.

west and its spacious veranda on the east, commanding an extensive view of the river and the heights of the Maryland shore beyond. The lower apartments are wainscoted to the ceiling and ornamented with carved work in oak.

The builder of the Mansion House with a commendable reverence for the associations of older days, which witnessed the founding of the town, while he had to



CARLYLE HOUSE, REAR VIEW.

obstruct the building on two sides would not allow it to be altered nor hidden, and it now stands apart with its lower floors, *council chamber and all, just as the council left it in 1755. The personages who composed the council were: Gen. Edward Braddock,

*The council house where the governors and commanders of the king deliberated in secret sessions, is but little changed. Its massive structure has endured well through the long years. In its untenanted chambers the cricket chirps and the spider fashions its web.

Commodore Keppel; and the colonial governors: Shirley of Massachusetts, De Lancey of New York, Morris of Pennsylvania, Sharpe of Maryland, Dinwiddie of Virginia, Dobbs of North Carolina, General St. Clair and Benjamin Franklin. They met to provide against the alarming emergencies from the encroachments of the French and Indians on the western frontiers.

Alexandria is connected with other towns and cities by the Southern Railway, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Norfolk and Western railway lines; and Steamers ply regularly to Baltimore, Norfolk and other points. Thirty-nine trains of the Washington-Virginia Railway Company pass through the city daily. Fairfax Court House is fourteen miles distant, Manassas twenty-seven, Winchester ninety, Fredericksburg fifty miles, Richmond one hundred and ten miles and Norfolk two hundred and ten miles.

The city and county of Alexandria were included in that portion of the District of Columbia ceded in 1791 by the State of Virginia to the general government.

The District was ten miles square and contained 100 square miles. The square lay diagonally, each angle facing one of the cardinal points of the compass. In 1846, all that portion of the District consisting of about 36 square miles lying on the west bank of the Potomac was ceded back to Virginia.

Before the final establishment of the seat of government on the Potomac, offers of land and money for that purpose were made, by the inhabitants of Trenton, Lancaster, Wright's Ferry, York, Carlisle, Harrisburg, Reading, Germantown, Baltimore, Georgetown and Williamsburg, and the question of a choice of location was the source of long and bitter contentions until at last settled in accordance mainly with the wishes of Gen. Washington.

Alexandria was the county seat of Fairfax county from 1754 to 1800. About this time the District of Columbia was formed and Alexandria then became the seat of the new county of Alexandria. At the same time the county seat of Fairfax was established at its present location.

"In Alexandria in 1775 was held a convention of delegates from Virginia and Maryland to consider questions relating to the navigation of the Potomac and the import duties thereof. This meeting led to demands from Pennsylvania and Delaware which resulted in an adjournment until September, to Annapolis, Md., where there were present, delegates from five States, who, after diligent conference, adjourned to meet representatives of all the thirteen States in Philadelphia, which body framed the Constitution of the United States. It can therefore be said that the American Union owes its birth to Alexandria."

Though the former commercial glory of the old town of Alexandria has waned and well nigh disappeared before the newer conditions of trade and traffic—though no square rigged vessels lie now a days in her docks, discharging their cargoes of sugar, molasses and other tropical productions from Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Santa Cruz and other islands of the Caribbean Sea as in the years long gone—though the rumble of the long and incessant wagon trains from the west, which once crowded her streets and made every class of its citizens prosperous, has been silenced by the swifter transit of the railway train, still, there is a prestige remaining for it which the passing of the decade's cannot destroy. It will always be one of the places of the Old Dominion state to attract pilgrimages from lands afar, on account of its interesting historic associations; and doubtless, it will become the pleasant abiding place for large accessions of people, who love the quiet, and whose business or social inclinations will keep them close to the National Capital. It will not lose its mature and leisurely ways. Its old and substantial houses will be preserved with pious care to afford to coming generations of patriots fond glimpses of the vanished past, when an infant people threw off the trammels of kingly power, and merged into a life of independence.

O town of old with changeless life,
With graves and memories dear,
Thy ways bear impress all of strife,
But ne'er with line of fear!

Though leaves drop on dismantled way—
Though quaint old houses fall,
Still, is brave struggle of thy day
Carved on each massive wall.

O day of pride, O day of power
When ships at anchor lay,
And wharves bedeck'd with princely dower
Loomed up in grand array.

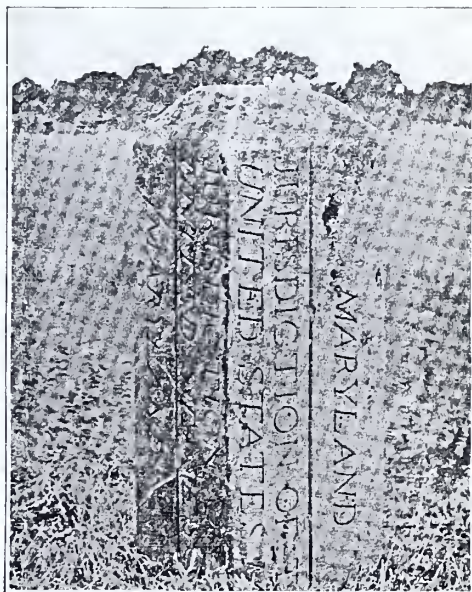
When fruitful West sued at thy doors,
And East held out its hands,
And the gray piers on thy fair shores
Were gates to many lands.

At Jones' Point just before crossing Great Hunting Creek, a wide estuary of the Potomac, stands the Light House which marks the spot where was planted the initial stone of the boundaries of the district, which was ten miles square.



THE LIGHT HOUSE.

Under which is Buried the "Initial Jurisdiction Stone" of Dist. of Columbia.



ONE OF THE FORTY "JURISDICTION

STONES" OF THE DISTRICT LINES.

The District of Columbia, was authorized by Congress in 1790. The survey of its boundaries was made in 1791. After the completion of the survey the line was cleared of trees to the width of twenty feet on each side of the line. Along this forty foot lane through the woods and over the hills and valleys, stone monuments forty in all, were set exactly one mile apart. They were of free stone, four feet in length, two feet in the earth and two feet above, and on each one of them was the inscription—"Jurisdiction of the United States." After the lapse of a little more than a century, all but two of these monuments remain in place, but in various states of preservation.

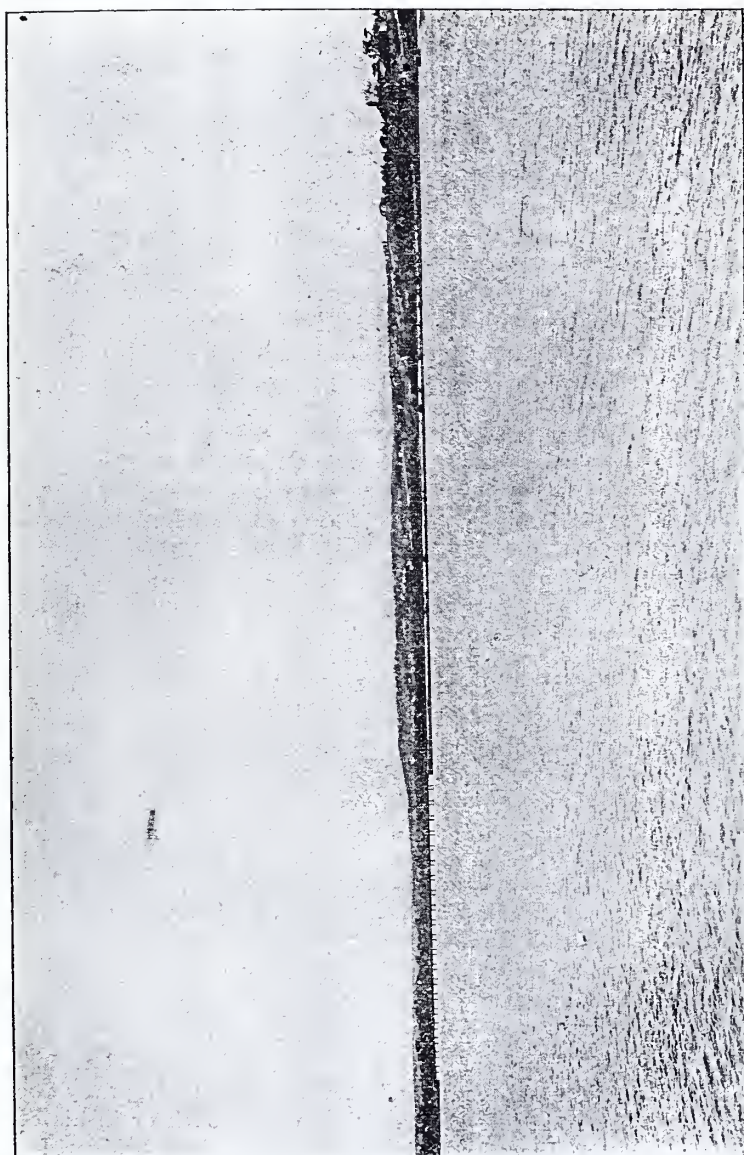
At Jones' Point was also the site of Old Fort Columbia, a fortification of wood and earthwork, mounting some heavy guns, among them the cannon left by Braddock's army in 1755 as too cumbrous to transport over the mountains. This fort was the first attempt by the government to guard the river approaches to the National Capital. It was not dismantled until after the trouble with France in 1798-9. The heavy stones that made the battery, still lie at the end of the point, and some of the guns which made its armament are stuck up as posts at street corners along the river front. Just before this fort was demolished—for it was in 1794 only a ruin—Congress determined to build another one on the Potomac.

John Vermonnet was appointed by Gen. Knox, Secretary of War, in May, 1794, to take control and direction of the new fort, etc., to be built upon the Potomac river. General Washington selected the site for the new fort, a riverside knoll nearly opposite Mount Vernon, and part of the old manor of Warburton, in Maryland. Charles Digges had purchased the land before 1740, and naming it a manor, affected lordly manners. He had his river barge built like a Venetian gondola, and it was manned with negro

slaves wearing the costumes of gondoliers. His daughter, Jane Digges, married Col. John Fitzgerald, one of Washington's aides in the Revolution, afterwards Mayor of Alexandria. The land was bought of Thomas A. Digges in 1808 for \$3,000, and the new fort was begun in 1809.

Battery Rogers, some years since dismantled, was during the civil war a strong earth-work a few hundred yards above the Point with an armament of heavy guns.

As you cross Great Hunting Creek, to the left on the Maryland heights is seen Fort



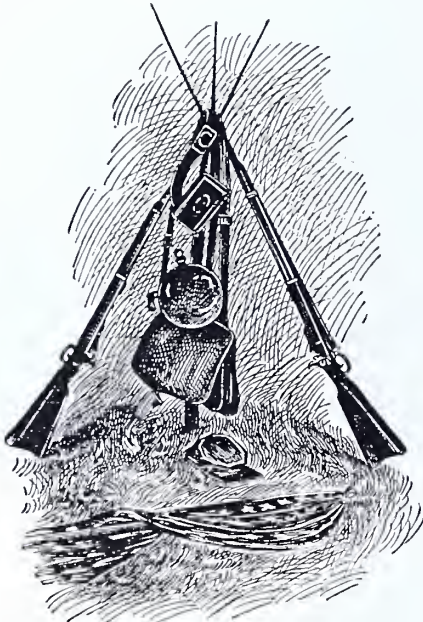
SEMINARY RIDGE AND EARLY PICKETING GROUNDS, FROM ELECTRIC RAILWAY BRIDGE,
OVER GREAT HUNTING CREEK.

Footte, and Rosier's Bluff; and further down, the expanse of Broad Bay, uniting with the Potomac.

To the right, looking from the railway bridge over Hunting Creek, stretches a scope of country pleasingly diversified by gently sloping hills and vales, and dotted with hamlet and farm-houses. Prominent among the many objects of the landscape is the

tail spire of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, which, if it could speak of the transactions of some of the years of the past, could tell startling stories of the presence of mustering armies. Around it in almost every direction, at the beginning of the civil strife, the plains and hill slopes were white with the tents of the gathered regiments, brigades, and divisions of Union soldiers. Everywhere over the suddenly populated region was heard the drum's wild beats, the fife's shrill notes, the bugle's echoing calls. The numerous remains of their entrenchments, earthworks, and other defences still prominent at every turn for miles, attest with melancholy certainty the great preparations which were then made by them for the impending conflict, which ere long broke with such terrific force within our borders. Union forts frowned from every salient point of those now so quiet and peaceful hills, and a hundred flagstuffs unfurled over

all, their starry flags to the passing winds. The locality is one naturally possessing a saddening interest to the tourist. Every year it is visited by numbers of the surviving veterans who figured in the scenes of the stirring times of forty years ago.



ONLY A MEMORY.

The grass grows green on every hill
Where circling ramparts frown'd.
Forgotten all through lapse of time
Is every martial sound;
The sword is resting on the wall
Of lowly home or princely hall.

The brave corn lifts in regiments,
Ten thousand sabers in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle-tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run,
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be the stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannon plow the fields no more;
The heroes rest: O let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shores;
They fought for peace, for peace they fell:
They sleep in peace and all is well.

Just beyond the Seminary, in full sight up the valley, are the picketing grounds which long divided the two armies; and near by is Bailey's Cross Roads, where was manœuvred by the Union forces, in November, 1861, in the presence of President Lincoln preparatory to the peninsula campaign, one of the grandest military reviews of any country or time. Through these camping and drilling grounds, and far on beyond, may still be traced the course of the old military road, laid out through the then dense wilderness a hundred years previous, by which a portion of Braddock's army under General Hacket marched on their disastrous expedition.

Half way between the Seminary and the railway bridge, is Cameron Ford where Hunting Creek is crossed by the Old King's Highway from Williamsburg, the Ancient Capital of Virginia, to the Shenandoah River. Over this highway General Sherman at the close of the Civil War led his army back to the National Capital on their return from their march from "Atlanta to the Sea." Over this same highway too, Washington always passed when he rode into Alexandria on horseback or in his coach.

A short distance above the Electric Railway is the new iron bridge of the turnpike to Accotink eight miles below. On Seminary Heights are the remains of Fort Worth constructed by Gen. Kearney's first New Jersey brigade in 1861. It had an armament of heavy and long range guns. Grouped around this fort in close proximity so as to command all the approaches to Alexandria were Forts Ellsworth, Farnsworth, Willard, Weed, O'Rourke and Lyons. The last named, was on Mount Eagle and included within its works the home of Bryan, eighth Lord Fairfax whose title was confirmed to

him by the English house of Lords in 1800. He was the son of William Fairfax of Belvoir, and was for two years a rector of Christ Church. Although he was an ardent royalist, the friendship between him and Washington always continued the same.

Leaving the bridge at Great Hunting Creek the railway enters and passes through the lands of the "New Alexandria Land and River Improvement Company." Their town, projected a few years ago has not yet realized the sanguine hopes of its projectors but the new era of general prosperity, thrift and progress will doubtless bring to its admirable situation for manufacturing industries all the needed possibilities for success.

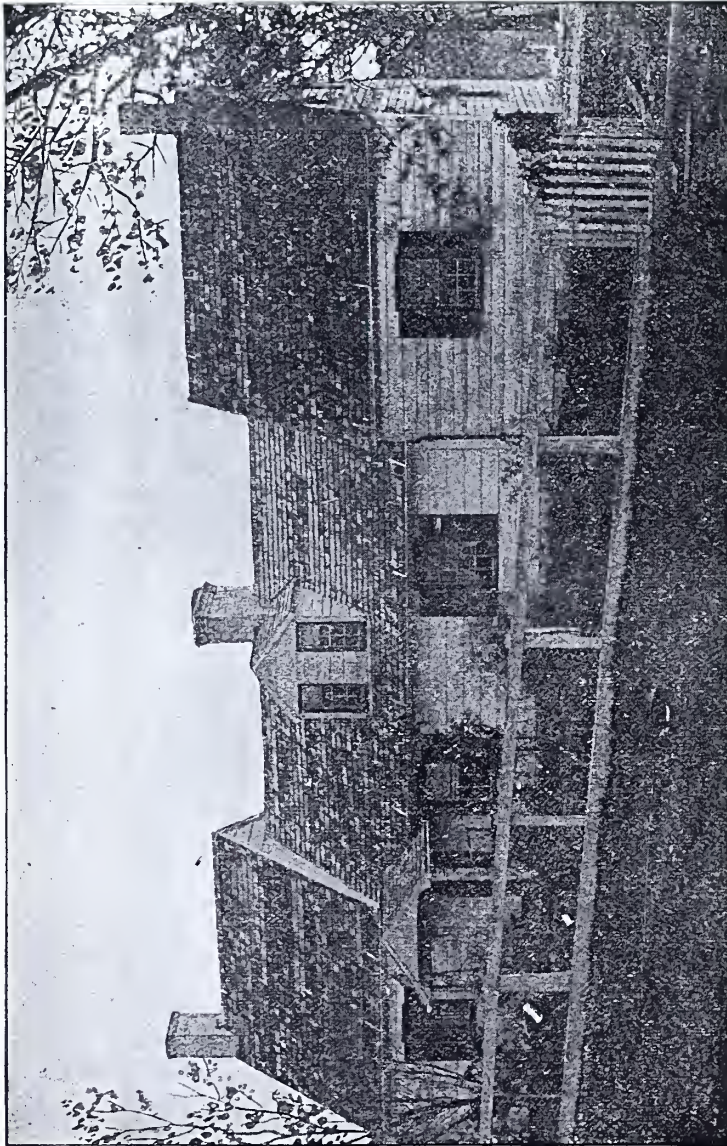


MOUNT EAGLE. NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.
Home of Bryan, Eighth Lord Fairfax.

From New Alexandria the road passes over an alluvial level, formerly covered with a dense forest, until it reaches the station which takes its name from the near by Dyke, constructed just after the Revolution by Dr. Augustus Smith of West Grove plantation of which it was a part, at a great expense, to make a large scope of meadow, by keep-

ing out the waters. The undertaking proved successful but the embankments were cut a few years after by some malicious person, and were never repaired.

Along the crests of the range of hills to the right of this level, in colonial times, stood the homesteads of the Johnstons, the Wests, and Emersons, prominent Virginia families. Some piles of bricks and stones and wasting springs are all that are left to tell of them now.



HOLLIN HALL, SPINNING HOUSE, NEAR BELMONT STATION.

The arm of the river which passes near to the Dyke station lends attractions to the surrounding landscape, and its shaded nooks in the sultry days of summer offer pleasant retreats to the dwellers of the neighboring cities. From the Dyke the road rises by a slight deflection to the right through lands once a part of the Hollin Hall plantation of two thousand acres belonging to George Mason of Gunston. The site of the old Mansion as pretentious as that of Gunston, is reached by a road from Belmont Station.

It is one mile distant. A quaint, long, rambling structure known in the neighborhood as the Spinning House, still stands. In it in generations gone was done all the spinning and weaving for the many occupants of the great plantation. This plantation adjoined that of Mount Vernon between which was a boundary line of "double ditching." It was a part of a large scope of land of seven thousand acres patented by George Mason before the founding of Alexandria. Thomson Mason, a son of George the patriot, and author of the Bill of Rights and Constitution of Virginia, built and resided in the mansion after the close of the revolution. The foundation of the walls may still be traced with exactness, showing the building to have been large and spacious; and the surrounding grounds indicate well arranged lawns, terraces and approaches in keeping with a pretentious manorial dwelling. It was destroyed by fire about 1824.

The situation had been well chosen for a home. It was high and airy and commanded a charming landscape of forests and hills and stretches of miles in extent; and copious springs gushed near by, from the hill slopes for thirsting man and beast—springs which still flow as full and perennially as when the bond folks "toted" their crystal measures in the primal days. He named the homestead Hollin Hall after an old country seat of some of the Mason family in England. Gunston Hall where George Mason lived was ten miles down the river.

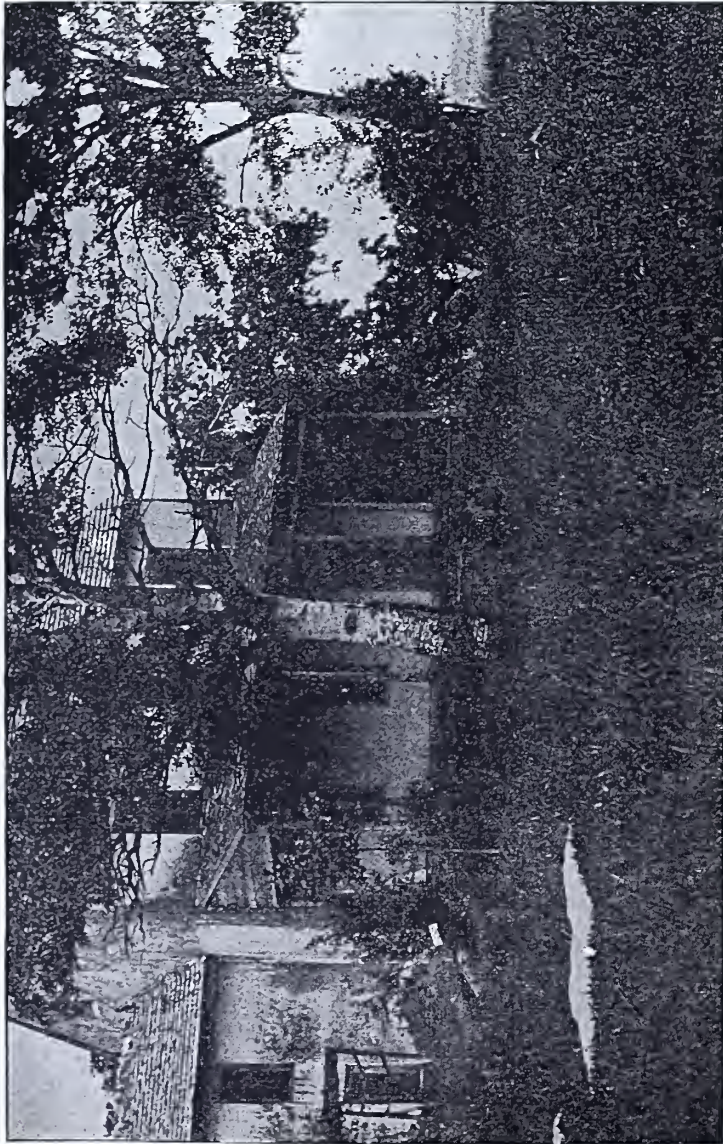
Ere the lands of this estate had been impoverished by that continuous system of slave culture which demanded of them everything and returned to them nothing, they produced large crops of tobacco, grain, wool and hemp. In the spinning house this wool and hemp was spun and woven into fine and coarse fabrics for the household needs and the hands of the plantation. The spinning wheel and the loom were kept going with little intermission through the whole year, for there was quite an army of the work people to clothe. Very near to the mansion along the valley on the east side coursed the old colonial road, now obliterated, which branched from the King's Highway heretofore described, near to "Gum Springs" and made then a continuous way for the southern travel even so far down as Savannah, until after the revolution, over the Potomac by Clifton Ferry and on to Philadelphia. The turnpike which now runs by the mansion site on the west side was not laid until after 1850.

Like his father George, of Gunston, Thomson Mason was an earnest patriot and was prominent in the decisive measures which precipitated the opposition to British oppression. He had signed the Virginia protest against the injustice of the Stamp Act, and when the war resulted he joined the army under his neighbor Washington and testified as a brave soldier, his sincerity in the colonial cause. In June, 1781, his father writing to his brother George says of him, "your brother Thomson has lately returned from a tour of military duty upon the James river. He commanded a force in a close action, with coolness and intrepidity."

Belmont Station is on the highlands. Here the river flows close by, broadened by the confluence of the Broad Creek estuary on the Maryland side. This estuary in 1707 was declared a port of entry for "all ships of commerce" and at its head was then laid out a town which for many years was a busy shipping place for the immense tobacco products of the neighboring plantations. An Episcopal Church was established there in 1694 in which building, service is still held.

Beyond Belmont station a few hundred paces is the line of survey marking the upper boundary of the "Old Mount Vernon Estate" of eight thousand acres, which in Washington's time was divided into five main farms or plantations, and designated respectively, River, Dogue Run, Mansion House, Union, and Muddy Hole farms. River farm, which the railway strikes first, and formerly known as Clifton's Neck, was purchased in 1760 for the sum of three dollars per acre. It consisted of two thousand acres, but has been since divided and subdivided like all the other farms into smaller tracts, which are occupied by settlers chiefly from the Northern States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York and elsewhere, who have made many improvements upon them by clearing up the grounds, enriching the soil, planting orchards, and constructing fencing and comfortable dwellings. The surface of these highlands is gently undulating, and consists of a great diversity of soils, which are remarkably easy of tillage and very suscep-

tible of a high and profitable fertilization, and are particularly adapted to the production of all kinds of farm staples, fruits, and garden vegetables needed by the adjacent cities. The divisions lying immediately along the river afford situations for homes of surpassing beauty; and while they are proverbially healthy, and are abundantly supplied with perennial springs of pure soft water, for every domestic requirement; the railway makes them suburban by giving them quick and easy transit to and from the National Capital at all times of the year.



WELLINGTON HOUSE,
Home of Washington's Private Secretary.

A short distance from Wellington Station to the left and in full view, stands on the river-bank the old Wellington House built by William Clifton previous to 1760. It was occupied by Col. Tobias Lear, who for nearly fourteen years was private and military secretary to the general, and private tutor to his adopted children, George W. Park Custis, and his sister Nelly, and who was in 1805 United States Commissioner to treat

with the hostile powers of the Barbary States at the time of the memorable expedition of General Eaton. By a provision of Washington's will he was to be tenant of the house and premises rent free until his death. This was in consideration of his great services to him, especially during his presidency. He died in 1816. Afterwards, the farm was occupied by two generations of the Washington family, Charles A., a grand-nephew, being the last, until 1859. Charles was a genial, jolly fellow, but not so well up in the arts of practical farming as his illustrious uncle. On one occasion, he went into town to have some ploughshares sharpened which were urgently needed to make ready his grounds for wheat sowing, but falling in with some old cronies he was induced to make a month's visit to the "Springs;" but it was all the same to Uncle Toby and the rest of the waiting "hands," for they had a long holiday, though the wheat crop went by default. In farming he was an experimentalist, though always disastrously. He read in the *Country Gentleman* of the great profits of barley growing, and so resolved to try his hand also. One morning in spring, when the robin and blue bird were piping their jubilant songs, he had his "gang" ploughing a ten acre field. The barley was sown, and the harvest time came, and the grain was flailed out and loaded on a two-horse team for the Alexandria market. The hopeful proprietor mounted his saddle horse and went up, in advance, to dispose of his crop. But barley was an unknown quantity he found, on arriving at the store of his merchants; but later, however he succeeded in bartering his grains to a brewer for a barrel of beer, which he sent home to his cellar. The tidings of the transaction soon spread among his many jolly town companions, and, slipping down the river by boat after nightfall to the Wellington House, they succeeded before morning in drinking up the entire crop of barley.

From Arcturus, the next station beyond, a smooth, winding avenue leads down a few hundred paces to Andalusia, one of the many desirable places on the old Estate which the railway has made readily accessible to those who are in quest of situations for charming suburban homes. This point in our journey is best described in the subjoined story of A Summer Outing.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING AT ANDALUSIA VA.

Twelve miles from the National Capital, down the Potomac, on the Virginia shore, is a spot whose memories will be like holy benedictions to me through all the coming years of my life. I was needing rest, and there I found it in a sweet and quiet seclusion such as I never enjoyed before—a rest which had no circumstances to disturb nor shadow to mar.

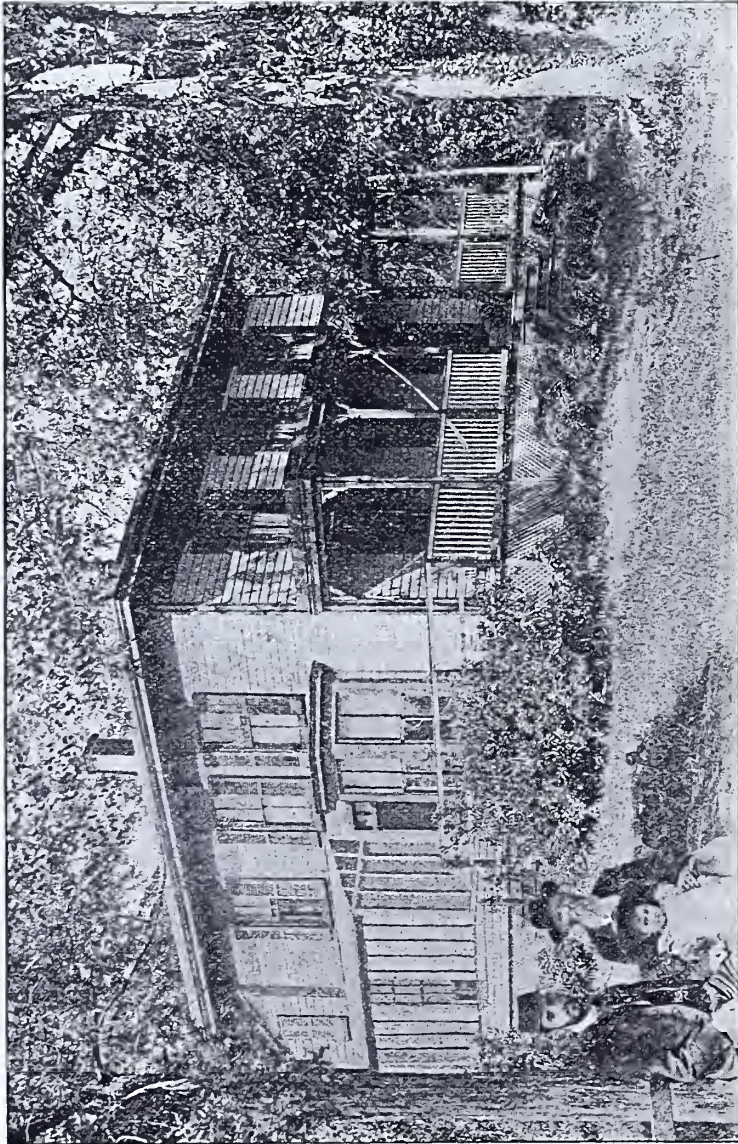
This place Elysian is reached by the Washington-Virginia Railway. From Arcturus Station, midway between Alexandria and the home of Washington, you wind by a hard, smooth avenue along green fields, and through orchards laden with ripe and ripening fruitage, till you are in the shadows of a hundred stately oaks and walnuts, many of them of a century's growth. Here in the midst of these leafy sentinels is a home which in all its surroundings and influences, more nearly than any other, fills up the measure of my ideal dreamings.

Andalusia is distant from the travelled highways, and before the coming of the electric car was a *terra incognita*, with rarely a visitor, save of the surrounding neighborhood to invade its quiet borders. The passengers from the deck of the passing steamer descried it in the distance, showing like a gem in its setting of river and cool embowering trees, but it was only a glimpse of hidden beauties to be remembered and cherished or forgotten. Now, by rapid and easy transit many pilgrims find their way thither, although it is but a private home. Little picnic parties from the cities adjacent, through the courtesy of the proprietor, hie there through the summer days to spread their repasts under the shadowing boughs, and make merry on the inviting green sward. Artists come to sketch the delightful and varied views of its environs, the cyclist to wheel over the smooth avenues, the angler to throw his line into the still river nooks, and the wearied, like myself, to seek the balm of rest.

In this ideal home by the Potomac I found a welcome and a hospitality which re-

called the many stories I had read, of entertainments in Virginia homes of the olden time. For tired nature there was no lack of sweet restorers. There were libraries, inviting to every range and department of knowledge. There was music to soothe and harmonize, pictures, and cabinets of curios to amuse, and a wilderness of flowers to please the eye.

All too swiftly passed the time, as I fondly tarried in the midst of so many allurements from the dull and perplexing routine of business in the city. Hours of the bright mid-summer days I watched from the vine-hung verandas of the "Old Mansion," the broad

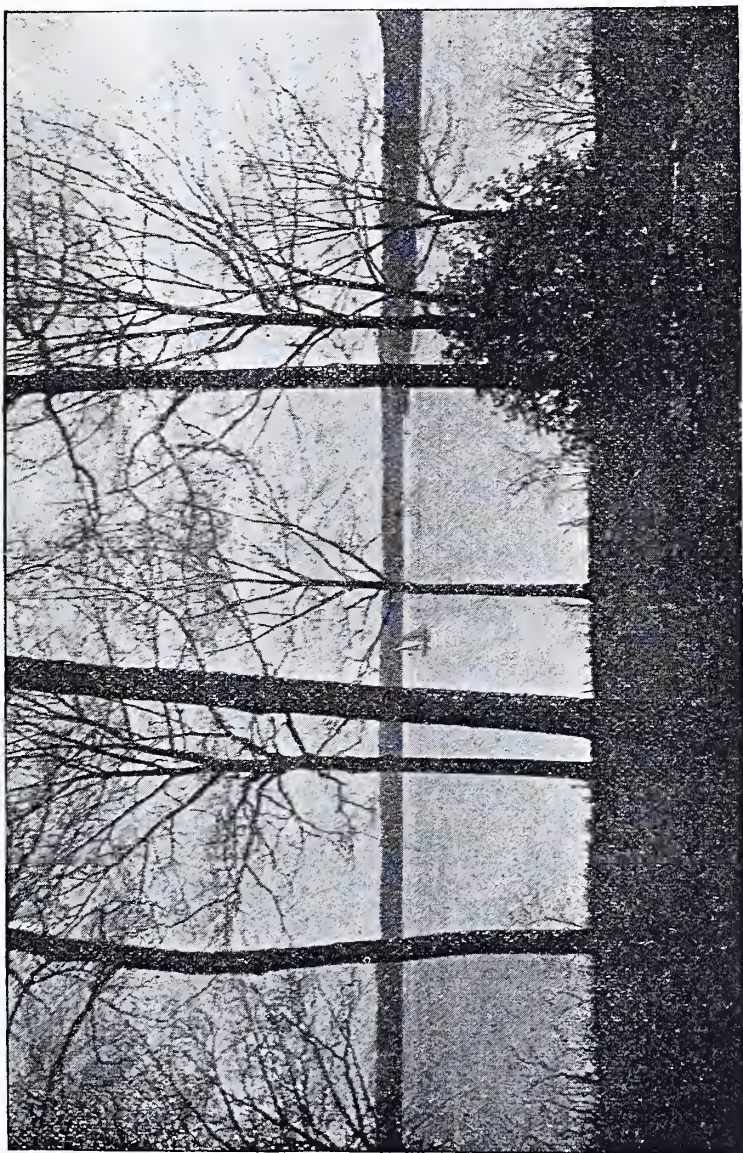


ANDALUSIA

Residence of W. H. Snowden.

river's expanse before me, with its flitting shadows, its sails, and passing steamers. Sometimes it was a leisurely stroll along the pebbly shore, or boating in the still waters that beguiled me, and sometimes it was straying over the site of the old Indian town of Asasomeck, looking for arrow heads, javelin points, fragments of pottery, and other remains of the ancient dwellers.

One serene evening, as the parting rays of the setting sun were fading beyond the hills I joined a boating party for an excursion to the opposite shores of "Maryland, my Maryland." A delightful ride over a stretch of two miles of the still waters brought us to the head of "Broad Bay," where we landed, and then walked in the twilight a short distance up the valley to an ancient chapel, erected in the time when all the surrounding region was a part of the realms which owned the rule and sway of the king of "Old England." Within the walls of this chapel, our Washington, Lord



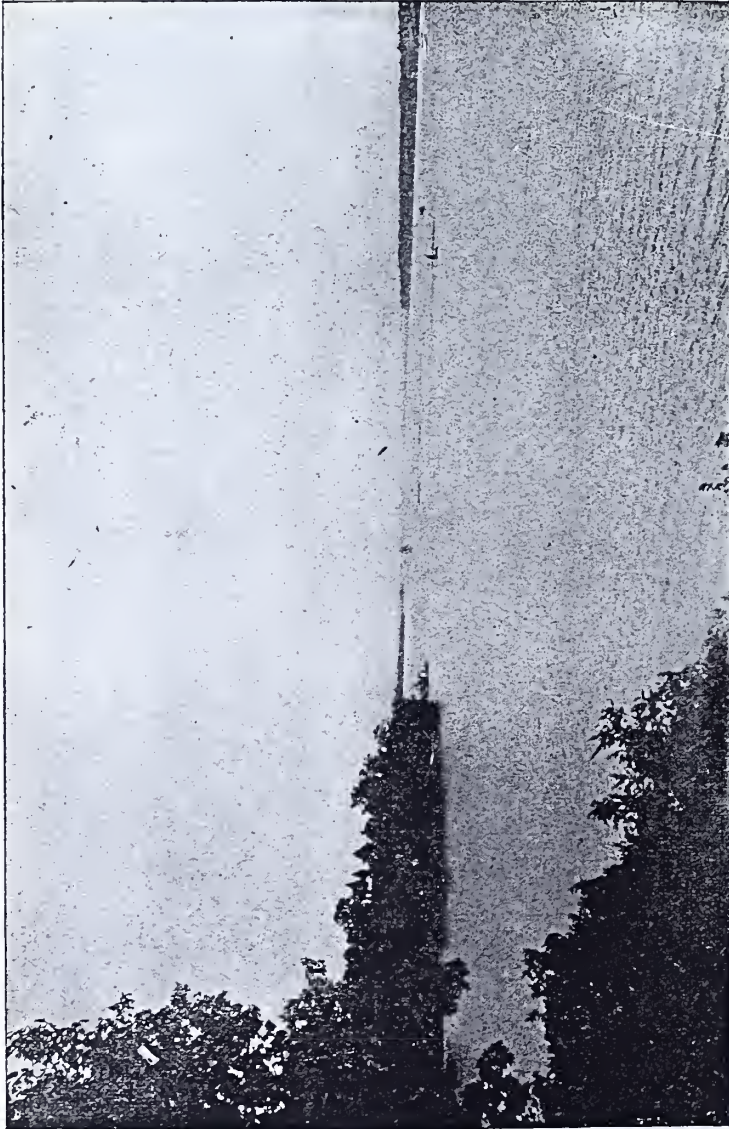
ACROSS THE RIVER TO BROAD BAY, FROM ANDALUSIA.

Fairfax, and many other noted men of that time were wont to worship. Many generations of its congregations are lying under the crumbling stones of the briar grown graveyard, and as I pondered where so often had been read that last solemn ritual of "dust to dust," many a vision flitted before me, of happy bridal and solemn funeral trains of the "dead past" of the long ago.

As we turned in pensive mood from the sacred place, the full moon was up and beam-

ing brightly on the still waters of the grand old river to light us back on our homeward way.

The sketch of my outing would be incomplete, if I failed to mention a sail down the river to Fort Washington and also a ride over the electric road to Mount Vernon. Reader, did you ever climb to the heights of the old fort? If not it is worth a journey to do so. Go there on some fair midsummer day, and survey from its vine-covered battlements the broad and varied expanse outlying before them. In that expanse the



VIEW UP THE POTOMAC, LOOKING FROM ANDALUSIA.

eye may trace out the National Capital, with its towering dome and obelisk, sitting superbly enthroned in the mist and dimness of the far away hills to the north, and the grand old river flowing down in its seaward course through its setting of green slopes and plains and wooded crests, gives to all the view a charm and beauty not often surpassed.

A visit to the home and tomb of the immortal chieftain is surely an event to linger long in the memory of every patriot.

But I am reaching the limits of the typos, and so must not tarry, otherwise the story of my outing with its round of varied pleasures and enjoyments would be a long one. To the friends who had kindly bidden and welcomed me to their hospitalities I said goodby, and with many regrets at parting, turned homeward from the long to be remembered scenes of Andalusia.

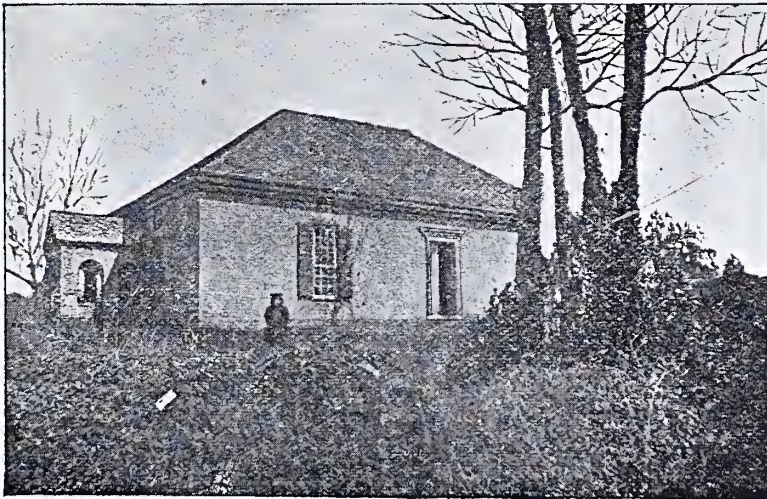
O, homestead by the river side
When rains of life are falling,
I'll go in fancy to thy fold
And hear the robin calling
His sleepy mate at early dawn;
I'll watch the river flowing

And see the sway of trees and flowers
As winds round them are blowing,
And tho' through splendid castles
In foreign lands I'll roam,
O, may my heart be pure and true,
As in the dear old home.

From Andalusia to Mount Vernon the distance is three miles, with the intervening stations of Herbert's Spring, Snowden's, Hunter's and Riverside Park at Little Hunting Creek, which make the occupants of numerous adjacent farms conveniently accessible to this important line of travel. The creek divides the original River Farm of Washington's map from the Mansion House Farm, and one mile beyond, the road terminates at the gates of the Mount Vernon Mansion.

BROAD CREEK—OLD CHURCH AND OLD HOUSES.

Four miles below Alexandria, on the Maryland shore, and opposite to Andalusia, on the Virginia side, is the estuary or bay of Broad Creek. There Washington often went, as he tells us in his diary, with his friend and neighbor, Diggs, of Warburton Manor, to throw his line for the finny denizens of the still waters. At the head of this bay, where now only the light-draught scow boat can ascend the silt-filled channel, large schooners used to lie at their moorings and load with cargoes of tobacco, wheat, and corn for the foreign ports. It was a busy neighborhood then, when the odd and ancient looking houses, which have stood through the changes of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years were comparatively new, and the surrounding lands were fertile and produced abundantly all kinds of farm products.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BROAD CREEK, MD.
over 200 years old.

There is much in this isolated locality to interest the curious delver into the scenes and circumstances of the olden time. The weather-beaten tenements, so dilapidated and forlorn in appearance; the impoverished fields and the forsaken landing-place with never a freight nor cargo to be loaded or discharged, will murmur to him, as he thoughtfully scans the desolation, in audible stories of how the generations of toilers

came and went—how they fretted out life's fitful fever, and were at last gathered from their labor of success or failure to the densely populated burial-place of the settlements.

The creek meanders down from the far uplands in bright rivulets, touching in its course the borders of many an old home whose mournful landmarks of falling tenement or blackened hearthstones or deserted springs are mute but eloquent reminders of the long faded years when those now impoverished fields in their primitive fertility yielded to the tobacco and maize planters their fifty and a hundred fold.

More than two hundred years ago an Episcopal church was organized here by the first dwellers. The parish was at first known as Piscataway, afterwards King George's, and the Church of St. John's. The first house of worship was of logs and built in 1694, rebuilt with bricks in 1722, and enlarged to its present dimensions in 1763, John Addison, William Hatton, William Hutchinson, William Tannhill, John Emmet, and John Smallwell were of its first vestry, and Rev. George Tubman its first rector. This church antedates all other Episcopal churches of the Potomac region of Maryland. The leading spirit in the organization of this church was Col. John Addison a member of the Governor's council and an uncle of the celebrated Joseph Addison.

The burial place of the old kirk is densely peopled with the dead of departed congregations. Over most of the graves is a wilderness of tangled vines. Many of the stones are levelled and sunken nearly out of sight, with inscriptions worn and hard to decipher. Hundreds of graves have no stones at all, presumably of the earliest burials. A broad marble slab lies over the remains of Enoch Lyells, killed in a duel, August 7, 1805, with the following inscription:

"Go, our dear son, obey the call of Heaven;
Thy sins were few—we trust they are forgiven.

Yet, oh, what pen can paint the parents' woe?
God only can punish the hand that gave the blow."



OLD HOUSE AT BROAD CREEK, MD.
200 years old.

The quarrel of the duelist had its origin in offensive remarks made at a ball in the village of Piscataway, and the duel took place at Johnson's Spring, on the Virginia shore. The young man who was killed and who had made the remarks was averse to the encounter, but was goaded on to his death by his father and mother. His antagonist was named Bowie, who afterwards fled to the new settlement of the southwest. To him belongs the unenviable reputation of originating the bowie knife.

The hip-roofed house over two hundred years old still remains on the shore of Broad Creek where the wounded man was carried by his friends to die. It stands lonely and ghost like, scarred and blackened by the mutations of time, a grim memorial not only

of the duel, but of the more prosperous days of the locality, when square rigged vessels even, sailed from the now lonely and desolate place with cargoes of tobacco and other valuable freight of a fertile and productive region.

Long after the event of the duel the old house was to all the negro population an object of aversion; and even to the present time stories handed down through the generations, are told of strange lights which were seen flitting and hovering over the locality, on dark and dismal nights. These lights if seen as averred, may not have been due entirely to the distorted imagination of the ignorant negroes but as well to the phosphorescent exhalations from the decaying matter of the surrounding marshes.

THE DOGUE INDIANS—ASSAOMECK.

Alas for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,—

The plough is on their hunting-grounds,
The pale man's axe rings thro' their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods.

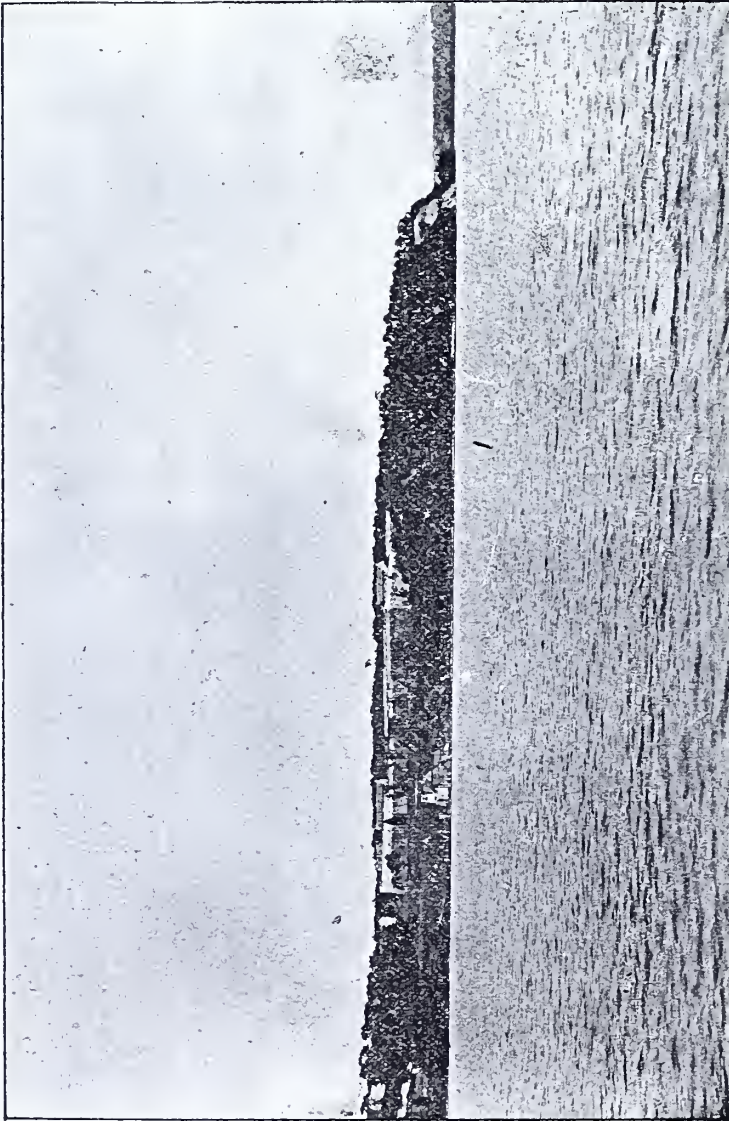
On the shores of the Mount Vernon estate, and far inland to the west, once roamed a numerous tribe of aborigines of the Algonquin race whose prowess was acknowledged and feared by all the surrounding tribes. The chief settlement or village of "Assaomeck, according to the investigations of Professor Holmes, of the National Ethnological Bureau, occupied the site now known as Andalusia, four miles below Alexandria. The great number of stone axes, javelin and arrow points, and fragments of pottery which have been turned up there by the plough, sufficiently attest the fact.

Here, in 1608, that fearless explorer and doughty old soldier, Captain John Smith, on his way up the Potomac to beyond the present site of the National Capital, stopped to hold parley with the reigning chief, and smoke the pipe of peace and friendship. Their settlement was the scene of a cruel and unsparing massacre by a force of avenging colonists during the Bacon rebellion of 1676. Where their cabins clustered along the river shore in the primeval days, the suburban homes of Andalusia now rise up to greet the eye of the passer.

FORT WASHINGTON, AND THE MOUTH OF THE PISCATAWAY—LEONARD CALVERT WITH HIS VANGUARD OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Seven miles below Alexandria, on the commanding heights of the old manorial estate of "Warburton," in Maryland, are the frowning battlements of Fort Washington. They help to give picturesqueness to the grand landscape of which they are a part, and they represent an expenditure of many hundred thousands of the public treasury, and many years of hard toil of long-vanished builders. But that is all. For the defence of the National Capital, they are practically useless against the new methods of naval attack. In 1814, when the British fleet came up the Potomac, the garrison then occupying the works, abandoned them and allowed the enemy to proceed to Alexandria and plunder the city without molestation. At the foot of the heights, just under the walls where the waters of the Piscataway and the Potomac unite, came, in 1634, Governor Leonard Calvert with two hundred followers, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, to establish, under the provisions of a royal charter to his brother, Cecil Calvert (Lord Baltimore), a settlement of the new region of Maryland, as yet untenanted save by roving aborigines. He anchored his vessels, the "Dove" and a small pinnace, proclaimed the catholic faith, raised the standard of Old England and proceeded to negotiate with the Indians, who assembled on the shore to the number of five hundred. The chieftain of the tribe would neither bid him go nor stay. "He might use his own discretion." It did not seem safe for the English to plant their first settlement in the wilderness so high up the river, whereupon Calvert descended the stream, examining in his barge the creeks and estuaries near the Chesapeake. He entered the river now called St. Mary's and which he named St. George's, and "about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac" he anchored at the Indian town of Yoacomoco. To Calvert the spot seemed convenient for a plantation. Mutual promises of friendship were made between the English and the natives, and upon the twenty-seventh day of March, 1634, the Catholics took quiet possession of the place, and religious liberty obtained a home—its only home in the wide world—at the humble

village which bore the name of St. Mary's. Very soon after this time all the region around the Piscataway river was explored by the Calvert colonists; and the Jesuit Missionaries who had come over with the proprietor established their missions from St. Mary's up to the Anacostia river. The parent mission under the direction of Father White was located at Piscataway. Great hopes were entertained by them of the evangelization of the Indians. Schools were instituted among them. A printing press, the first in all the colonies south of Massachusetts Bay was set up at Piscataway and



FORT WASHINGTON AND MOUTH OF PISCATAWAY RIVER.

catechisms and portions of the gospels were printed in the Indian tongue, some copies of which were brought to light only a few years ago in the library of the Vatican in Rome. For more than two hundred years they had lain there forgotten in the gathered dust with the reports, the fathers had sent of their missions in those early times along the wild shores of the Potomac.

Numbers of the Indians we are told by the chroniclers embraced the new faith and

were baptized, among them King Chilomachen, his Queen, children and attendants. Of these self sacrificing missionaries, one of their faith has said: "Their pathways were through the wilderness and their first chapels were the wigwams of the savages. They assisted by pious rites in laying the foundations of a state. They kindled the torch of civilization in the new found lands. They gave consolation to the grief stricken pilgrim. They taught the religion of Christ to the sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils of her first missionaries."

WHEN KING GEORGE 2ND. OF ENGLAND RULED VIRGINIA.

CLIFTON FERRY.

"As ancient was this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the Old Colonial day

JOHNSON'S SPRING.

When folks lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality."

DUELLING GROUND.

* * * *

By 1745 with the exit of the aboriginal inhabitants from the tide water regions of Virginia, the wave of civilization had advanced up the Potomac even to the slopes of the Blue Ridge. In that year was passed by the General Assembly an act establishing a public ferry from Clifton Neck, now the river farm of the Mount Vernon estate, to the Maryland shore. Capacious boats were provided for the ferriage of vehicles of every description as well as for pedestrians, horses and cattle, and were manned by sturdy negro oarsmen; and but a few minutes were required by them to cross the stream. By this ferry went all the travel by land through the colonies between New York and Georgia. The rates of ferriage were "for a man or horse one shilling, for every coach, chariot or wagon and the driver thereof six shillings. For every cart or four wheeled chaise and the driver thereof four shillings. For every two wheeled chaise or chair two shillings."

Arehdeacon Burnaby in his travels through the middle settlements of America in 1760 tells us he crossed the Potomac at this point going northward by Upper Marlboro and Annapolis.

The Old Ferry House as shown in the engraving stood on the brow of the hill about fifty yards from the tide level. It fell to ruins fifty years ago. It was a noted place of entertainment on the great highway. The traveller always found under its roof an abundance of good fare; for the river was stocked with the finest fish and the forests around abounded with wild game; and there was no stint of apple brandy, cider and beer, old jamaica and other beverages for all who were inclined in that direction, and most folks were so disposed in those primitive times.

Not far from the doorway of the hostelry gushed the spring called by the Indians, the "Great Fountain." Its waters clear and cold, still pour out from the hill side unabated from year to year, just as they did in colonial times. Their source doubtless is among the distant rocks of the Blue Ridge. Perhaps the first white man who ever drank of them was Captain John Smith when he ventured up the Potomac in 1608. And no wonder that he told in his journal of the "sweet waters," with which the new region abounded.

This locality was in the years far back a noted resort for duellists. The last duel was fought in 1805 as elsewhere noted in these pages. Later on, it was a favorite place for summer social gatherings of every description. Fourth of July parties met there from the two cities and celebrated Independence Day; and Washington tells us in his diary that he met his neighbors there at barbecues and other social and political gatherings.

No highway in all the land had more interesting historical associations than this by the Old Ferry.

No road was used more frequently by Washington. He always took it when going to his river farm and to the races at Annapolis. It was the road he travelled when going to the first Continental Congress.

In his diary for Aug. 30th, 1774, he says "Col. Pendleton, Mr. Henry and Col. Mason came to my house and remained all night." "Aug. 31, these gentlemen dined here, after which Col. Pendleton, Mr. Henry and myself set out on our journey for Philadelphia." They crossed the Potomac by Clifton ferry five miles below Alexandria into Prince George county, Maryland and reached Upper Marlboro for supper and lodging. "Sept. 1st, breakfasted at Queen Ann's ten miles further and dined at Annapolis. Crossed the head of the Bay to Rock Hall in Kent county by the packet ferry. Here we suped and lodged. Sept. 2nd, dined at Rock Hall and thirteen miles further on in the journey supped and lodged at Newtown on Chester river." "Sept. 3rd, breakfasted at Downs (now Galena) sixteen miles beyond. Dined at Buck tavern ten miles further. Lodged at New Castle eighteen miles. Breakfasted at Christina Ferry eight miles. Dined at Chester twelve miles. Fifteen miles beyond, after supping at the New Tavern in Philadelphia lodged at Dr. Shippens, in all one hundred and fifty-one miles in five days."



CLIFTON FERRY.

Down this highway in 1781 came the forces of General Green going to the Carolinas, and the armies of Washington, Lafayette, and Wayne going to Yorktown. By Washington's orders at the time the local militia was summoned to repair all the ways over which the troops, the beef cattle, the baggage wagons and artillery were to pass through the several counties of Virginia; and the planters all along were requested by him as a particular mark of respect to assist the officers from point to point in their carriages.

The National Capital was then but a straggling settlement with its few buildings in the midst of forests and swamps, with difficult approaches to it from every side. The Long Bridge had not been built and the only ferry to the Virginia Shore was that to Analostan Island, from Georgetown.

The only traces of this highway in its course through the Mount Vernon estate may

be seen in the clump of trees on the electric railway at Arcturus Station, as shown in the accompanying engraving. Clifton Ferry was discontinued after 1808.

The Old Ferry House as shown in the engraving stood on the brow of the hill about fifty yards from tide level. Fifty years ago it fell to ruins.

"With weather stains upon its wall
And stairways worn and crazy doors,

And creaking and uneven floors
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall."



THE OLD ROAD.

But a remnant left of the old highway,
When George of England held royal sway—
Only a hollow, worn deep in the hill—
But listen well—it has tales to tell
Of the tide of travel that over it roll'd
For a hundred years in the days of old.
Lift ye the veil, and the throngs shall pass
Before your vision as in a glass.
You will hear the creak of the cumb'rous wain;
You will hear the teamster's shouts again.
Before you will pass on its tedious way
The stage and four of the ancient day.
Anon, you will see the planter ride
With liveried coachman at his side—
The gang of toilers will come and go
From their endless tasks of joy or woe.
The steps of armies you will hear
And their bugles will greet you loud and clear—

Their drum's wild beat you will hear as well
Echoing afar through the wooded dell—
They are veterans tried and service worn
With garments faded and rent and torn;
They have fought at Trenton and Lexington—
Though fields they have lost, they have glory won,
And their good flintlocks and powder dry
They are keeping well for the by and by.
Brave continentalers—they are marching down
For the final fray at Old Yorktown!
Mark ye the leaders in buff and blue—
Washington and Greene and "mad Wayne" too;
And Lafayette and Chasteleux
And the dashing count of Rochambeau,
Our friendly allies from France afar
Who have come to turn the tide of war.
These are the visions which you may see
If you lift the veil by the old highway.

Fort Washington and Fort Hunt opposite to it on the Virginia shore command the approach by water to the National Capital and as a result of several years of constant work upon them by the Government are now fully equipped for defence. When the great avenue in contemplation, to connect Arlington and Memorial Bridge with Mount Vernon shall be constructed, it will doubtless pass very near to Fort Hunt and so become a military as well as a public highway down from the National Capital.

Little Hunting Creek which the road crosses at Riverside Park is the natural and lower boundary of Washington's River Farm of 2000 acres just travelled over, and which he purchased of William Clifton in 1767. On the south side of the creek lies the other large farms of the Old Mount Vernon estate known as the Mansion House farm, Union farm, Dogue Run farm and Muddy Hole farm, containing in the aggre-

gate, 6000 acres. The part of the estate on which the home is situated was included in a royal grant of 5000 acres made by Gov. Thomas, Lord Culpeper, in 1670 to Lieut. Col. John Washington and his associate in maritime adventure, Nicholas Spencer, in consideration of their services to the Virginia colony for bringing to its new lands from England one hundred immigrants or settlers. This Col. John Washington was a great grandfather of General George Washington whose father Augustine purchased of the Spencer heirs their right in the original grant. By purchases from time to time previous to the Revolutionary war the General added one thousand acres more to the already large domain until its boundaries embraced a total of 8000 acres as held at the time of his death in 1799.

There is hardly a spot over this vast extent of land which has not known of the presence of this great rural proprietor. There is not a valley, nor a hill, nor rivulet, nor spring that has not associations of him. He laid all its roads, divided all the different plantation tracts and directed in person all the improvements which went on from year to year over the estate.

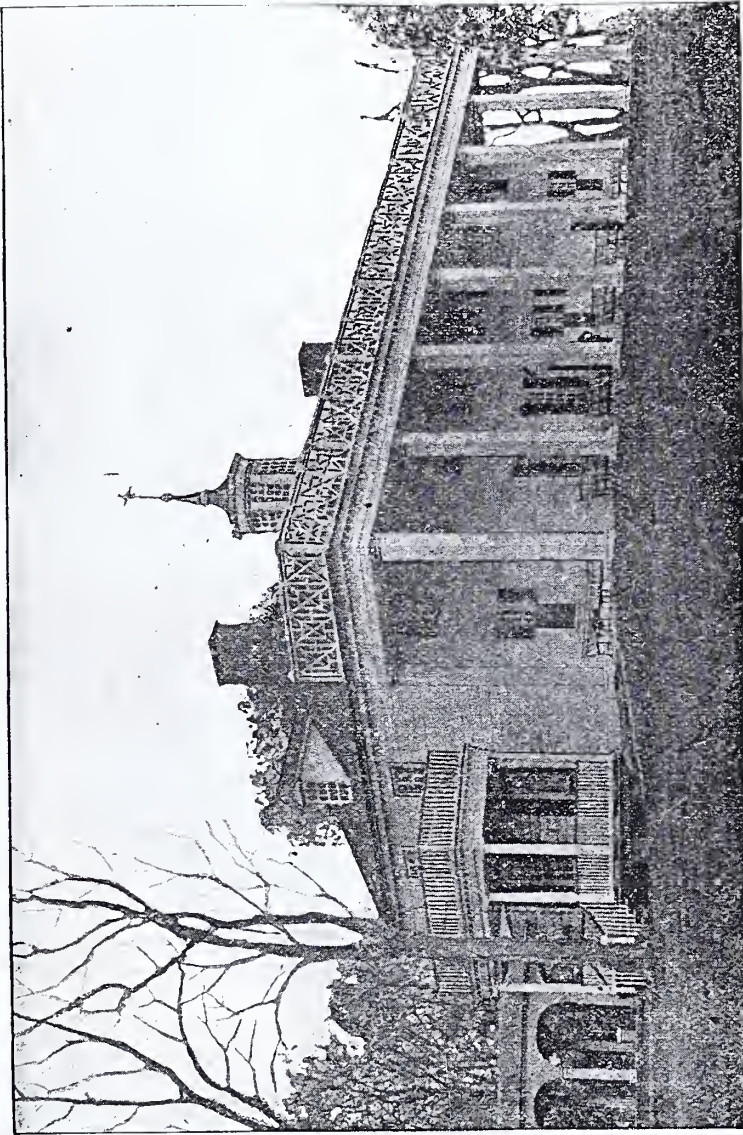
Little Hunting Creek in Washington's time was bordered by a dense growth of forest trees, which almost entirely shadowed its waters; and at all seasons of the year, wild fowl, ducks, geese and swan gathered there in great numbers, affording for the General and his visiting friends ample opportunities for shooting which were as jealously guarded from invading poachers as those of any game reservation in Old England; and the same protection was given to the game animals which wandered the wooded domains of the estate.

Augustine Washington, father of George, laid the first foundation of the Mount Vernon Mansion just previous to 1736. He erected then only the middle portion of the building as we now see it in its more pretentious entirety, with its commanding front, its broad veranda, its belfry and its numerous apartments. The first structure was plain and simple, but with its four rooms it was then deemed an ample dwelling place, and no important additions were made by the new proprietor until after his marriage which occurred in 1759. Between that time and the year 1786 he had fashioned the Mansion into very much the form and appearance which it presents to us today. His guests were constantly increasing from at home and abroad and he needed more room and style for their entertainment. He obtained from England workmen and materials and by the close of 1785 had completed his improvements in which he was his own architect, drawing every plan and specification with his own hand. The interior of the old house remained to a great extent unchanged, but wings were added and the exterior remodeled, so that its appearance today is very much the same as when completed then.

The Mansion is built of wood in imitation of cut stone, mainly after the style of a French Chateau of the time of Louis fourteenth, is ninety-six feet in length by thirty-two in width, of two stories and a finished attic, with dormer windows surmounted by a graceful cupola which commands a fine view of the varied country surrounding it. Along the entire front, facing the river and Fort Washington is a wide veranda supported by high square pillars and paved with a tessellated pavement of stones brought from White Haven, England, in 1785. The ground floor contains six rooms (there were originally but four) with the old spacious hall in the centre of the building, extending through it from east to west, and the stairway. On the south side of the hall is the parlor, library and breakfast room, from which last a narrow staircase ascends to the private study on the second floor; on the north side a music room, parlor, and dancing-room, in which when there was much company the guests were sometimes entertained at table. The principal feature of this room is the large mantelpiece, wrought in Italy, of statuary and Sienite marbles, exquisitely carved in every part, bearing in relief, scenes in agricultural life. The interiors of the new rooms were finished to correspond with the old ones. At the same time were built, near the mansion on either side, a substantial kitchen and laundry, connected with it by collonades. These, with other outlying buildings then erected, all remain, with the exception of an extensive conservatory. Washington, thus occupied with the development of his estate, was meanwhile unconsciously exercising a powerful influence on national affairs. He was

obliged to maintain an extensive correspondence, and the opinions and counsels given in his letters were widely effective. No longer the soldier, he was now becoming the statesman.

Exact plans and dimensions of the Mansion have been taken and will be preserved for use in case of destruction by fire.



MOUNT VERNON.
The Home of Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS HOME.

Tell us again the story
Our sires and grandsires told;

We love to hear it often,
'Tis ever new, tho' old.

On the fourteenth day of December, 1799, George Washington, the successful soldier and leader, the true patriot, the wise statesman, the estimable private citizen, the public benefactor and friend of all mankind, passed peacefully from earth, in his quiet home at Mount Vernon, to the inheritance of the rich rewards awaiting a life of exceeding great usefulness and honor. Since the occurrence of that event which brought grief

and sorrow to the infant nation he had so faithfully labored to direct and establish, only one hundred years have elapsed, hardly five generations of his posterity; and a few of late were still remaining among us who were then children. Yet, such was the sublime character and great worth of the revered chief, and such have been the grand results to the world of his heroic deeds and unselfish sacrifices, that in our grateful remembrance and almost pious veneration of him, the vista of time through which we look back in contemplation of his life and public services seems to us more like one of long centuries than that of the few scores of solemn anniversaries which have been recorded. As this vista lengthens and grows dimmer with the passing away of each succeeding year, we delight more and more to recount the story of his childhood and early training, of his military services and exploits, of his subsequent civil career, and, finally, of his retired life as a farmer on his broad Virginia estate, where, in the peaceful tranquility of a mind untroubled by vain ambitions or harrassing regrets, he lived the happiest days of his eventful life.

Mount Vernon, the home and tomb, will ever continue the grand focal point to which the generations of our republic will fondly turn in their love and admiration for the great chief. Then, shall we not keep on telling the "old, old story?"—the story which, though so often repeated, will be forever new, and will forever charm and please,—the one which poets shall sing and orators proclaim—the one which sires and grandsires shall relate to the eager ears of little children on their knees, which shall cross every sea, and be heard in every land and in every clime. Let it be told, and again and again repeated, so that no event nor circumstances connected with the brilliant career of the *pater patriæ* shall remain unknown or forgotten. His life and the precious memories of its well shaped and rounded works are the common patrimony of all liberty loving peoples and will be kept fresh and perennial.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON—HALF BROTHER OF GEORGE.

Lawrence Washington deserves more than the incidental notices which have been accorded to him in other chapters of this Hand-book. In our regard for the merits and career of his distinguished brother, on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed, we are apt to lose sight of the noble and magnanimous spirit which was so instrumental in moulding and shaping that character which shines with such transcendent lustre in the galaxy of our Revolutionary heroes. Fifteen years older than his brother George, he at once in his orphanage filled the place of the correct fraternal exemplar and paternal adviser. When Lawrence came up from the lower Potomac to the occupancy of the domains of twenty-five hundred acres "lying-along and south of Little Hunting Creek," George accompanied him to his new home, established by his father Augustine a short time previously, and named in honor of his old commander, Mount Vernon, until Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax needed him to assist his cousin Geo. William Fairfax in establishing with compass and chain the butts and bounds of his possessions in the Shenandoah Valley.

Major Lawrence Washington was the second child and only surviving son of Augustine Washington, and his first wife Jane (Butler) Washington, and was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 1718. He was among the organizers of the "Ohio Company" to explore the western country, encourage settlements, and conduct trade with the Indians. It was in his relations with this company that he won an enviable distinction, as did his brother George after him, by avowing himself an advocate of religious toleration at a time when the statutes of Virginia recognized but one religious faith. Never very strong physically, with the continued and increasing pressure of his public duties in the state council and the land company, his health gave way, and in 1751, accompanied by his brother George, he went for healing to the Island of Barbadoes, but receiving no relief he returned to die at his Mount Vernon home, July, 1752. His marriage with Annie Fairfax had been blessed by four children, three of whom had died. His surviving child, Sarah, was still an infant, at the time of her father's death. After providing in his will for his wife, he left Mount Vernon to his daughter, but in



Your most humble Serv.
Law. Washington
Nov: 7th 1749

the event of her death without heirs, it was to go to his "beloved brother George." This daughter died within a year, and George inherited the "Home" before he was twenty-one years of age.

COL. JOHN WASHINGTON, OF CAVE CASTLE, ENGLAND.

The political dissensions which convulsed the English people in the beginning of the seventeenth century, finally brought violent death to their king, Charles the First, and established in the place of their monarchical government, the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. As a result of the revolution, the prominent adherents of royalty found themselves without occupation or favor under the new rule, and many of them left the country and sought asylum in the newly-opened land "beyond the seas." Among these were Col. John Washington, the great grandfather of the Revolutionary General and first president of the United States, and his brother Lawrence who migrated from South Cave in the east riding of Yorkshire on the banks of the Humber river. They settled first in 1659 in the county of Westmoreland at Bridge's Creek. They had passage over in a ship owned by Edward Prescott of which John Green was Captain. During the voyage a woman of the name of Elizabeth Richardson, a fanatical zealot incurred the displeasure of some of the passengers on account of her insane rantings and singular behavior, and was hanged by them to the yard arm, under the accusation of practicing the art of witchcraft. In her misfortune she appealed to the commiseration of Col. John who vainly interposed to save her. The wanton and lawless act was so

revolting to his intelligence and kinder feelings that upon landing in the Chesapeake, he reported the case to the authorities and had the owner and Captain of the vessel held in bonds to appear for trial before the provincial court of St. Mary's. The trial, owing to the uncertainties and delays of those early times never took place.

John Washington seems to have been a man of means as well as influence. He patented a large tract of land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, raised tobacco extensively and was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. His marriage to Ann Pope occurred soon after his arrival in the colony. Having a military inclination, he



CAVE CASTLE, ENGLAND.

By courtesy of Mr. Henry Dudley Teeter.

was appointed a colonel of the militia. In this capacity he became a conspicuous actor in many of the tragic events of the Bacon rebellion during the year of 1665-6 which followed the harrassing retaliations of the Indians on the colonists for their depredations upon their domains of forest and stream.

After the murder of the herdsman, Henn, in 1666, by the Dogue Indians, in Truro parish, near the Occoquan river, and the prompt pursuit of the murderers by the mounted rangers of the county of Stafford to their town of Assaomeck twenty miles up the Potomac, where they were overtaken and massacred at the doors of their wigwams, all the other tribes on both sides of the river, up and down, took refuge with the Piscataways, a powerful tribe dwelling on the heights now occupied by the battlements of Fort Washington; and here in alliance they proceeded to fortify themselves by embankments, ditches and palisades against the advance of the colonists. To dislodge this force of savages, two thousand troops of the Maryland and Virginia militia were speedily raised and placed under the command of Col. John Washington, who had under him Majors Mason, Brent and other military notables of the time. After a protracted siege of six weeks the small number of the besieged who had escaped bullets and starvation, capitulated to their assailants. The destruction was complete and vengeance was satisfied.

Three years before this siege Col. John as elsewhere related had been engaged with Nicholas Spencer in bringing into the province one hundred immigrants, for which they obtained a royal patent for 5000 acres now included within the bounds of Mount Vernon.

At the time of this patent, Stafford was the uppermost county, stretching interminably beyond the Alleghanies and to the Mississippi valley. Prince William and Fairfax were not set off until nearly fifty years afterward. The town of "Assaomeck" was about four miles below Great Hunting Creek on that division of the Mount Vernon "river farm" now known as Andalusia. It was just opposite to Broad Creek in Maryland.

Col. John died in 1677. He was first married in England. His wife and two children came with him to Virginia, but the three died soon after arriving. As elsewhere noted his second wife was Ann Pope of Pope's Creek, Westmoreland county. By this alliance he had children—first Lawrence, born 1661, who in 1690 was married to Mildred Warner, of Gloucester Co., Va. His child Augustine was born at Bridge's Creek 1694. He was twice married, first April 20, 1715, to Jane Butler, daughter of Caleb Butler of Westmoreland county, by whom he had four children of whom only Lawrence survived to manhood, born 1718 died in 1752 at his home at Mount Vernon. Augustine born 1720, died young. Their mother died in 1728 and was buried in the family vault. Augustine was again married to Mary Ball "the rose of Epping Forest" and daughter of Joseph Ball of Lancaster county, Va. By her he had six children, namely, George, born at Wakefield, February 22, 1732—died at Mount Vernon December 14, 1799; Betty born at Wakefield June 20, 1733—died March 1799; Samuel born at Wakefield, November 15, 1734—died 1781; John Augustine, born doubtless at Epsewasson, Fairfax county, Va., January 13, 1736—died 1762; Charles born doubtless at same place, May 2, 1738—died 1799; Mildred born at Wakefield, June 21, 1739—died 1740. Mary the mother died at Fredericksburg, August 25, 1789 at the age of 82. Betty Washington was married to Col. Fielding Lewis. Their son Lawrence was married to Eleanor (Nellie) Parke Custis.

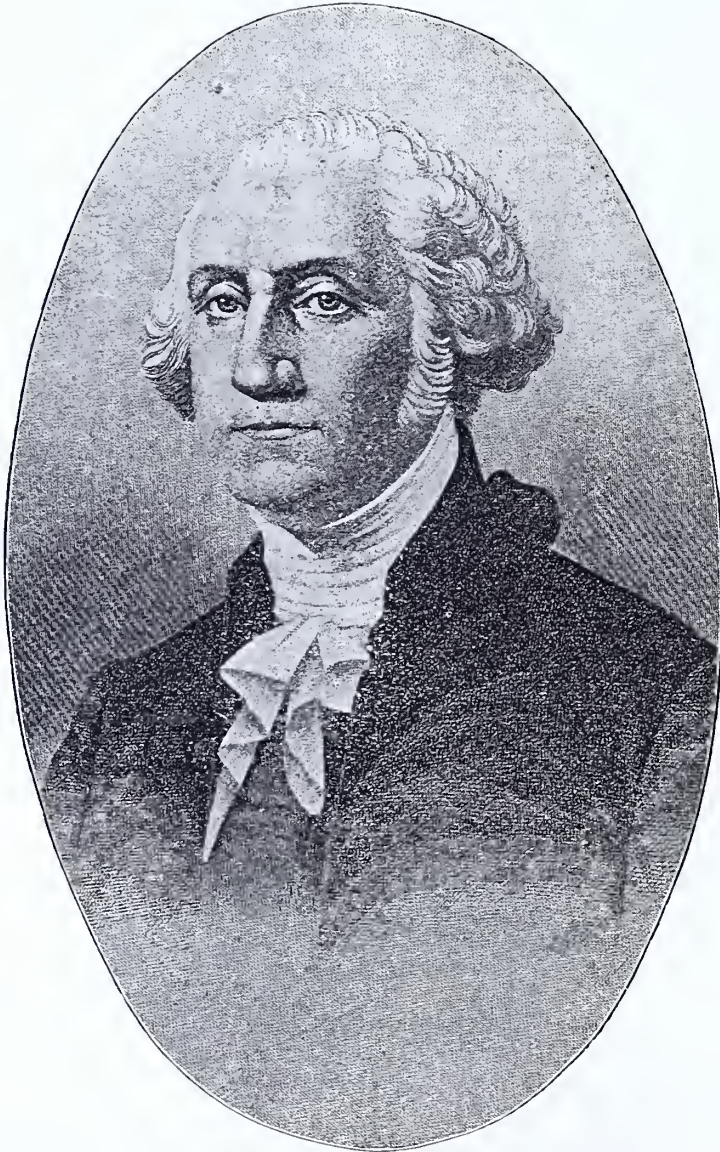
SUMMARY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"What is a name; As we wreath or build it;	And the birth dawns beacon adown the ages
Stucco or granite, bastille or fane;	With a lurid flash or a blaze sublime,
And the stern years crumble or freshly gild it	As to meaner goals or diviner stages,
As it grows in honor or reaps disdain.	It exemplars Man through the storms of time."

George Washington, whether as a private citizen mingling with his neighbors and friends in a social or business capacity, or whether as a dignified actor and director in the public and national affairs of his country, is one of the very few men in the records of history who have successfully and triumphantly withstood the test and scrutiny of the world's adverse criticism. He stands out on the shifting scenes of the world's annals as a grandly imposing and unique personage, meriting and commanding as well, the veneration of every observer, no matter of what country or nationality—and the citizens of the country he loved and defended, in their enthusiasm and gratitude for his brilliant public services, love to contemplate him as a personage divinely ordained and appointed to open the way, not only for civil and religious liberty in America, but everywhere among the oppressed of humanity.

He left the quietude and enjoyments of a rural life when great political emergencies needed a capable advisor, actor and leader whose sentiments were known to be unservedly opposed to royal impositions and exactions and in favor of home rule and independence; and stepping forth on the scene of action was hailed with acclamation as the man eminently qualified for the momentous and responsible duties before him. By his prompt and patriotic response to a common call he won the popular confidence and esteem, and by his wise and prudent counsels many discordant elements were harmonized and brought into subjection to the cause he had espoused. But his new sphere of action was to be amid perplexities and trials which might have discouraged many a brave commander. His mission was to hastily organize into armies, raw re-

cruits from the peaceful avocations of life and direct them against the veteran soldiers of his king, to dispute their invasion of colonial soil, and while performing this difficult service he was everywhere to move among and come into contact with stealthy foes among his own countrymen who were committed to the cause of royalty and the betrayal of the colonists.



PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

From a painting by Gilbert Stewart.

He was not a soldier because of his fondness for tinsel, parade or mere military glory, but because of the exigencies of the times in which he lived. After these exigencies had passed he gladly yielded up all investiture of military authority and dropped back to the enjoyments of the calm delights of peace and quietude in his rural retreat; not sighing, as many warriors had done before him, that there were no more victories to achieve,

but rejoicing in the coming of the blessed reign of peace. His mission as a soldier had been grandly accomplished and he was well content to await its beneficent results.

As a victor he was magnanimous, lenient and forbearing—never vaunted of his military prowess; and of all the pictorial representations which adorned his rooms at Mount Vernon, not one of them represented any of the revolutionary scenes in which he had figured.

There have been soldiers who have achieved mightier victories in the field and made conquests more nearly corresponding to the boundlessness of selfish ambitions; statesmen who have been connected with more startling upheavals of society; but it is the greatness of Washington that in public trusts he used power solely for the public good; that he was the life and moderator and stay of the most momentous revolution in human affairs; its moving impulse and its restraining power. Combining the centripetal and centrifugal forces in their utmost strength, and in perfect relations, with creative grandeur of instinct he held ruin in check and renewed and perfected the institutions of his country. Finding the colonies disconnected and dependent, he left them such a united and well ordered commonwealth as no visionary had believed to be possible. So that it has been truly said, "he was as fortunate as great and good." This also is the praise of Washington, that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow men and influence all classes. Wherever he became known in his family, his neighborhood, his county, his native state, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

On the sixteenth of June, 1775, he appeared in his place in Congress, after his appointment as commander-in-chief of the colonial armies, and after refusing all pay beyond his expenses, he spoke with unfeigned modesty to his colleagues—"As the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

Washington was not a bigot nor a zealot in religion, nor even a sectarian. "Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion; but belief in God and trust in His overruling power formed the essence of his character. He believed that wisdom not only illumines the spirit, but inspires the will. He was a man of action and not of theory nor words. His creed appears in his life, not in his profession. His whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the universe. His broad and liberal conceptions of what constituted the basis of a common fatherhood and a common brotherhood would not allow of any narrowing or dwarfing of his natural convictions by the trammels of religious dogmas or formulas, and so he was tolerant of the fullest religious liberty and thought, believing that every man had the right implanted in him by the God of nature to worship Him in whatever way seemed to him best, consequently the creed of no church ever held him exclusively within its narrow limits. His true and tried friends were confined to no religious denomination, but were chosen from the widest range of religious thought, and selected only for real worth and integrity of character. His published letters in reply to the personal addresses of the various religious organizations of the United States in the early days of the republic, all breathe the most commendable spirit of Christian liberality and toleration, and show him to have been devoid of any sectarian prejudices. As his diary bears witness, he was accustomed to attendance at all forms of worship, and doubtless he always found something in each which his unprejudiced judgment could approve and accept. In his neighborhood no churches existed but the Episcopal. These the laws of

the colony had established, to the prejudice of all others, and made respectable, and it was quite natural, from his reverential and orderly habits, that he should have been an habitual attendant at their services with his neighbors and while he was one of the vestry in the church of both Alexandria and Pohick, he doubtless busied himself very little about vestry matters, further than to fill the miscellaneous requirements of the church.*

Though a communicant of the established Church and a respecter of its forms and its clergy from early associations, yet was he in sympathy and perfect accord with Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and Patrick Henry in their efforts to repeal all laws which discriminated in favor of any one religious sect by giving to it tithes and glebes, and enabling it thereby to keep up its congregations and attendance upon its services.

He appears to have been so impressed with the importance of listening to the inward monitor, or, as the Quakers are wont to express it, "the still, small voice," that in his rules of civility and behavior, written out by him for his guidance at the age of thirteen he enjoined upon himself "to labor to keep alive in his breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." At that early age his code of rules show that he had determined to begin life right, and the story of all his subsequent years is evidence that he continued right. The germs of innate goodness and excellence had been implanted in his being and through wise parental solicitude and instruction and a strict obedience to duty; they steadily and beautifully unfolded to public observation and admiration with the passing of the years of his life. The pole-star of his impulses and the drift of his being were right and duty; to these everything was subordinate. He read correctly the motives of men and measured accurately their capabilities, and rarely erred in his estimate of character. He was frank in his intercourse—never dissembled, never stooped

*In those times the duties of the church vestry embraced not only religious matters but also many secular neighborhood affairs, requiring the judgment of just such a practical man as Washington. Under the direction of the vestry the tithe collector went forth to levy upon every land owner in the parish. Under their authority the "processioners" surveyed and established all land boundaries. To the Church Wardens it pertained to bind apprentices to their masters—record of the indentures being duly made in the vestry book. To them were paid the fines for the violation of Sunday penal statutes. Thus in 1775 we find the following entry in the proceedings of the vestry of Christ Church of which Washington was a member. "By cash received of Mr. Wm. Adams for the several fines for deer killing out of season, delivered to him by Mr. Bryan Fairfax £2.10s." and in 1778 the following:

	£	s.	d.
By Lawrence Monroe for gaming	2	10	0
" Thomas Lewis for hunting on Sabbath	5	0	
" John Lewis	5	0	

Upon the vestry also devolved the relief of the poor, the medical care of the sick, the charge for the burial of the dead, maintenance of the blind, the lame, the maimed and also of foundlings and vagrants.

*Received February 26. 1765. From George Washington the
sum of Twenty five pounds Curly being the consideration
money within mentioned - May received by me
John H. Comely
mark*

FAC SIMILE—Receipt written by Washington on account of quit claim.

to mean devices nor subterfuges. While he was open and courteous, fraternal and approachable, he was never trivial, never forgot his dignity, but always, whatever the occasion, so demeaned himself as to inspire every one with whom he came into contact, whether socially or in a business way, with the feeling that he was one of the very first of men among men. Washington was not an orator, and seldom attempted to express himself at length on any public occasion, but as a writer he excelled. His style, as preserved in many volumes of miscellaneous letters and state papers, was plain, clear, and without unnecessary verbiage, and his expressions were rarely marred by instances of false syntax, though he had never had the advantages of more than a very limited common school education; but from his youth upward he had been a constant and attentive reader of the best literature of the times, and was very observant of the acknowledged models of the English language.

In all his business transactions, and they were many and varied, no instances have been recorded by any writer of any attempt on his part to get the advantage of any of his fellows. He was a fast friend and a patron of merit. He recognized the divinity of labor, and believed that it should be respected and fully requitted. True, he was a slave holder, but it was for the reason that labor was urgently needed in those times to open and subdue the wilderness, produce supplies, and develop the great resources of the country; but he did not look upon his bondsmen as mere machines, devoid of feelings or sensibilities. There is the most authentic evidence that he looked most carefully after their welfare in respect to diet, raiment, quarters, and seasons of toil; had them taught habits of industry, provided medical attendance for them in sickness, allowed them religious instruction and by his last bequest, made July 9, 1799, ordered that they should all be freed. And it is but just to mention in this connection that from no one of his freed folks or their immediate descendants has there ever been heard any instance of unnecessary severities under his benign rule as a master.

The estate was large, and land for tillage was plentiful, and every family had ample privilege of having plots of ground for growing all kinds of vegetables, while fish were abundant in the river and creeks, and wild game plentiful in the woods.

In 1786, he wrote to Robert Morris, "There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery. But there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting." And in another letter, written to his nephew, Robert Lewis, August 17, 1799, four months before his death, he says, "I have more negroes on my estate of Mount Vernon than can be employed to any advantage in the farming system: and I shall never turn planter thereon. To sell the overplus I cannot, because I am principled against that kind of traffic in the human species. To hire them out is almost as bad, because they cannot be disposed of in families and I have an aversion to that system."

In a letter to John F. Mercer, of Virginia, September, 1786, he wrote, "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." Martha, his widow, in 1801, manumitted all the slaves she held in her own right.

The relation of the African race to our nation, Washington represented. He was not a radical reformer, not an ideal theorist, but a practical thinker and actor, and as such he interpreted the African's destiny. He recognized his capacity to be a tiller of the soil and a mechanic, and treated him kindly; and taught and practised the principle of emancipation. He regarded slavery, indeed, as the law of the land, and denied the right of any citizen to interfere with the legal claims of the master to his slave but he thought the law ought to be changed, and he stands in our history as the representative of the old school of emancipationists who regarded slavery as a fading relic of a semi-civilized form of society. He could work with the negro and mingle praise with blame in his judgments, and, without having extreme opinions of their gifts or virtues, he thought them fitted for freedom and capable of education.

He was methodical in all his undertakings and pursuits, no matter how common place; kept a diary of ordinary as well as extraordinary events, and noted down regularly from day to day his expenditures, whether incurred for household necessities, raiment, the carrying on of his farm arrangements, or for traveling. His strict attention to details, added to his habit of close observation and investigation and correct judgment, was the secret of the remarkable success which attended him through life. It made him the accurate surveyor, the safe counselor, the efficient general, the capable and trusted President, and it made him one of the best farmers of his time. His handwriting, from his characteristic order and care, was invariably neat and legible whether he wrote a state paper, a letter to some home or foreign dignitary, or whether he wrote a deed for the conveyance of land, or an order on his merchant, or a receipt to his mechanic, every letter was well formed and distinct, so that it never required, as is too often the case with public men of our day, much time to decipher his meaning.

As a farmer he was not content to merely follow the modes which had long prevailed with the planters around him, but at a very early period of his farming operations he put into practice new and more advantageous systems of croppings and manuring;



SULGRAVE MANOR, ENGLAND.

Residence of some of Washington's Ancestors.

laid down his land to grass; planted out orchards of the best fruits then obtainable; employed the newest agricultural implements, and had a constant care to obtain the best seeds and the most improved stock. Washington was a farmer by choice and because he believed the "calling to be the most healthful, the most useful, and the noblest employment of men." He might have entered many avenues opened for him when a young man which would have insured success whatever the undertaking. But the quietude and peaceful surroundings of a rural life were more in keeping with his natural inclinations than the circumstances of other pursuits, which to many of the young men now coming up around us seem far more attractive.

He was domestic in his habits, and loved the peace, the tranquility, and joys of home life. And we most delight to dwell on the part of the history of this great man which pictures that life—the life he led as a plain, unpretending citizen of the republic he had been so instrumental in establishing. What to a man of the finer sensibilities is the tinsel and show and power of a public life when compared with genial minds and with a nature clothed in the simple and beautiful garb of truth? Of all men none could appreciate the difference better than Washington. "I am now, I believe," he writes in a letter from Mount Vernon, "fixed in this seat, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

His hospitality was large, and his generousities and charities wide-reaching. No one was more ready to acknowledge an error of heart or judgment, nor more magnanimous to those differing in opinions.

We do not claim that he was perfect, for perfection in humanity is impossible. We only claim for him that he came as near to filling the measure of the "noblest work of God" as any other man in history. And certainly no character in all its aspects or bearings is more worthy of emulation by the youth of our country than his. The closing scene of his life on the fourteenth of December, 1799, was peaceful, and a grateful people mourned for him as a father indeed.

He had rounded out to the full his matchless lifework. There was nothing left for him to do. He escaped the quicksands into which other feet have been tempted, and folding his hands, lay down and passed away in the fullness of years, with his fame at its zenith, and like the star set in the heavens, too firmly placed, to be drawn aside from its orbit.

"When common men have perished
No earthly trace we find;
The soul of this our hero
Rose and remained behind.

To lowly dust and ashes
Though mortal flesh hath gone,
No grave can ever hide him—
His very life lives on."

COLONEL WASHINGTON OF MOUNT VERNON.

Owing to the death, some years before, of Lawrence Washington's only child, Sara, followed as it shortly after was by that of his widow, Annie, Colonel George Washington, already proprietor of the paternal estate on the Rappahannock, had inherited, with much additional property, the magnificent domain of Mount Vernon, and was now one of the wealthiest planters of the Old Dominion. Washington's fondness for agricultural pursuits had not been the only motive of his retirement. The harassing cares of his command had not exerted a complete monopoly of his thoughts during this prolonged period of Indian warfare. The romantic traditions of his courtship it is unnecessary to recall here. On the seventeenth of January, 1759, he was married to Mrs. Custis, a very young and wealthy widow, who formerly had been the most attractive belle at the vice-regal court of Williamsburg. The ceremony was performed amid a joyous assemblage of relatives and friends, at the White House, the bride's home, where they remained until the trees were budding at Mount Vernon, when they took up their permanent residence there. Washington at this time wrote to a friend, "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world. . . . No estate in America is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tidewater. The whole shore is one entire fishery." The whole region thereabout, with its range of forests and hills and picturesque promontories, afforded sport of various kinds; and was a noble hunting ground.

These were, as yet, the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entail. A style of living prevailed which has long since faded away. The houses, liberal in all their appointments, were fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted hospitality of the owners. Each estate was a little empire, and its mansion-house the seat of government, where the planter ruled supreme. The negro quarters formed a hamlet apart. Among the slaves were artificers of all kinds, so that a plantation produced within itself everything for ordinary use. Articles of fashion and elegance, luxuries and expensive clothing were imported from London, for the planters on the Potomac carried on an immediate trade with England.

Their tobacco, put up by their own negroes, bore their own marks, and was shipped directly to their agents in Liverpool or Bristol, Edinburgh or Bordeaux.

Washington, instead of trusting to overseers, gave his personal attention to every detail of the management of his estate. He carried into his rural affairs the same method,

activity, and circumspection that had distinguished him in military life. He made a complete survey of his lands, apportioned them into farms, and regulated the cultivation of all. The products of his estate became so noted for the faithfulness—as to quality and quantity—with which they were put up, that it is stated that any barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the ports to which it was sent. There were many relaxations in the arduous duties he had assumed. He delighted in the chase. In the height of the season he would be out with the fox hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and ending the day with a hunting dinner, when he is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity. He also greatly relished duck shooting, in which he was celebrated for his skill. The Potomac was the scene of considerable aquatic state at that time, and Washington had his barge, rowed by six uniformed negroes, to visit his friends on the



WASHINGTON AT FORTY.

From a painting by Charles Peale.
1772

Of this painting Washington makes these notes in his diary:
"May 20, 1772, sat for Mr. Peale to have my picture taken. May 21, sat again for the drapery. May 22, sat for Mr. Peale to finish my face. In the afternoon rode with him to my mill. Returned home by the Ferry plantation."

Maryland side of the river. He had his chariot and four, with black postilion in livery, for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled and admirably regulated—his stud all

thoroughbred. Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, and partake of the gaitics which prevailed there during the sessions of the legislature. X

In this round of rural occupations, rural amusements and social intercourse, Washington passed many tranquil years, the halcyon season of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon, who were sure to be received with cordial hospitality. His marriage was unblessed with children, but those of Mrs. Washington received from him parental care and affection. His domestic concerns were never permitted to interfere with his public duties. As judge of the county court, and member of the House of Burgesses, and executor oftentimes for his neighbors, he had numerous calls upon his time and thought; for whatever trust he undertook, he was sure to fulfill with scrupulous exactness.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The storm of the Revolution, so long impending, had suddenly burst over the land, and Washington, who had represented Virginia in the First Continental Congress and was now a member of the second, was by it, June 15, 1775, unanimously called to the command of the colonial army. On the 20th he received his commission and the following day started for Boston on horseback to take command. "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington," wrote John Adams at the time. "A gentleman of one of the first fortunes on the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease and hazarding all in the cause of his country. His views are noble and disinterested." And Mrs. Adams wrote on his arrival before Boston, "Dignity, ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier are agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every feature of his face." The honors with which he was received only told him how much was expected from him, and when he looked around upon the raw and rustic levies he was to command, "a mixed multitude of people, without discipline, order, or government," scattered about in rough encampments, beleaguering a city garrisoned by an army of veteran troops with ships of war in its harbor, he felt the awful responsibility of his situation, and the complicated and stupendous task before him. "The cause of my country," he wrote, "has called me to active and dangerous duty, *but I trust that Divine Providence will enable me to discharge it with fidelity and success.*" With what unswerving and untiring fidelity, and with what complete and splendid ultimate success—despite disaster, mutiny, faithlessness, and treachery in those most trusted, privations without parallel, difficulties such as never leader encountered before, bitter rivalries, the opposition of Congress, and the loss of confidence, as once well nigh seemed, of a whole people—Washington, never faltering, discharged his trust during the long, weary years that followed, needs no repetition here. There are no better pages in the world's history.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

The electors chosen under the new Constitution were unanimous in calling Washington to the presidential chair. On the 16th of April, 1789, he again bade adieu to Mount Vernon, and set out for the seat of government. His progress to New York was a continuous ovation. There on April 30th, the first President of the United States was inaugurated.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the incidents of the following eight years, when Washington so worthily filled the loftiest position within the gift of any people. During this period, crowded with events most important in the formative history of the republic, its chief magistrate—it may surprise those unfamiliar with the publications of the time—was pursued in his official acts, and even private life, by a bitter partisan malignity, the like of which is almost unknown in our later day. The pressure of public duties admitted but few opportunities to visit his home. During one of these visits there, in the summer of 1796, he wrote his farewell address, which a great British historian has declared to be "unequalled by any composition of uninspired wisdom." He was now looking forward with unfeigned longing to his retirement. His term of office expired March 4, 1797, when Mr. Adams, in his inaugural address, spoke of his prede-

cessor as one "who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, had merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity."

LAST WILL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In July of 1799, only a few months previous to his death, George Washington made his last will and testament with the following preamble, the brevity, of which, as well as the clearness of language in the bequests which follow it, are in striking contrast with the rambling verbiage of the wills generally of that time, as appears by the county records.

"I George Washington of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument which is written by my own hand and every page thereof subscribed with my name to be my last Will and Testament, revoking all others."

The handwriting of this interesting historic document still preserved in the Clerk's office of Fairfax county, is in the writer's usual careful and legible style.

To his wife Martha, he devised with some exceptions "all his estate, real and personal for the term of her natural life. At Mrs. Washington's death, which occurred May 22, 1802, his estate left by her was to be divided among his many relatives and to public institutions of learning and to charities, under particular specifications. His real estate in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky not including the domain of Mount Vernon of 8000 acres and the town lots in Alexandria and the National Capital amounted to 5000 acres. Just what his personal effects amounted to does not appear, but the value is known to have been very considerable.

In the will the testator directs about the place and manner of his last resting place in the following clause:

"The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs and being improperly situated, besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger scale may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard Inclosure on the ground which is marked out—in which my remains with those of my family as may choose to be entombed there may be deposited—and it is my express desire that my corpse may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration."

At the President's death all his slaves numbering several hundred, were to be freed with explicit direction that such of them who were by bodily infirmities, old age or infancy, unable to support themselves should be comfortably clothed and fed by his heirs while they lived. There were many of this class and they became a heavy expense to the estate for many years. No one of them under any circumstance was again to become a slave. Mrs. Washington manumitted all her dower slaves a year before her death. The executors of the will were Martha Washington, William Augustine Washington, Bushrod Washington, George Steptoe Washington, Samuel Washington, Lawrence Lewis and George Washington Custis.

The last will of Martha Washington is not extant, it having been destroyed with other county records during the civil war. But it is known that the most of her large estate consisting chiefly of bonds, cash, and stocks was divided among her four grand children, George Washington Custis, Mrs. Eliza Law, Mrs. Martha Peters and Mrs. Eleanor (Nellie) Lewis.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE HOME AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago when Captain Augustine Washington, grandson of Col. John Washington of Cave Castle, England, the first immigrant of the name to the province of Virginia, was laying the foundations of the home of his eldest son Lawrence, on the commanding heights of the Upper Potomac, if some astrologer had been present to set his square of the planets and cast the horoscope of the undertaking he might truly have foretold that.

"A mansion built with such auspicious rays
Would live to see old walls and happy days."

The site of the historic habitation was then an unbroken forest whose solitudes dense and profound as in the long centuries before, had as yet, hardly heard the sound of an axe or the tread of any human being save that of the swarthy savage. The deer, the bear and the wolf, still made it their wild abode, and remnants of the old Algonquins were yet threading their shadowy trails.

Captain Washington had been a seafaring man, plowing the Atlantic seas for several years, bringing over immigrants from England and carrying back iron ore, and other commodities, but now he was a landsman in the Virginia province turning his attention to home making, and as the sequel has proven, "building better than he knew."

Lawrence, the son for whom he was building was then a young man of three and twenty and was "off to the war" a Captain with the Virginia contingent of Provincials in Col. Gouch's regiment, serving under the command of Admiral Vernon of the British Navy in the siege against the town of Carthagena in Spanish America. George, his young half brother, a boy of four or five years was living two miles below in the little mill house at Epsewasson, enjoying the rare delights of wood and stream which that pleasant locality afforded.

Only the middle portion of the Mount Vernon Mansion as we now see it in its more perfect entirety, was then constructed. The first building was plain and simple, but with its four rooms it was deemed an ample dwelling place for that early day and no additions were made to it for many years to come.

Augustine, the father, left the Epsewasson neighborhood to go back to the lowlands of King George county where he died in 1743. By a provision of his last will and testament his eldest son Lawrence was to inherit all the tract of land whereon he had built the homstead already described. He returned from the Spanish main in the Autumn of 1742 and after his father's death, took possession of his inherited patrimony which consisted of twenty-five hundred acres lying below and along the course of Little Hunting Creek and fronting on the Potomac river. This tract was the share which had fallen by division to his great grandfather, John Washington before mentioned, of the patent of 5000 acres in 1674 from Gov. Lord Culpeper in payment for their mutual venture in bringing into the province according to an act of the General Assembly one hundred immigrants from England as settlers. It was known at the time as the "Hunting Creek plantation." Augustine had inherited the tract from his father Lawrence, the son of John Washington, who died in 1677.

Major Lawrence Washington in July, 1743, was married to Annie, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Fairfax one of the King's council and proprietor of the princely home of Belvoir.

He named his home in honor of the British admiral under whom he had lately served as a soldier, but he did not live long to enjoy it. The hardships he had undergone in the tropics during the Spanish war had undermined his physical power, never very strong; and he was induced to make a voyage to the Island of Barbadoes in the hopes of finding relief from his infirmities. In this voyage he was accompanied by his ever faithful brother George. But the voyage and stay of seven months on the Island gave him no permanent benefit. He returned to the shades of the Potomac just in time to receive the kindly ministrations of his anxious wife and friends and died in his own house, July 26, 1752, at the age of thirty-four. His remains rest just behind those of his brother in the Mount Vernon vault. In his will, after making ample provision for his wife and infant daughter Sara, and only child, he conditioned that in the event of the death of that child to whom Mount Vernon had been left conditionally by his father, then the property should descend to his beloved brother George. Sara, the daughter died soon after and George before the age of twenty was in possession of the Mount Vernon domain.

Lawrence Washington's widow having been provided for by bequests of other property was again married to Col. George Lee an uncle of Arthur and Richard Henry Lee of Revolutionary fame. Owing to his connection with the military events preceding and following the disastrous expedition of General Braddock against the French and Indians on the Ohio frontier, Washington was called away from Mount Vernon the best

of seven years. He came to its more constant occupancy in 1758, after the fall of Fort Duquesne, the defeat of the combined forces, of French and Indians and the cessation of hostilities, and shortly afterwards found a mistress for his home in the person of Martha Custis of New Kent county. They were married in January, 1759.

At that time hardly one-fourth of the large scope was under cultivation. Only along the water courses had clearings been made. The rest was covered by original timber growth of oaks and walnuts. The new master and occupant with abundant means and opportunities at his command was to give to everything the impress of his practical and progressive ideas. In time he enlarged the dwelling place to its present proportions and extended the bounds of the estate by purchasing the other 2500 acres of the original patent already mentioned, and other adjoining properties including Clifton Neck of 2000 acres, until the domain included an expanse of 8000 acres with ten miles of reach along tide water.

The improvements in farm arrangements and crop cultivation which he ordered and had carried out by his negroes and overlookers in the course of a few years amply demonstrated to all who witnessed the results that he was as sensible and practical as a farmer as he had been in his methods of fighting the Indians. Whenever necessary he drained the grounds, adopted the plan of rotating crops, procured the best agricultural implements then to be obtained, planted and sowed the best seeds, erected comfortable shelters for his overseers and hands, had his home smithy and wagon shops for the repairs of all tools, carts and wagons, his carpenters for building and repairing the farm buildings and fences, had his grist mill for grinding his grains, his huntsmen for procuring wild game and his fishermen for supplying everybody on the premises with fish, then so abundant in the river. In a word, all things on the estate were so directed as to best subserve the end of making the most of all existing possibilities and satisfying all the reasonable wants of a rural community such as was there maintained. Under the vigilant eye of the distinguished master everything went on with regularity and certainty. He carefully looked after the details of his farm operations, and being a very observant man, he never in any of his journeys abroad failed to notice any new agricultural improvements, and was very ready always to put them into practise on his own acres. Bringing to his aid the knowledge he had acquired in marking out the boundaries in his younger days of the wilderness possessions of Lord Fairfax in the valley of the Shenandoah with compass and chain, he himself laid off his estate into five main farms. The portion in the elbow of the Potomac, and between that stream and Little Hunting Creek, was named and known as Clifton Neck or River Farm, being the first of the land of the Mount Vernon estate entered by the railway going down from Alexandria, and consisted of about two thousand acres. Between Little Hunting Creek and Dogue Run, were laid off the Mansion House Farm of 1200 acres, Union Farm 1000 acres, Dogue Run Farm of 2000 acres, and Muddy Hole Farm of 1300 acres.

Several of these local names are found in Washington's will, which devises the property east of Little Hunting Creek, to George Lafayette Washington; about two-thirds, of the portion between Little Hunting Creek and Dogue Creek, lying on the Potomac, and including the Mansion House Farm, to Bushrod Washington; and the residue being the southwesterly part of this tract, to Lawrence Lewis and his wife Eleanor Park Lewis. The soil and other natural capabilities of his estate are accurately described by Washington. The greater part he says is a grayish loam running to clay. Some parts of it are of a dark mold, some inclined to sand, scarcely any to stone. He adds, "A husbandman's will, could not lay the farms more level than they are." And as to the river, "the whole shore is one entire fishery." "and springs, with plenty of water for man and cattle, abound everywhere on the grounds."

In addition to his own dwelling house and other buildings on the Mansion House Farm, he had, what he calls, an overlooker's house and negro quarters on each of the other farms. He speaks also of a newly erected brick barn, "equal, perhaps to any in America," on the Union Farm, a new circular barn on Dogue Run Farm, and a grist-mill near the mouth of Dogue Run. Some idea of the extent of Washington's farming operations may be formed from the following facts. In 1787 he had five hundred and eighty acres in grass, four hundred acres in oats, seven hundred acres in wheat, the

same number in corn, with several hundred acres in barley, buckwheat, potatoes, peas, beans and turnips. His live stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses, one hundred and twelve cows, two hundred and twenty-six working oxen, heifers and steers and five hundred sheep, and of hogs, many, almost numberless, running at large in the woodlands and marshes. He constantly employed two hundred and fifty hands (negroes), and kept a score of ploughs going during the entire year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1780 he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs for the use of his family and negroes. When not called away from Mount Vernon by public duties, Washington rode daily over his farms in pleasant weather, and kept himself thoroughly acquainted with the details of everything that was going on from season to season over his broad acres. Every locality was mapped. Every branch of labor was systematized, and all his farming operations were in charge of competent overseers, who were required to regularly account to him of their stewardship with exactness.

With the passing away of the winter of 1799 passed also from earth the stately presence of him who gave to the home and estate of Mount Vernon all their historic character and importance, and endeared them for all time to the generations of his countrymen to come after him; but thenceforth for many a long year, in the absence of the tireless care and watchful eye of the master; the fair fields were despoiled of their wonted fertility, and abandoned afterwards to the pine and cedar and the returning wild deer. The mansion itself and the immediate surroundings were sadly suffering from neglect and the hands of the spoiler.

Such was the condition of this historic domain, when in 1854 came to its occupancy, the vanguard of the colony of farmers from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, the New England States and States of the West, who bought large areas of the worn-down but desirable lands, and commenced that work of restoration and improvement which has been attended with such remarkable success.

At that time there were but three white families on the whole estate. Now, they number nearly fifty families, and cultivate farms varying in extent from twenty-five to three hundred acres, with values from fifty to five hundred dollars per acre.

THE MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

In the year 1856 was incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union" having for its object the restoration of the "Mansion and grounds," and the reverential care thenceforth of everything pertaining to them. With this idea in view, donations were solicited from the patriotic women of the republic, and the "Home and Tomb" with two hundred acres of the surrounding lands were purchased of John Augustine Washington, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. The work of obtaining the necessary funds for this laudable purpose was begun in great earnestness. Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, all honor to her name and services, and who by common consent had taken charge of the work, was constituted first regent, or manager of the association, and she appointed vice-regents in every State of the Union as her assistants. Edward Everett now gave his tongue and pen to the work. He went from city to city, like Peter the Hermit, pleading for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, delivering an oration on the character of Washington for the fund. Within two years from the first delivery of the oration, he paid into the treasury of the association fifty thousand dollars, an amount increased later to sixty-eight thousand dollars. The vice-regents each appointed State committees, and the money raised was nearly all in dollar subscriptions. In July, 1859, three years after the movement was inaugurated, and one year before all the purchase-money was paid and a deed given, the late proprietor allowed the work of restoration to begin—the work which has resulted in the admirable condition and arrangements everywhere apparent. And may we not indulge the hope that henceforth this place, to which every patriotic American turns with pride and reverence, may be safe from a relapse to the desolation from which it was retrieved?

COL. JOHN AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.

THE LAST PRIVATE OWNER OF MOUNT VERNON.

Col. John Augustine Washington was born in 1820 at Blakely, the residence of his father in Jefferson county, W. Va. He was married in 1842 to Eleanor Love, daughter of Wilson Carey Seldon. He resided at Mount Vernon until a short time before the civil war and until it passed into the possession of the Ladies' Association under the control of which it is still held.

On the breaking out of hostilities between the States, Col. Washington became a volunteer aide, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Gen'l Rob't E. Lee, and was killed September 13, 1861, while conducting a reconnoissance on the turnpike along Elk Water river, about 9 miles northwest of Huttonsville, Randolph county, W. Va. Col. Washington was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and was a man of fine natural parts as well as a gentleman of culture, of a warm, impulsive temperament and generous nature; in manners and hospitality a veritable type of the Virginia gentleman. The following facts connected with the circumstances of his death were recently related to the writer by Col. J. H. Morrow, late Third regiment, Ohio volunteers, who commanded a brigade of four regiments, under Gen. George B. McClellan in the West Virginia campaign at the time, and in whose arms Colonel Washington expired, and with whose permission I make this statement. The old State turnpike road ran from Brady's toll gate, or Brady's gap, as the point was also designated, along the valley, following the course of Elk Water river, and being on low ground was subject to overflow from the river in seasons of high water. On this account a new pike had been constructed on higher ground, and on this new road, at some distance below Brady's gate, General Lee had established his headquarters. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river from the old road had been heavily picketed by Federal soldiers for several miles, extending from Col. Morrow's camp below, very nearly if not quite up to Brady's gate. Owing to the mountainous character of the surrounding country, General Lee

was imperfectly informed of the location of the Federal forces, and in order to obtain reliable information in this regard, directed Colonel Washington, with a detachment, to proceed up the new road to the forks at or near Brady's gate and thence down the road, cautioning him not to venture beyond a certain point. Washington, however, it appears, probably actuated by over zeal and anxiety to be able to report valuable information, went beyond the point indicated. His movements along the entire route on the old road were, it seems, fully observed by the pickets, and immediately after he finally started on his return a volley was delivered from the picket line and Washington was seen to fall from his horse, which galloped away with the retreating escort. He was apparently the only one stricken by the volley. Colonel Morrow states that he was standing but a short distance from where Washington fell, and hurried to the spot and discovered him to be an officer of rank. He knelt by him and raised him so as to enable him to recline against his breast, and directed one of his men, standing near, and who wore a felt hat, to run and fill it with water from the stream.



COL. JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

Col. Morrow bathed the wounded man's forehead and endeavored to press water between his lips from a saturated handkerchief; but he could not swallow, as blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, and in a few minutes later he was dead.

THE RECEPTION OR BANQUET HALL.

This is the largest apartment in the Mansion, running through its entire width. Its spacious ceiling and deep cornice are richly ornamented with delicate stem and leaf tracery and other devices in stucco of low relief. It has a superb chimney piece of fine marble, carved by the Italian Sculptor Canova, the gift of a wealthy Englishman and a great admirer of Washington. Upon the three tablets of the frieze under the mantel are sculptured in high relief in white marble, pleasant domestic scenes in agricultural life. The immense grate underneath has a capacity for a large pile of fuel. The hearth is of white marble inlaid with ornaments of polished maroon colored tiles. The whole presents a most pleasing picture to the eye. The dark blue vases upon the mantel covered with paintings of flowers, and the bronze candelabra on each end occupied the same places when the first proprietor received his guests in this Hall.

In pleasing array on the walls is an equestrian painting of Washington and his staff at Yorktown in 1781, painted by Peale. A portrait of Washington by Stuart, representing him in military uniform at the age of forty-five. Pictures in oil and water colors of old ancestral places in England.

There are engraved portraits of all the continental generals, numerous autograph letters and other mementos of olden time and historic value. Here too, may be seen a model of the Bastile, the notable state prison in Paris, which was demolished by the infuriated populace in 1789, at the beginning of the French Revolution. Lafayette was at that time commander-in-chief of the National Guards and ordered and assisted in the destruction of the prison, which was regarded by the populace as the stronghold of tyranny. The great iron key to its dungeon was presented by Lafayette to Washington.

In this apartment Major Lawrence Lewis and Miss Nellie Custis were married in the presence of General and Mrs. Martha Washington and a large assemblage of their neighbors and friends on the 22nd day of February, 1799. The notable event took place at "early candle lighting," so we are told by the General in his diary, with ceremonies and display of dress, equipage and festivities the most ostentatious of any which had ever been known in any Virginia home.

The bride and groom had both been of the General's household from very early years and both had always been the recipients of his favoring love and solicitude; and in this the crowning event, as the nuptial alliance was particularly pleasing to him, his orderings for the occasion of the wedding were most liberal and bountiful.

For years afterward in many a home by the Potomac the neighborhood folk who were guests that night at the Mansion of the First President delighted to tell to the younger generations of the "grand" sights and personages of the occasion—of the stately appearance of Washington and Mrs. Washington as they received the guests—of the charming *debonair* of beautiful Nellie and her handsome soldier affiance in his buff and blue and lace, who had won credit on the staff of the renowned General Morgan.

DESCENT OF THE MOUNT VERNON HOME.

Judge Bushrod Washington who inherited on the death of Martha Washington in 1802 about 4000 acres of the Mount Vernon estate, was the third child of John Augustine Washington, a younger brother of George Washington, born 1762. His mother was Hannah Bushrod of Westmoreland Co., Va. Judge Washington was an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and resided at Mount Vernon, dispensing a liberal hospitality and keeping intact his inherited landed estate to the time of his death in 1829. He was married in 1785 to Anna, daughter of Colonel Thomas Blackburn, of Rippon Lodge, Prince William county, Va. They had no children. He made a will, and following the example of his illustrious uncle, he provided for his wife during her life and then disposed of his estate to his nephews and nieces, giving specific directions, and leaving the Mansion House and Mount Vernon farm proper, with restricted bounds, which he specifically defined, to his nephew, John Augustine

Washington and which was inherited by his son John Augustine, from whom the "Ladies' Association" purchased the home and two hundred acres in 1856 for \$200,000. Under this purchase and their Virginia charter, they hold the premises, keep them in order and make all regulations for the admission of visitors to the sacred precincts. The regent and the vice-regents of the Association, one from each state, meet annually at the Mansion for the transaction of business relating to their important charge, and their sessions are held in the great Banquet Hall.

On every part of the premises is bestowed through their management and solicitude a care and watchfulness from day to day, and from year to year which command the approbation of all visitors.

The whole interior of the house in the orderly arrangement of the many attractive objects is a study and a delight for the curious and appreciative as well as patriotic visitors.

For the reverential pilgrim as he passes from apartment to apartment there is a feeling which brings forcibly to mind and makes almost real the fancied presence of the departed master whose dust lies entombed so near.

Surely no home in the wide world ever had surroundings of landscapes fraught with more peaceful and quiet beauty.

"Ever charming, ever new,
Tiring never to the view."

The numerous apartments of the Home known as the West Parlor, Music room, Mrs. Washington's sitting room, river room, Banquet Hall, Library, Washington's room, Lafayette's room, Mrs. Washington's room, and Nellie Custis' room are each tastefully furnished in antique styles and fashions, and many articles of the furniture belonged there in the time of the first president. After his death in 1799 they were widely scattered, but by donation of or purchase from their new possessors from time to time they have been restored to their old places. All the furniture of the Library room is original.



POHICK CHURCH OF TRURO PARISH.

Six miles below the Mount Vernon Mansion and four miles from the Potomac stands

the old Pohick Church, the second building of the parish, erected in the year of 1772. The first edifice was erected about the year 1732 but stood where now stands Lewis Chapel. The present house was built from plans furnished by Washington who was a member of its vestry and a frequent attendant at its services. The eccentric Mason L. Weems though not one of its rectors regularly ordained by the bishop of London, often preached there before 1800. The picture represents an old time congregation after service. Davis, an English traveler who passed much of his time in the neighborhood about 1800, published a book of his observations which he inscribed to Thomas Jefferson. He was a teacher in the family of Thomas Ellicott, a quaker and proprietor of the first flour mill on the Occoquan. In this book he thus describes a visit to the ancient parish church. "I rode to Pohick on Sunday and joined the congregation of parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal Church, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginia Church yard on Sunday resembles rather a race course than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in carriages and the men after dismounting make fast their horses to the trees, I was astounded on entering the yard to hear 'steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.' Nor was I less stunned by the rattling of carriage wheels and the cracking of whips and the vociferations of the gentry to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Mr. Weems calmed every perturbation, for he preached the great doctrine of salvation as one who had felt its power."

Parson Weems was the author of a life of Washington, a book abounding in many curious and quaint descriptions which set all the established canons of criticism and rules of taste at utter defiance. Weems first of all others in his little book related the oft heard story of the "little hatchet." He little thought when the story shaped itself in his imagination, that it was to descend to posterity and be ground into the heads of children in the nursery, as a piece of immortal and instructive truth. The remains of the eccentric parson, book peddler and fiddler are in the old family burying ground of Bell Air, not far from Dumfries. Since the civil war, by the munificence of various individuals, the old church has been restored to its original appearance and condition, and regular service is held within its walls.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"It would seem, from all we have learned of Washington's early and later career, that Providence had specially appointed him by birth and education to be the leader and director in the Western world, of the revolution which was to open the way for the founding there of a new and free English speaking nation. Every factor, whether of lineage or culture in his admirably balanced character, as well as every aspiration of his heart from his cradle to his grave is of exceeding great interest to the world. Although deprived of a father's care at the age of eleven years, he was, however especially blest in having such a mother as the noble Mary Washington, who conscientiously discharged her sacred duty as his guardian, counsellor and friend. Hence, filial reverence grew with his growth and strengthened with his maturing years into fixed principles, making him throughout his eventful life loyal to every virtue and heroic in every trust. He seems to have had no idle boy life, but was a man with manly instincts and ambitions from his youth. (There came a sunshiny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, President-elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on the balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the Old Federal Hall on Wall street to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings, silver shoe buckles, and steel-hilted dress sword, the hero who had led the colonies to their independence came modestly forward to take up the burdens that peace had brought. Profound silence fell upon the multitude as Washington responded solemnly to the reading of the oath of office, "I swear—so help me, God.")

Then, amid cheers, the display of flags, the ringing of all the bells in the city, our

first President turned to face the duties his country had imposed upon him. In sight of those who would have made an idol of him, Washington's first act was to seek aid of other strength than his own. In the calm sunshine of that April afternoon, fragrant with the presence of seed-time and the promise of harvest, we leave him on his knees in Old St. Paul's bowed with the simplicity of a child at the feet of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

MARY, THE MOTHER.

William Ball the first immigrant of the name and family to Virginia came to the borders of the Rappahannock river in Lancaster county and established the plantation of Millenback. Capt. Joseph, his son, became possessor of the plantation of "Epping Forest" in the same neighborhood. He was married in 1675 to Elizabeth Romney. By her he had five children, Joseph, Elizabeth married to Rev. John Carnegie, Han-



Mary Ball

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Courtesy of Mr. Henry Dudley Teetor.

nah married to Raleigh Travers, Anne married to Col. Edward Conway, and Esther married to Raleigh Chinn. About 1707 or 8 his wife died and he married a second time to the widow Mary Johnson by whom he had one daughter Mary, who from her comeliness was called the rose of Epping Forest. Mary lost her father before she was five years old. Her mother was again married for the third time to Capt. Richard

Hewes whose home was at Sandy Point near the mouth of Yeocomico river in the county of Northumberland. Here in all probability young Mary Ball passed the most of her single years with her mother, and in companionship with her half sister Elizabeth Johnson until March 6, 1730, when she became the wife of Capt. Augustine Washington of Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va. He died in 1743. His widow Mary remained on the Wakefield homestead until 1775, when at her son George's request she came up to Fredericksburg where she could be very near to her daughter Betty Lewis, wife of Col. Fielding Lewis.

As time passed, her children and grand children made her frequent visits and had care that she wanted for nothing to add to her comfort. The General had repeatedly urged her to make Mount Vernon her home but she always declined his requests.

She passed away Aug. 25, 1789. A granite obelisk 50 feet high with the simple inscription "Mary, the Mother of Washington" was furnished and dedicated to her memory, near her home in 1894. At the dedication of the monument it was said:

"You have reared this beautiful obelisk to one who was 'the light of the dwelling' in a plain rural colonial home. Her history hovers around it. She was wife, mother, and widow. She nursed a hero at her breast. At her knee she trained to the love and fear of God and to the kindly virtues,—honor, truth, and valor, the lion of the tribe that gave to America liberty and independence. This is her title to renown. It is enough.

"Eternal dignity and heavenly grace dwell upon the brow of this blessed mother; nor burnished gold, nor sculptured stone, nor rhythmic praise could add one jot or tittle to her chaste glory. She was simply a private citizen. No sovereign's crown rested on her brow. She did not lead an army, like Joan of Arc, nor slay a tyrant, like Charlotte Corday. She was not versed in letters nor in arts. She was not an angel of mercy, like Florence Nightingale, nor the consort of a hero, like the mother of Napoleon. But for the light that streamed from the deeds of him she bore, we would doubtless have never heard the name of Mary Washington, and the grass upon this grave had not been disturbed by curious footsteps nor reverential hands."—*Daniel's Oration.*

MARY WASHINGTON.

The Rappahannock ran in the reign of good Queen Anne,

All townless from the mountains to the sea,

Old Jamestown was forlorn and King Williamsburg scarce born—

'Twas the year of Blenheim's victory,

Whose trumpets died away in far Virginia.

In the cabin of an old tobacco farm,

Where a planter's little wife to a little girl gave life,

And the fire in the chimney made it warm.

It was little Mary Ball, and she had no fame at all,

But the world was all the same as if she had;

For she had the right to breathe and to tottle and to teethe,

And to love some other cunning little lad;

Though he proved a widower, it was all the same to her,

For he gave her many a daughter and a son,

And the family was large and the oldest, little George,

Was the hope of little Widow Washington.

The name resounded not in time we have forgot,

It was nothing more than Smith or Jones or Ball;

And George's big half brothers had the call on their stepmother's

Affection, like the babes of her own stall;

They paid the larger taxes, and the Ayletts and Fairfaxes

Received them in their families and lands,

While the widow thought upon it, she rode in her sunbonnet,

Midst her slaves who tilled her gulleys and her sands.

Till they sought to take her George upon the royal barge,

And give him a commission and a crest,

When her heart cried out, "O ro! something says he must not go:

My first-born is a father to the rest."

She could find him little schooling, but he did not learn much fooling,

And he dragged the mountain o'er with chain and rod,
The Blue Ridge was his cover and the Indian his lover
And his duty was his Sovereign and God.

Still her rival in his heart was the military art,
And the epaulettes she dreaded still were there,
There are households still where glory is a broken-hearted story,
And the drum is a mockery and snare.
From the far off Barbadoes, from the yell of Frenchmen foes,
From the ghost of Braddock's unavailing strife,
She beheld her boy return and his bridal candles burn,
And a widow like herself became his wife.

By Potomac's pleasant tide he was settled with his bride,
Overseeing horses, hounds and cocks and wards,
And it seemed but second nature to go to the legislature
And play his hand at politics and cards,
Threescore and ten had come when the widow heard the drum.
"My God!" she cried, "what demon is at large?"
'Tis the conflict with the king, 'tis two world's mustering,
And the call of duty comes to mother's George.

"O war! To plague me so! Must my first-born ever go!"
Her answer is the bugle and the gun.
The town fills up again with the horse of Mercer's men,
And the name they call aloud is Washington.
In the long, distracting years none may count the widow's tears;
She is banished o'er the mountains from her farm;
She is old and lives with strangers, while ride wide the king's red rangers
And the only word is "Arm!" and "Arm!" and "Arm!"

"Come home and see your son, the immortal Washington,
He has beat the king and mighty Cornwallis!"
They crowd her little door and she sees her boy once more;
But there is no glory in him like his kiss.
The marquises and dukes, in their orders and perukes,
The aides-de-camp, the generals and all,
Stand by to see and listen how her aged eyes will glisten
To hear from him the tale of Yorktown's fall.

Upon that, her lips are dumb to the trumpet and the drum;
All their pageantry is vanity and stuff.
So he leans upon her breast, she cares nothing for the rest—
It is he and that is victory enough!
In the life that mothers give, is their thirst that man shall live
And the species never lose the legacy.
To live again on earth and repeat the wondrous birth—
That is glory—that is immortality.

Unto Fredericksburg at last, when her fourscore years are past,
Now gray himself, he rides all night to say:
"Madame—mother—ere I go to become the President
I have come to kiss you till another day."
"No, George; the sight of thee, which I can hardly see,
Is all for all—good-by; I can be brave.
Fulfill your great career as I have fulfilled my sphere;
My station can be nothing but the grave."

The mother's love sank down, and its sunset on his crown
Shone like the dying beams of perfect day;
He has none like her to mix in the draught of politics
The balm that softens injury away.
But he was his mother's son till his weary race was done;
Her gravity, her peace, her golden mien
Shed on the state the good of her sterling womanhood,
And like her own, was George's closing scene.

George Alfred Townsend.

When Mary Washington died, August 25, 1789, aged eighty-three years, her body was buried on the spot chosen by herself on the home plantation, Kenmore, on the Rappahannock. It was a favorite place of resort during the last years of her life, on a beautiful eminence overlooking the town in which so much of her life was passed, and

within sight of her own house and that of her daughter, Betty Lewis. It is a lovely spot, in a large field, not far from the peaceful Rappahannock, with the famous Maryc Heights as a background, a pretty clump of cottonwood trees surrounding the lonely grave. The view in every direction from this spot is at once beautiful and inspiring. Small wonder it is that the woman, who appreciated everything in nature that led the soul to nobler and better thoughts should have loved this spot in life and preferred it as a final resting place to the darkness of the family vault in Westmoreland county where the body of her husband was laid.

WASHINGTON'S HABITS, MANNERS AND APPEARANCE.

The work which Washington accomplished in the course of his public and private duties was simply immense. And when we estimate the volume of his official papers—his vast foreign, public and private correspondence—we can scarcely believe that the space of one man's life could have comprehended the performance of so many varied things. But he brought order, method and rigid system to help him. These accessories he relied on, and they led him successfully through. He rose early. His toilet was soon made. A single servant prepared his clothes and laid them in readiness. He shaved and dressed himself, but gave very little of his precious time to matters of that sort, though remarkable for the neatness and propriety of his apparel. His clothes were made after the old fashioned cut, of the best, though of the plainest materials. The style of his household and equipage when President, corresponded with the dignity of his exalted station. About sunrise he invariably visited and inspected the stables. Then he betook himself to his library till the hour of breakfast. This meal was plain and simple, and with but little change from time to time. Indian cakes, honey, and tea formed this temperate repast. On rising from the table, if there were guests, and it was seldom otherwise, books and papers were offered for their amusement, and requesting them to take care of themselves, the illustrious farmer proceeded to his daily tour over his farms which sometimes extended a score of miles. He rode unattended by servants, opening the gates, letting down and putting up bars as he visited his laborers and inspected their work. Oftentimes when his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis, had grown up, she accompanied him in his rounds.

Washington was a progressive farmer and introduced many new methods in the tillage of his lands. His afternoon was usually devoted to his library; at night, his labors over, he would join his family and friends at the tea-table and enjoy their society for several hours, and about nine o'clock retired to bed. When without company he frequently read aloud to his family circle from newspapers and entertaining books.

Washington liked the cheerful converse of the social board. After his retirement from public life, all the time he could spare from his library was devoted to the improvement of his estate and the elegant and tasteful arrangement of his house and grounds. The awe that was felt by every one upon the first approach to Washington evidences the imposing air and sublimity which belong to real greatness. Even the frequenters of the courts of princes were sensible of this exalted feeling when in the presence of the hero, who, formed for the highest destinies, bore an impress from nature which declared him to be among the noblest of her works.

Washington at the age of forty-three was appointed commander-in-chief. In stature he a little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well-proportioned; his chest broad; his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life in the wilderness, his habits of occupations out-of-doors, and his rigid temperance; so that few equalled him in strength of arms or power of endurance. His complexion was florid; his hair dark brown; his head in its shape perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give expression and escape to scornful anger. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness that was almost sadness.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

It is remarkable that the first report of a celebration in Alexandria in any way connected with national affairs was reported by no less a hand than that of General George

Washington. When the news reached that city that the requisite nine States had acceded to the Federal Constitution, the people of Alexandria immediately ordered a festival, and Washington, after attending it, addressed his friend, Charles Pinckney, under date of Mount Vernon, June 28, 1788, as follows:

"No sooner had the citizens of Alexandria, who are Federal to a man, received the intelligence by the mail last night, than they determined to devote the day to festivity. But their exhilaration was greatly increased, and a much keener zest given to their enjoyments, by the arrival of an express, two hours before day, with the news that the Convention of New Hampshire, had on the 21st instant, acceded to the new confederacy by a majority of eleven voices. Thus the citizens of Alexandria when convened, constituted the first assembly in America who had the pleasure of pouring a libation to the prosperity of the ten States which had already adopted the general government;" and, after speculating upon the course of the remaining States, he added: "I have just returned from assisting at the entertainment." These citizens had a dinner at the City Hotel, which is still standing.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In 1798 during the war between France and England in the administration of President John Adams, the French government had authorized the capture and confiscation of all vessels of neutral powers trading with England. Against this course the protests and demands of the United States through its envoys were treated with indifference and even insolence, provoking to the commencement of hostilities by two naval engagements. In the extraordinary crisis, Congress then in session in Philadelphia authorized the enrolling of 10,000 officers, musicians and privates to enforce its demands if necessary by actual war and George Washington was appointed and commissioned July 3, 1798, Lieutenant General to command the provisional army. Happily however, the threatened conflict was averted, mainly through the personal intervention of Dr. George Logan, a United States Senator, and a member of the society of Friends. His peaceful and philanthropic influence with the French Court prevailed against its arbitrary measures, but his unofficial interference cost him a reprimand from Congress.

THE PASSING AWAY OF WASHINGTON.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest."

There came to Mount Vernon a bleak, forbidding winter day, December 14, 1799. Washington was engaged in planning and superintending some improvements on his estate which occupied his presence till a late hour in the evening, when, on returning to the mansion, he complained of a cold and sore throat, having been wet through by mists and chilling rain. He passed the night with feverish excitement, and his ailment increased in intensity during the next day and until midnight, when, surrounded by his sorrowing household and the medical attendant, he passed gently and serenely from the scenes of earth to the realities of the great unknown. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His faculties were strong and unimpaired to the last. He was conscious from the first of his malady, that his end was near, and he waited for the issue with great composure and self-possession. "I am going," he observed to those around him "But I have no fears." His mission had been well and nobly accomplished. His great life-work, the influence of which will reach to the remotest period of time, was accomplished.

At the supreme moment Mrs. Washington sat in silent grief at his bedside. "Is he gone?" she asked in a firm and collected voice. The physician, unable to speak, gave a silent signal of assent. "'Tis well," she added in the same untremulous utterance; "all is over now. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." She followed three years later. They both rest side by side in the new burial vault at the old homestead by the river.

The following quaint announcements of Washington's death from the newspapers of this locality will be of interest:

The *Georgetown Centinel of Liberty*, a semi-weekly, in its issue of December 17, 1799, thus announces to the country and the world the death of General George Washington. "This mournful event occurred on Saturday evening about eleven o'clock. On the preceding night he was attacked with a violent inflammatory affection of the throat, which in less than twenty-four hours put a period to his life. If a long life devoted to the most important public services; if the most eminent usefulness, true greatness, and consummate glory; if being an honor to our race and a model to future ages; if all these could rationally suppress our grief, never perhaps ought we to mourn so little. But as they are most powerful motives to gratitude, attachment, and veneration for the living and of sorrow at their departure, never ought America and the world to mourn more than on this melancholy occasion."

The *Alexandria Times and District of Columbia Advertiser*, of Friday, December 20, 1799, of which one half sheet is all that is known to be in existence, thus announced Washington's death and funeral: "The effect of the sudden news of his death upon the inhabitants of Alexandria can better be conceived than expressed. At first a general disorder, wildness, and consternation pervaded the town. The tale appeared as an illusory dream, as the raving of a sickly imagination. But these impressions soon gave place to sensations of the most poignant sorrow and extreme regret. On Monday and Wednesday the stores were all closed and all business suspended, as if each family had lost its father. From the time of his death to the time of his interment the bells continued to toll, the shipping in the harbor wore their colors half mast high, and every public expression of grief was observed. On Wednesday, the inhabitants of the town, of the county, and the adjacent parts of Maryland proceeded to Mount Vernon to perform the last offices to the body of their illustrious neighbor. All the military within a considerable distance and three Masonic lodges were present. The concourse of people was immense. Till the time of interment the corpse was placed on the portico fronting the river, that every citizen might have an opportunity of taking a last farewell of the departed benefactor."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AND BIRTHNIGHT BALL.

FEBRUARY 22, 1732.

What day is this of proud acclaim,
Of rolling drum and trumpet strain,
And banners floating on the breeze,
And cannon booming loud again?

A people come with grateful praise,
And hearts in unison,
As well befits to celebrate
The birth of Washington!

From East and West and North and South,
Throughout our broad domain,

The plaudits of a nation swell
O'er mountain, hill, and plain.

Not for ambition's selfish deeds—
Not for the conqueror's name,
This day the glorious meed is given,
But for the nobler fame,

By man world wide accorded
And grander grown by time—
The fame that comes of duty
And life of deeds sublime.

At the close of the Revolution commenced the birthday celebrations and birthnight balls in honor of the successful chief. They soon became general all over the republic. The first of these was held in Alexandria.

In the large cities where public balls were customary, the birthnight ball in the olden time was the gala assembly of the season, and was attended by an array of fashion and beauty.

The first President always attended on the birthnight. The etiquette was, not to open the festivities until the arrival of him in whose honor it was given; but so remarkable was the punctuality of Washington in all his engagements, whether for business or pleasure, that he was never waited for a moment, in appointments for either.

The minuet, now obsolete, for the graceful and elegant dancing of which Washington was conspicuous, in the vice-regal days of Lord Botetourt in Virginia, declined

after the Revolution. The commander-in-chief danced for his last time a minuet in 1781 at the ball given in Fredericksburg in honor of the French and American officers on their return from the triumphs of Yorktown. The last birthnight he attended was in Alexandria, February 22, 1798. He always appeared to enjoy the gay and festive scenes of those occasions, remaining till a late hour with the participants, his neighbors and friends; for, remarkable as he was for reserve, and the dignified gravity inseparable from his nature, he ever looked with most kind and favoring eye upon this rational and elegant pleasure of life.



WIDOW MARTHA CUSTIS AT 30.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE.

Martha Dandridge, daughter of Col. John Dandridge of New Kent county, Va., was born May, 1732. Her education was quite liberal for the times. It was said she was remarkable among the belles who graced the courts of the Vice regal governors, Gooche and Dinwiddie, for her beauty and accomplishments. She was married first to Col. Daniel Parke Custis of Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia who was son of John Custis one of the King's council in the province and son-in-law of Col. Daniel Parke, a native of York county, Va., where he possessed large estates but spent most of his time in England. He was a favorite aide to the Duke of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim, Germany, which was fought on the second of August, 1704. Marlborough commanded the English troops and Marshall Tallard those of France and Bavaria. Tallard was defeated and slain with a loss of 27000 slain and 13000 made prisoners. By this victory the electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the victors. Col. Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful tidings to Queen Anne who gave him her miniature por-

trait set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling and made him governor of the Leeward Island. His portrait as delineated by the artist Kneeler is that of a courtly gentleman with coat of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, a waistcoat of silver gray fabric with richly wrought figures of gold, and sash of green silk and gold.

Daniel Parke Custis at the time of his marriage with Martha Dandridge was an extensive tobacco planter in New Kent county on the Pamunkey river. He died at the age of thirty leaving his widow a large fortune in lands, slaves and currency. She did not remain a widow long. About two years after her husband's death she made the acquaintance of Col. George Washington whose praise on account of his recent exploits, was on all lips, and they were united in marriage January 6th, 1759, four years after the Braddock war. She brought to her second husband beside a large land estate, thirty thousand pounds in cash, consisting of certificates of deposit in the bank of England. Three months after the marriage of the twain, they took up their abode at Mount Vernon and there continued to live the rest of their lives.

The marriage nuptials were celebrated in the little parlor chamber near the White House, the home of the widow Custis on Pamunkey river. The gay governor of the provinces was gorgeously arrayed in scarlet and gold. Col. Washington was all glorious in a costume of blue and silver with scarlet trimmings and with gold buckles on his knees and on his shoes. The bride wore silk and satin brocade and laces. She had pearl ear drops and pearls about her neck. There was plenty of good eating and drinking in conformity with old time Virginia hospitality.

The last surviving child of Mrs. Washington by her first marriage was appointed colonel to Gen. Washington and made an aide on his staff. On the march to Yorktown he was seized with camp fever and died shortly after. He left four children, Elizabeth, born Aug., 1776, Martha, born Dec., 1777, Eleanor, born March, 1779, George W. Parke Custis, born April, 1781. Elizabeth was married to Thomas Law who was secretary to Warren Hastings in India and who bought a large scope of land and with others built many houses in Washington just after it became the National Capital. Martha was married to Thomas Peters. Eleanor was married to Major Lawrence Lewis, son of Fielding Lewis and Betty, a sister of George Washington, and George W. Parke Custis was married to Mary Lee Fitzhugh, whom he survived. His only daughter Mary was married to Capt. Robert E. Lee of Confederate fame.

During Washington's absence from Mount Vernon while in command of the armies of the revolution, Mrs. Washington was often with him. During the winter at Valley Forge she shared the privations of the officers and ministered faithfully to the sick and wounded of the troops. She survived the General two and a half years, dying at Mount Vernon, May, 1802, and her remains lie in the vault at that place.



WHEN MARTHA WASHINGTON WAS
EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Courtesy of Col. Henry T. Chapman,
New York City.



MARTHA WASHINGTON AT 50.

**WHAT MARTHA WASHINGTON NEEDED THE FIRST YEAR OF HER MARRIAGE.
ORDERED FROM LONDON BY COL WASHINGTON, 1759.**

The following is an exact copy of this memoranda, which is curiously quaint:

- 1 Cap, handkerchief and tucker.
- 2 Fine lawn aprons.
- 2 Double handkerchiefs.
- 2 Pairs white silk hose.
- 6 Pairs fine cotton hose.
- 4 Pairs thread hose.
- 1 Pair of black satin shoes of the smallest fives.
- 1 Pair of white satin shoes.
- 1 Pair calamanco shoes.
- 1 Fashionable hat or bonnet.
- 6 Pairs of kid gloves.
- 6 Pairs of mits.
- 6 Breast knots.

- 1 Dozen silk stay laces.
 - 1 Black mask.
 - 1 Dozen fashionable cambric handkerchiefs.
 - 2 Pairs neat small scissors.
 - 1 Pound sewing silk.
 - 1 Box of real miniken pins and hair pins.
 - 4 Pieces of tape.
 - 6 Pounds of perfumed powder.
 - 1 Piece narrow white satin ribbon.
 - 1 Tuckered petticoat of a fashionable color.
 - 1 Silver tabby petticoat.
 - 2 Handsome breast flowers.
 - 9 Pounds of sugar candy.
- So Martha used perfumed powder, breast knots, silken hose, and satin shoes like any modern lady who makes the slightest pretensions to fine dressing.

WASHINGTON'S SERVANTS.

Just before the war it was not uncommon to read in the newspapers the announcement of the death of "another of Washington's Servants. Then almost every octogenarian darkey in "Old Fawfax" claimed to have belonged to "Mars Joge," and could tell wonderful stories of old times at Mount Vernon. But of late no mention has been made of these worthies. All of them have passed over the borders and joined the ranks of the plantation armies beyond.

To the latest generation the descendants of the slave families of the Mount Vernon estate have great pride in telling that they are "some of dat breed." In this connection we cannot refrain from giving to the reader the ballad of "Thornton Gray," one of "de old sarvents" whom the writer once interviewed, and who was reputed to have been an offshoot of African royalty.



THORNTON GRAY, ONE OF WASHINGTON'S "SARVENTS,"

He was an ancient colored man,
His age one hundred ten;
He hailed from old Virginny,
And once a slave had been.

His hair was thin and silver'd,
His brow with furrows set,
Features fine cut and moulded,
And face as black as jet.

In olden times, the story ran,
That kings and noblemen,
In Afric's sultry climate,
His forefathers had been;

And as I gazed upon him,
And closely scann'd his mien,
It seemed a trace of royalty
Full well might yet be seen.

He bow'd him low and tip'd his hat,
And laid aside his hoe,
The while I briefly interviewed
About the long ago.

"My name is Thornton Gray," he said;
"Dey calls me 'Uncle Thorn,'
Lived mos'ly in Old Fairfax,
In Wes'mo'land was born.

"Was ris by Mars' Wilkers'n;
Great farmer, may depend;
Own'd all de big plantation
Dey call'd de River Bend."

"Made heaps of fine tobacco,
Had stores of corn and wheat;
Hard labor, mind you; but de han's
Had plenty den to eat.

"Times aint de same as den dey was;
'Pears like dey's chang'd all round;
De folks dat lived when I was young,
All dead and under ground.

"Taint long I knows for me to stay
Here after all de res',
I only waits de Lord's good time,
Sho'ly he knows de bes'.

"I soon shall yhere de trumpeter
Blow on his trumpet horn,

An' call me home to glory,
An' de riserickshun morn."

My good freed man, to him I said,
Of age, one hundred ten,
You might relate much history,
Of former times and men.

I wait to hear the story,
Which none can tell but you,
For none have lived five score of years
And ten more added to.

You must have seen the Britishers,
And heard the cannons roar;
"Why bless you, chil', was mos' a man,
And heard and seen de war."

And Washington, you must have seen,
That great and good hero,
Who led the Continentals!
And fought our battles through.

"Why surely I has seen him,
And know'd him well; for, boss,
I was de Ginceral's sarvent;
Took care de Ginceral's hoss!

Fine man he was for sartin,
Good friend to all de poor—
Dar's none in dese days like him,
And none, folks said, before."

Enough, I said! I'm well repaid;
And grasped his trembling hand—
No honor hath a man like this,
In all our glorious land!

No further did I question him
About the long ago.
And when I said to him good-by,
He took his garden hoe.

Who hath beheld our Washington,
And lived to tell us so,
Deserves as well a story
As many others do.

And hence our homely ballad,
A tribute slight to pay
To this departed colored man,
And ancient—Thornton Gray.

The James, the York, the Rappahannock and the Potomac flow from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies through their rich and lovely valleys and mingle with the Atlantic waves and form the Chesapeake, which seems a sea of diamonds with its phosphorescent lights scintillating under the twinkling stars. Virginia has nearly 2000 miles of navigable tide waters, abounding in fish and oysters and other luxuries of the sea.

Along these beautiful valleys are some grand old mansions and magnificent plantations. At the gate of one of these old homes, we saw not long ago a relic of a past age—an old decrepit darkey, leaning against the fence looking with sad and wistful eyes over the broad fields and beautiful grounds. Years had passed since I had been in this part of old Virginia, and I had no idea of meeting any one I knew. He came to me with feeble steps and bent form; and as he looked back through the years of long separation he called me to memory and through streaming tears, said. "Lord Massa, has you come back to de old home agin after so many long years?" It was old uncle Ephraim. I asked what he was doing there. "Laws, chil', I was just looking



"IT WAS OLD UNCLE EPHRAIM"



"UNCLE JOE AND AUNT DORCUS
DEY DANCED DE JIG."

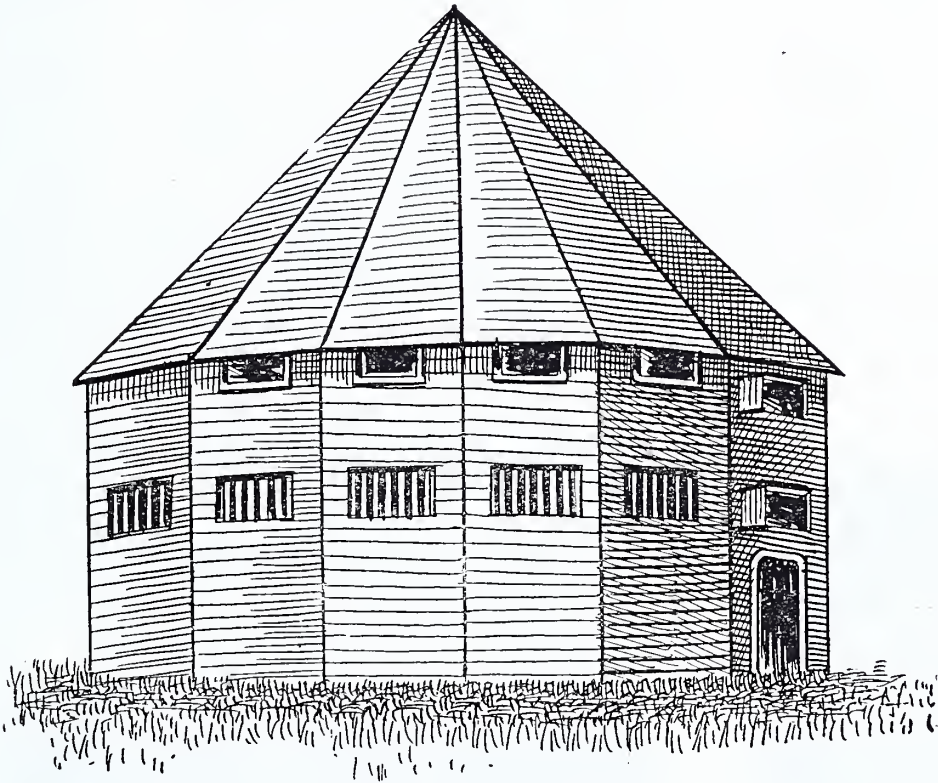
ober de old place once more; old Mistis and old Marster lies yonder in de garden, and all de young folks done gone way off. I is de las one ob de old plantation stock lef. I was thinking ob dem big old corn shuckings we uster have in old Marster's time, when I was de foreman on de plantation. Ah! dem was grand times befo' de war! Big corn shuckings all de fall, plenty good things, wind up wid a great big supper, and den old Uncle Joe and Aunt Dorcus dey danced de jig for de white folks, Laws, chile, dem was good old times befo' de war! Possums ain't fat nor taters ain't sweet and juicy now like dey was in dem goo' old days befo' de war."



"DAR COM' MARS' WASH'NGTON. RUN CHIL' AN' OPEN DE GATE."

WASHINGTON'S BARN.

Washington had an inventive as well as a systematic and thorough turn of mind, and was always devising some new and better method for the lessening of the labors of the hands on his estate. He greatly improved many of the unwieldy implements then in use, such, as ploughs, harrows, hoes, and axes; for he had carpenter, smith, and smithy always at hand to materialize his ideas.



WASHINGTON'S SIXTEEN-SIDED BARN.

His circular, or sixteen-sided barn of brick and frame, sixty feet in diameter and two stories high, was the wonder of his neighbors. The threshing or treading out floor, *ten feet wide* was in the second story, all round the centre mows; and the oxen or horses were taken up to it by an inclined plane. The floor of it was of open slats, that the grains might, without the straw, fall through to the floor below. Later, he had constructed, a device, worked by horse power, by which the heads of wheat sheaves, held on a table against rapidly revolving arms, were beaten out: this was probably the first step, after the hoof and flail, towards the power-thresher of the present day.

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

Made in England, 1789. The body and wheels were of cream color, then very fashionable, with gilt relief, and the body was suspended upon the old-fashioned heavy leathern straps, like those of the former day stage coaches. Part of the sides and front were shaded by green Venetian blinds, enclosed by black leather curtains. The lining was of black, glossy leather. The Washington arms were handsomely painted on the doors, with the characteristic motto, "*Exitus, acta probat*"—the result proves actions. Upon each of the four panels of the coach was a picture of the four seasons. Usually, the General drove but four horses, but on going from Mount Vernon to the seat of government, at Philadelphia or New York, he drove six.

A LOVE SONNET BY WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

FROM HIS DIARY.

Oh ye gods, why should my poor restless heart
Stand to oppose your might and power,
At last surrendered to Cupid's feather'd dart,
And now lays bleeding every hour
For her that's pitiless of my grief and woes,
And will not on me pity take.
He sleeps amongst my most inveterate foes,
And with gladness never wish to wake.
In deluding sleeping let my eyelids close,
That in an enraptured dream I may
In a soft, lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by day

By your bright sparkling eyes I was undone;
Rays you have; more transparent than the sun,
Amidst its glory in the rising day
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted mind;
Equal to all, but will to none prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so young, you'll find,
Ah! woe's me, that I should love and conceal,
Long have I wish'd, but never dared reveal,
Even though severely love's pains I feel;
Xerxes the great, was not free from Cupid's dart,
And all the greatest heroes felt the smart.

A LOVE LETTER WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN, FROM HIS DIARY.

Dea: Sally:—This comes to Fredericksburg fair in hopes of meeting with a speedy passage to you if your not there, which hope you'll get shortly, altho I am almost discouraged from writing to you, as this is my fourth to you since I received any from yourself. I hope you'll not make the old proverb good, out of sight out of mind, as its one of the greatest pleasures I can yet forsee of having in Fairfax, in often hearing from you, hope you'll not deny me.

I pass the time much more agreeably than I imagined I should, as ther's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house where I reside, (Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister), that in a great measure cheats my sorrow and dejectedness, tho not so as to draw my thoughts altogether from your parts. I could wish to be with you down there with all my heart, but as a thing almost impracticable shall rest myself where I am with hopes of shortly having some minutes of your transactions in your parts which will be very welcomely received by your

Geo. W.

EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON'S DIARY.

1773.

May 1. Went fishing in Broad Creek.

April 13, 1774. In company with Colonel Basset went fishing in Broad Creek.

1774.

Went to Pohick Church with Mr. Custis.

Went to the barbecue at Accotink.

Colonel Pendleton, Mr. Henry, and Colonel Mason came in the evening and stayed all night.

Colonel Pendleton, Mr. Henry, and I set out on our journey to Philadelphia to attend the Congress.

Dined with Mr. Pleasants (a Quaker).

Dined with Joseph Pemberton (a Quaker).

Went to Quaker meeting in the forenoon, and to St. Peters in the afternoon.

Went to Christ Church, and dined at the New Tavern.

Went to the Presbyterian meeting in the forenoon, and to the Romish church in the afternoon.

Dined at the New Tavern with the Pennsylvania Assembly, and went to the Ball afterwards.



WASHINGTON AT THREE SCORE YEARS.

MOUNT VERNON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

The Mount Vernon home during the four years of the civil war was considered by the soldiers of both armies as sacred and inviolable ground and consequently not to be invaded by the spoiler. The thunders of its neighboring battles echoed over its beautiful and quiet seclusion and armed fleets sailed by its still shores on their swift errands of death. It was well that the great hero and patriot after his patriotic services and victories, heard and saw them not—that he knew nothing of their direful and baleful import. His dying hope and prayer had been that peace and fraternal accord might reign for long generations within the borders of the land he had loved and defended so well. All that was at an end. The internal strife he had so much feared and de-

precreated had come to his country. The dragon folds of hostile armies were circling the hills and winding over the fair valleys and plains.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

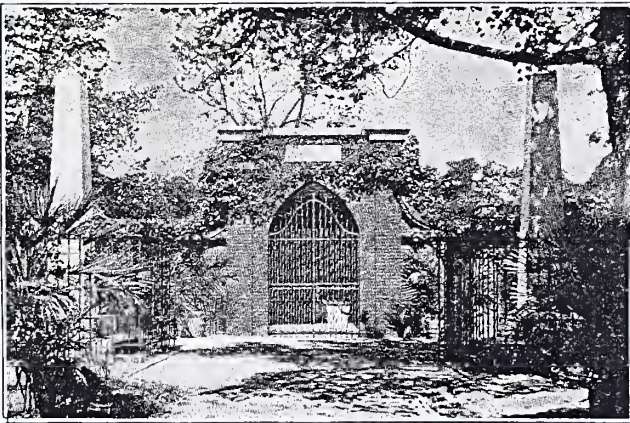
Speak low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;

Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence in the air.

The last resting place of Washington is in a secluded hollow at the upper entrance to the deep wooded dell along which lies the pathway from the river. The spacious vault is built of bricks with an arched roof; its iron door opens into a vestibule, also built of bricks, in which seen through a picketed iron gate are two marble sarcophagi containing respectively: the one on the right the remains of Washington and the one on the left those of Martha his wife. Over the vault door in a stone panel are the words, "I am the resurrection, and the life; He that believeth in me though He were dead; Yet shall He Live." The vestibule is twelve feet high. The gateway is flanked by brick pilasters surmounted by a stone coping which covers a gothic arch. Over this arch is a white marble tablet inscribed, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington." The coffin or tomb of Mrs. Washington is perfectly plain with a simple inscription. That of the General is plain also, except the lid on which is represented in relief the American shield over the flag of the United States. The latter is hung in festoons, and the whole is surmounted as a sort of crest by an eagle with open wings perched upon the superior bar of the shield. Each tomb consists of an excavation from a solid block of Pennsylvania marble.

This vault and inclosure were erected many years ago in pursuance of instructions given in the following clause of Washington's will: "The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs and being improperly situated, besides, I desire a new one of bricks and upon a larger scale at the foot of what is called the Vineyard enclosure, on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains and those of my deceased relations now in the old vault and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited."

The old vault referred to was on the brow of a declivity in full view of the river, about three hundred yards south of the mansion on the left of the present pathway



WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

from the tomb to the summer house on the edge of the lawn. It is now a ruin. Therein lay the remains of Washington undisturbed for thirty-seven years, when an attempt was made by some vandal to carry them away. The insecure old vault was entered and a skull and some bones taken. But these comprised no part of the remains of the illustrious dead. The robber was detected and the bones recovered. The new vault was then, 1837, immediately built and all the family remains gathered into it just as they lie today. From one of the persons who was present

at the transfer, we have the following account:

"On entering the vault we found everything in confusion. Decayed fragments of coffins were scattered about, and bones of various parts of the human body were seen promiscuously thrown together. The decayed wood was dripping with moisture. The slimy snail glistened in the light of the door's opening. The brown centipede was disturbed by the admission of fresh air and the mouldy cases of the dead gave a pungent and unwholesome odor. The coffins of Washington and his lady were in the deepest recesses of the vault. They were of lead, inclosed in wooden cases. When the sar-

cophagi arrived, the coffin of the chief was brought forth and the decayed wooden case removed. The leaden lid was found to be broken. At the request of Major Lewis the broken part of the lid was turned over exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions which appeared by candle light to have changed but little in the lapse of time. The eye sockets were large and deep and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead appeared of unusual size."

These remains were placed in the marble sarcophagus and sealed from sight October 7th, 1837 and since that time have never been disturbed.

IMPROVEMENT AND PROTECTION OF THE MOUNT VERNON ESTATE.

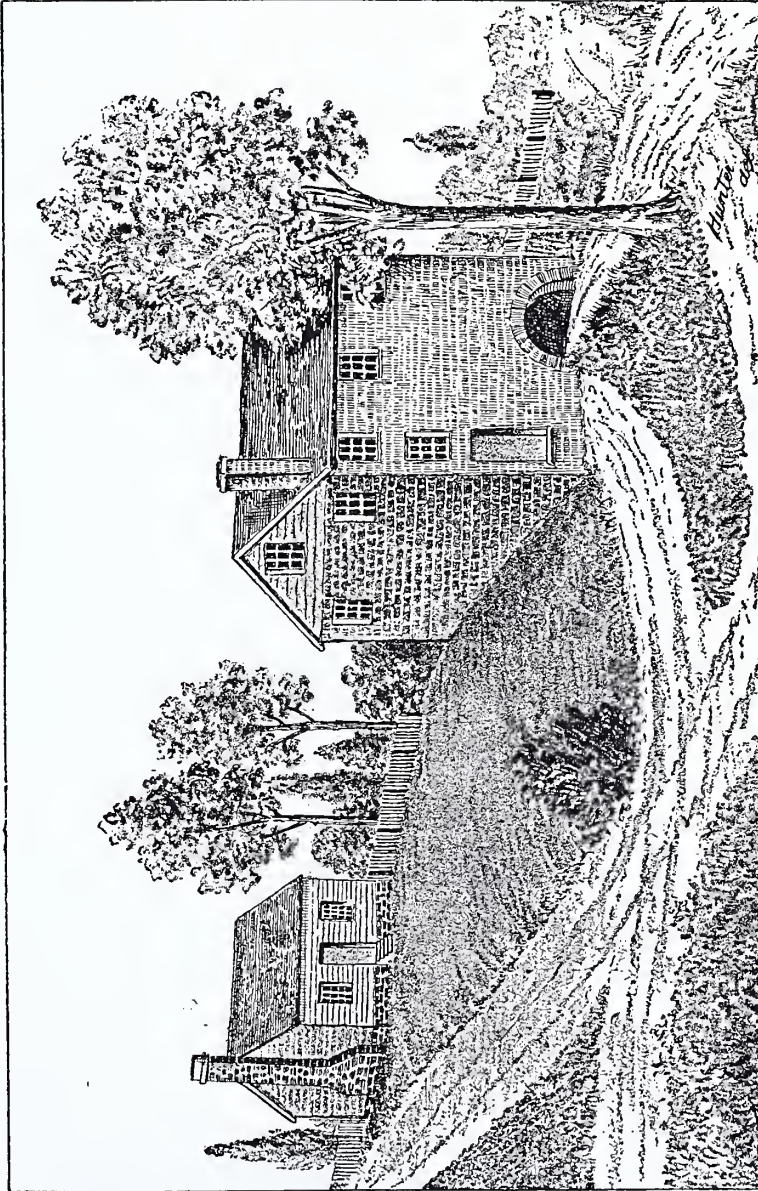
Elsewhere in this "Hand Book," allusion has been made to the changes which have been wrought on the Mount Vernon Estate since the passing away of its distinguished proprietor at the close of the last century. First, of its rapid decadence, through neglect and improvident culture, from well ordered conditions of agriculture to those of unthrift and desolation, and finally, after the lapse of half a century, of the coming of new hands from places remote, to begin the work of transforming the wasted areas to fields of waving grain and clover, and to orchards of abundant fruitage. The work of restoration has been increasing from year to year since 1852, and, now that the electric railway has made the entire domain suburban to Alexandria and Washington, the prospect of still greater improvements becomes brighter and more encouraging. With the cheap and rapid transit which is afforded by this road to and from these cities there will doubtless be large accessions of new settlers from localities far less favored, to occupy the divisions and subdivisions of the many large farms of the estate.

Just after the Mexican war when the general government was casting about to find a suitable location for the National Military Asylum, or Soldiers' Home, as it is now called, the Hon. Lewis McKenzic and other prominent citizens of Alexandria proposed and strenuously urged upon the authorities the acquirement by purchase of a thousand acres of the estate for that purpose. No more fitting choice could have been made for a soldier's refuge, and the property could have been secured at that time for less than thirty thousand dollars.

In 1859, the "Ladies' Association," with their patriotic contributions of two hundred thousand dollars, purchased the "Mansion" and two hundred acres, and began the work of restoring and preserving the buildings and the immediate grounds. How well they have succeeded in their efforts, the present attractive appearance of the premises and the orderly arrangements of policing and other daily duties incident to the reception of visitors most satisfactorily attest. And while a grateful and appreciative public are ready and willing to accord to the patriotic association all due credit and praise for their earnest and continuing care and solicitude, there is a rapidly increasing conviction, nevertheless, among all such as reverence the name and goodly fame of Washington, all over our land, that the time has come for the control of the "Home and Tomb" to pass into the hands of the general government, that our people may be relieved from the odium of laying all pilgrims to this much frequented shrine under capitation tribute before allowing them permission to enter the gates of its enclosures. As Washington was above and beyond all merely mercenary motives, and despised undignified schemings, so the place which was honored by his living presence and which holds his ashes ought to be accessible without money or price. In Europe every mausoleum of note is freely opened to visitors without charge, and not only every mausoleum but every depository of arts and literature; and reproachful allusions are not unfrequently heard by American tourists abroad from foreigners who have been required to pay a fee at the entrance to the mausoleum of George Washington.

May we not hope that among the many unreasonable customs of our country which are doomed to pass away before the march of progress, this discreditable custom of levying tribute at the gate of Mount Vernon may be among the first to be discontinued. To the objection so often urged by those who look with disfavor upon the change proposed, that the place under government control would not be so well cared for and guarded from depredations as under the present provident management of the ladies, it

seems only necessary to refer to the result through many years of that control of the Smithsonian and National museums, the agricultural grounds, and public parks, the Congressional library, Arlington and other public charges now under exclusive government care. A tithe of the yearly appropriations wasted on worthless fortifications, and warships would amply suffice to keep up all needed repairs at Mt. Vernon, and a small detail of soldiers from the army would supply the required work of policing and protecting all from the hands of the spoiler.



WASHINGTON'S OLD MILL AT EPSEWASSON, HEAD OF DOGUE BAY.

WASHINGTON'S MILL AT EPSEWASSON.

Lord Thomas Culpeper was vice regal governor of the colony of Virginia one year, that of 1679. On his return to England at the close of his administration, he, with several associates, obtained, as a court favor, a royal grant of all the lands, timbers and water ways of the Northern Neck of Virginia, which included all the territory lying between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers, and the head of the waters thereof. The rights of his associates to the grant, Culpeper subsequently purchased and became sole proprietor, and as it was for his interest to have his millions of acres settled and

improved, he took advantage of the provisions of a law which had been passed by the colonial legislature allowing to every person who would import from England a settler, the reward of a title to fifty acres of unseated lands, and thus it came to pass that Lieut. Col. John Washington, a great grandfather of the General, and Col. Nicholas Spencer, a cousin of the proprietor, both of whom had served in the legislature of Virginia in 1666-67, and the latter as president of the council, for and in consideration of having, at their own expense, imported one hundred English immigrants into the colony, received in the "twenty-seventh year of the reign of our Sovereigne Lord, King Charles ye second, Anno Domini 1674," a grant from the proprietor of five thousand acres of land "scituate, lying and being in the county of Stafford,* in the freshes of Pottomeek river and neare opposite to Piscataway, Indian towne of Mariland and, neare the land of Capt. Giles Brent on the north side, and neare the land surveyed for Mr. Wm. Dudley and others on the south side, being a necke of land bounded betweene two creeks and the maine river on the east side, and by the said maine river of Pottomack on the north, and by a creeke called by ye English, Little Hunting Creek and the maine branches thereof. On the south by a creek named and called by the Indians Epsewasson Creek and the maine branch thereof, which creeke, divides this land of Griene and Dudley and others on the west side by a right lyne drawne from the branches of the aforesaid Epsewasson and Little Hunting creek, including the aforesaid quantity of 5,000 acres, together with all trees, profits, comodities, emoluments, and additions whatsoever therein belonging, and all manner of mines of gold, silver and copper. And provided that if the said Lieut. Colonel John Washington and Col. Nicholas Spencer, their heirs or assigns, shall not plant or seate the said lands within the term of three years next ensuing, then this grant and everything herein contained to be null and void."

This grant or tract remained undivided and but little improved until the year 1690, when by an order of the court of Stafford one John Washington and George Brent were commissioned to make an equal division of it between Lawrence, son and heir of Col. John Washington, and the heirs of Col. Spencer. The division was made so that each share should have half of the river boundary and half of the back line as nearly as in point of quality could be made, and that one creek should belong entirely to one share, and the other creek to the other share. The part next to Epsewasson creek fell to the Spencers, and the part next to Little Hunting creek fell to Lawrence Washington with the contingent that the former was to pay to the latter twenty-five hundred pounds of tobacco and a certain amount in cash to make up for estimated differences of value.

Some time after this division, Lawrence Washington, dying, left his share of 2500 acres to his daughter, Mildred, who married Roger Gregory: and in 1726 they both united in a deed for the same property to Capt. Augustine Washington, the father of the General, for the consideration of about nine hundred dollars. He was a sea faring man. In 1725 he was captain of a ship, carrying iron from Agokeek, Colchester and other iron furnaces and bringing back convicts as settlers. He was born in 1694 and died in 1743 in King George county. In the year 1734 or 35, he came up from the lower river lands of Westmoreland which he had deemed unhealthy, to make improvements on the upper Potomac grant. He brought with him his family consisting of Mary, his wife, and their children consisting of Augustine, Jane, George, Betty and Samuel. He settled down with them at the head of that beautiful arm of the river next below Mount Vernon known as Doeg Bay and on the banks of the Epsewasson, a stream flowing into it, constructed a grist and saw mill. All the surrounding lands were at that time in process of settlement, and as they came into cultivation, mills for sawing the timbers for habitations and grinding the grains for feeding the pioneers became an urgent necessity, and Captain Augustine, with his keen foresight, was among the first to anticipate and provide for these wants. Nearby the grist mill, he erected a small dwelling, where the prudent and matronly housewife, Mary, went her rounds of busy care, "looking well to her household and eating not the bread of idleness," where the youthful George, the hope afterwards of unborn millions, passed several years of

*Now in the county of Fairfax.

his useful life, and where the younger children, John Augustine and Mildred, were probably born. The mill was provided with the best machinery that could then be obtained, and so excellent in after years was the flour manufactured for export under the management of George, the son, that its brand always passed without inspection. Large cargoes of it were shipped to the West Indies and other points in schooners, which then came in the deeper waters and loaded at the very doors of the mill. The picture as given is not an ideal of the old structure, but a correct representation of it from a drawing made long years ago. In this mill was ground also, all the flour and meal for the surrounding neighborhood as well as the grists of the grain products of the five large plantations of the Mount Vernon estate.

There are a few still living who have youthful memories of the mill in the closing days of its usefulness, who heard the busy din and clatter of its old wooden cog wheels and saw the dusty miller taking his tolls and the cumbrous ox wains, with their ebony colored drivers bringing in and carrying away their grists.

The shaky tenement stood until the beginning of the fifties. The splash of the pent up waters over its great wheel with foam, and rainbow hues, and the clatter and din of its grinding gear have been silent for nearly three-score years. The long race way which led the hurrying waters from the pond far up the valley across the fields to turn the busy wheel is now a grazing ground for cattle. The springs no longer confined by dyke or dam are scattered and running to waste. Many of the stones of the mill walls have been carried away to be used for foundations of houses in the neighborhood. At the door of a farm house nearby, the great nether stone that ground the whilom grists, now serves as a stepping stone to the doorway. The stream whose depth floated the trading schooners of the olden time, and where the fisherman cast his net for herring and shad; and where the youthful George mayhaps angled and took his first lessons in the art of swimming, have been filled by the descending alluvion from the cultivated fields through the many years, and are now no more than an easy fording place.

Augustine Washington remained at Epsewasson but a few years, but to him they were years of busy life. Besides building the mill as described, he erected the middle and original portion of the Mount Vernon mansion for his son Lawrence, who was then absent from the province and engaged in the siege of Carthage.

It will be remembered that the mill was one of the last places visited by General Washington in his usual round of inspection of his farming premises, on the day previous to his sudden death. The locality is one rather sequestered and lonely, with rarely a passing traveler.

But go there reader as the writer has gone many a time, if your sympathies and reverential inclinations are for objects like these and take your seat in the drowsy quiet of a midsummer day under the shadowy branches of one of the oaks still remaining of the olden forest; and while you gaze on the briar grown ruins and listen to the murmur of the dwindled stream which goes hurrying on in its course to join the waters of the majestic stream but a mile or two beyond, the mystic veil which hides the vanished years of a century and a half will rise, and lo! all around you will throng the faded scenes and forms of the early days. The fallen stones will move from the scattered heaps under the straggling vines and brambles and take their places in the walls again. The mill of Augustine and George Washington will be itself once more. The water will come pouring down over the mossy wheel. You will hear the clattering of the grinding gear, and the plantation wains will bring in and carry away their burdens. You will see the dusty miller taking his tolls and filling the bins. A horseman will ride up, and hitching his horse by the door, go in and hold parley with the miller, and you will not need to ask who he is, for his stately mien and dignified bearing will at once proclaim him the proprietor. You will see, too, the trading schooner waiting at the landing for its cargo for Jamaica or Barbadoes. The early pioneers in rough homespun garb and quaint vehicles will pass along the old highway by you in toilsome march for the new Canaan of their imaginations, there to fix their landmarks and lay the hearth stones. Anon, you will see straggling companies of provincial troops dressed in kersey

or buckskin, with heavy flint lock muskets on their shoulders, hurrying up to the camp at the new born hamlet of Alexandria. General Braddock and Governor Dinwiddie, Commodore Kepple and General John St. Clair will ride along in the pomp of vice regal chariot and dashing retinue and guards of British regulars in showy scarlet uniforms bright with gilding and tinsel. War's wild alarm has been sounded, and the frontiers must be held against the encroachments of the French and their murderous Indian allies. Among other passers up the highway, you will see a stripling wagon boy in homely workman's garb driving his own team, and like the rest of the wayfarers hurrying to the camp. He had been for a year in the employ of John Ballentine, hauling iron ore to his furnace at Colchester, but the drum and fife of the troopers and the wild rumors of war have opened the vision of his adventurous spirit to other duties and other lines of action.

He is going to offer his team to Braddock's quartermaster to haul supplies for the army over the mountains. Very obscure, lowly and friendless was this wagon boy then, but under that homespun shirt and buckskin cap were the lion heart and comprehensive intellect which when ere long the opportunities came to him were to win for him a renown as a soldier and commander, world wide and imperishable.

The boy who plodded over the weary roads of the Occoquan with his loads of ore for the furnace became in after years the strategic and trusted soldier, the intrepid leader of the riflemen of Virginia and the swaying spirit and hero of Quebec, Saratoga and Cowpens.

The years pass on. The war is over. The French and Indians have receded and peace and safety for the new settlements reign in the place of alarm. Braddock is resting in an unmarked grave in the far off wilderness beyond the mountains. The provincial troopers are back from the disastrous rout at Duquesne to their homes in the lowlands. Col. Washington, the hero of the day, has been elected to the House of Burgesses from the county of Fairfax, and has been down attending the session at Williamsburg, and now we see him coming up the highway in his coach and four with outriders. But he is not alone. Beside him sits a prim, matronly looking lady attired in silk and laces who but the day before was the widow Custis. Now, she is Mrs. George Washington and is going up to preside as the mistress of the manor house of Mount Vernon. Other historic scenes appear and vanish as we gaze, and the Virginia Colonel again rides along as he goes to and from the provincial capital.

Years later the continental armies of Washington, Green, Lafayette and Wayne surge along, going to the closing act in the revolutionary drama.

Not in all the thirteen colonies was there a more historic road than this which coursed down from the mountains by Alexandria, Epsewasson and over the Occoquan at Colchester and down to Williamsburg. It is one of the most interesting landmarks in our State.

The site of the old mill we have been describing is distant two miles from the Mount Vernon Mansion, two from old Belvoir, one from Woodlawn, the second home of Nellie Custis Lewis, and a half mile from the turnpike leading from Alexandria to Accotink. It will repay a diversion from the beaten line of travel with the varied reflections it will evoke from every pilgrim, whose patriotism and reverence are wont to kindle at every shrine around which lingers an association or memorial glimpse, however faint and dim, of the illustrious personage whose name and fame, are indissolubly linked with so much that we all value and hold in kindly remembrance and holy trust.

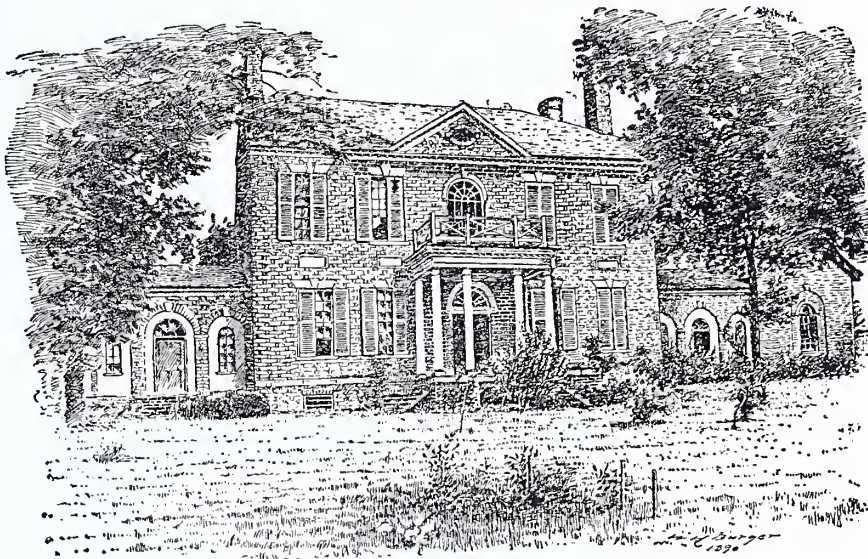
WOODLAWN, THE HOME OF NELLIE CUSTIS LEWIS.

The portrait of Miss Nellie Custis by Gilbert Stuart from which the accompanying engraving was taken and which is now in the possession of Prof. William F. Lee of Lexington College, Va., was considered by contemporary judges an excellent likeness and one of the most beautiful faces the artist had painted in the colonies. Miss Nellie was frequently in the company of Stuart at Mount Vernon and other places, the result of which was a very cordial and enduring friendship. The portrait was the most attractive picture among the rare paintings at Arlington House, the residence of her

brother for about fifty years. It is the likeness of a maiden about eighteen years of age, the admired of all who attended the republican court during the last years of Washington's administration as President of the United States.

She is dressed in a plain white garment, in the scant fashion of the day, one of her plump, bare arms forming a conspicuous feature of the picture, her chin resting upon a finger of her gently closed hand. Her sweet face, regular in every feature, is garnished by her dark curls, tastefully clustering around her forehead and temples, while her long hair, gathered in an apparently careless manner on the top of her head, is secured by a cluster of white flowers. The whole picture is modest, simple, beautiful.

"Nelly Custis," as she was called in her maidenhood, was as witty as she was beautiful; quick at repartee, highly accomplished, full of information, a good conversation-alist, the life of any company whether young or old, and was greatly beloved by her foster father, the great patriot. When in June, 1775, Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, he placed John Parke Custis, the father of "Nellie," on his staff, in which capacity he served during most of the long war that followed. He was aide to Washington at the siege of Yorktown in the autumn of 1781 and was then a member of the Virginia Assembly but dying that year of fever, his



WOODLAWN, THE HOME OF NELLIE CUSTIS LEWIS.

children, George W. Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis, were left orphans, the former only six months old and the latter nearly three years old, and became the adopted children of Washington, and the fondly cared for inmates of the home at Mount Vernon. Here a private tutor of collegiate training was provided for them and under the watchful and exemplary care of their distinguished guardians; their young minds were developed for the practical duties of life.

Nellie was born at Abingdon, the Custis homestead on the Potomac just above the four mile run, March 21, 1778. Her mother was a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, through her grandfather Benedict Calvert of Mount Airy, Maryland. A paternal ancestor, John Parke, was at one time a member of the English Parliament and afterwards a soldier in Queen Anne's army in Holland and became an aide de camp of the renowned Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim in Germany, fought August 2nd, 1801. Marlborough commanded the English troops and Marshal Tallard those of France and Bavaria who lost the day with 27000 killed and wounded, and 13000 made prisoners. By the victory, the Electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the victors.

Col. Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful intelligence to Queen Anne who, as a token of her regard gave him her miniature portrait set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling and appointed him governor of the Leeward Islands. In the rebellion in Antigua he became obnoxious to the seditious faction and fell by a musket shot.

Washington had a nephew, Lawrence Lewis, the sixth child of Col. Fielding Lewis and Betty Washington, who was the second child of Captain Augustine Washington, who was the second child of Lawrence, who was the first child of Col. John Washington the immigrant to Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., in 1657. He had served meritoriously in the revolutionary struggle and toward the close of it was an aide on the staff of General Daniel Morgan the renowned wagon boy of the Occoquan. He was much at Mount Vernon after the retirement of Washington from the presidency, and the "blessing" of a "good husband for Nellie when she would want and deserve one" was bestowed upon her. She and Lawrence were married Feb. 22, 1799. Many suitors had sought her hand to be denied for the one her grandfather had chosen and preferred for her over all others. About a month before the happy event the Patriot wrote to his nephew saying: "Your letter of January 10th, I received in Alexandria on Monday, whither I went to become the guardian of Nellie, thereby to authorize a license for your nuptials on the 22nd of next month." The wedding took place on the last anniversary of his birthday that Washington spent on earth. Great preparations had been made for the event. The mansion was decked with flowers and evergreens, and ample provision made for a time of festivity and good cheer; and the gentlefolk of the surrounding country invited. There were assembled for the occasion the Dandridges, Custises, Calverts, Lees, Lewises, Corbins, Bushrods, Blackburns, Masons, Carrolls, and many others. The ceremony was performed in the great drawing-room lighted by many waxen tapers, which brought out in strong relief the silent portraits on the walls, in curious contrast with the merry throng before them. The stately minuet was danced and the spirited Virginia reel. Low voices whispered tender words in hall and ante-rooms, and the house soon to be so silent and mournful echoed with mirth and hilarity. It was a brilliant scene. The picturesque costumes of the colonial days were still in vogue,—rich fabrics, and richer colors, stomachers, and short clothes, jewelled buckles and brooches, powder and ruffles everywhere. Mount Vernon never witnessed such a scene again. Ten months later in the same spacious drawing room the scene of these bridal festivities, the body of the great chief lay on its sable bier and at the eventide of one midsummer day fifty-two years after the pealing of the joyous wedding bells, the bride who was then the cynosure of all eyes and the theme of all praise from the gay admiring throng which had crowded around her, was brought and laid in funeral robes in the hush and silence of death to await the last sad rites of burial in the family tomb, close to the remains of the long departed friends of her childhood and girlhood years.

By a provision of the last will and testament of George Washington, made July 9, 1799, "all that tract of land" in the county of Fairfax, and a portion of the Mount Vernon estate "north of the road leading from the ford of Dogue Run to the Gum spring as described in the devise of the other part of the tract to Bushrod Washington, until it comes to the stone and the three red or Spanish oaks on the knoll—thence with the rectangular line to the back line, between Mr. Mason and me—thence with the line westerly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run by the tumbling dam of my mill—thence with the said run to the ford aforementioned, to which I add all the land I possess west of said Dogue Creek, bounded easterly and southerly thereby—together with the Mill and Distillery, and all other houses and improvements on the premises, making together about two thousand acres," was devised as a dower to the aforesaid Major Lewis and Nellie his wife. On this patrimonial estate, these favored subjects of the General's solicitude erected in 1805 a commodious dwelling—much more pretentious than that of Mount Vernon—indeed the stateliest of all the manor houses of the upper Potomac—and began under the most favorable auspices the establishment of the new home. Nellie was then about twenty-four years of age. It had been five years since she followed the remains of her honored grandfather to their last resting place and Martha, her grandmother, had only three years before, been laid by his side. They

built their dwelling-place three miles inland from Mount Vernon, but on a high elevation, so that it commanded a pleasant view of the river and the expanse of Dogue Bay and its wide stretching valley.

Hardly half of the extensive manor was then cleared and under cultivation. The rest was heavily timbered. The soil had not lost all its virgin richness, and abundant crops were produced even under slave labor.

Woodlawn in Culpeper county was the home of Major Lewis' childhood and he honored the place and its endearing associations by transferring the name to his new home on the Potomac. Nellie's grandfather, in his parental fondness for her and his great regard for the husband of her choice did not forget to supplement his liberal gift of two thousand acres of land for their homestead with other substantial tokens of land and ready cash with which to erect without delay, a suitable dwelling for them so that their patrimony was made entirely ample to maintain their high social standing, and grandmother Martha from her large resources gave them fitting dower for their new beginnings.

Under the roof of Woodlawn was ever dispensed a generous hospitality, and many were the distinguished guests from all lands in the early decades of the century who came to cross its threshold and pay their regards to its worthy proprietors. General, the Marquis de Lafayette, on his second visit in 1824 to the land he had so valiantly helped to defend and make independent, came here to renew his fondly cherished acquaintance with Nellie, the stately housewife, who was but a child when he had seen her nearly fifty years before in the home of his old commander, and had taken her oft times in her sweet laughing moods upon his knee and kissed her with a parental fondness, remembering doubtless the dear ones of his own household so far away in La Belle, France. Nellie was no stranger to the faces of titled dignitaries of the old world, for she had seen scores of them and hundreds of our own celebrities both civil and military, when a child in the closing years of the war and during the time of the first presidency. At all times and with all conditions of life around, she was the courteous, intelligent and agreeable lady, winning and retaining the esteem of all who knew her. Gifted with rare and genuine sympathy she was ever ready in generous response in the joys and sorrows, in the hopes and fears, the prosperity or adversity of those whom she honored with her friendship. The toilers on the plantation always found in her a sympathizer with and a promoter of their conditions. Her religious profession she carried out in every day life and made them a practical reality. She was a zealous member of the Episcopal Church and a regular attendant upon its services either at Pohick or Alexandria. Always it was her usage, says one who knew her, and is still among the living, to have morning and evening prayers which all of the domestics of the house attended.

For nearly forty years Nelly was mistress of the Woodlawn mansion, and here were born to her four children—Agnes the eldest, dying at a school in Philadelphia; Frances Parke, who married General E. G. W. Butler, and died at Pass Christian, Mississippi, a few years ago; Lorenzo, and Eleanor Angela, who married Hon. C. M. Conrad, of Louisiana, and died in New Orleans many years ago. Major Lawrence Lewis died at Arlington, November 20, 1839, and one summer day, July 15, 1852, Mrs. Nelly, his wife, followed him, full of years and honors to the burial vault at Mount Vernon. She had passed four years beyond the three score and ten line. To the watcher from farmhouse and village, that must have been a lonely and mournful funeral procession indeed, as it slowly wended its course down the long Virginia highway from the Shenandoah to the Potomac. The hearse containing the remains of the aged grandmother, and a solitary carriage accompanying, with the two surviving grandsons, one of whom was lately living to tell of the impressive circumstances of the event. Late at night their journey was finished, and the cofined form of Nelly was placed in the parlor at Mount Vernon, where, more than fifty years before, crowned with bridal wreaths "the fairest lady of the land," Washington himself had affectionately given her in marriage, and commended her to the protecting care of the one favored claimant of her choice, and where she had received the congratulations and blessings of so many of her kinsfolk

and friends. Many of the citizens of Alexandria and Washington and the surrounding country came to pay their tributes of fond remembrance and regard to "Nelly" as she lay in state in the "Mansion," and to see the last of "earth to earth." Down in the family burial-place, just by the waters of the river on whose pleasant banks she had passed so many happy days in childhood and youth, her dust is very near to that of her kind and loving guardians. A marble monument marks her last resting place with the following inscription:

"SACRED

to the memory of Eleanor Parke Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and adopted daughter of General Washington." Reared under the roof of the Father of his Country, this lady was not more remarkable for the beauty of her person than for the superiority of her mind. She lived to be admired, and died to be regretted, July 15, 1852, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. Another handsome monument in the same iron inclosure marks the resting place of her daughter Eleanor Angela Conrad.

With the return of many of our national decoration days the writer in humble tribute to her womanly excellence and exemplary virtues and in reverent remembrance of historic associations has deemed it a pleasure to strew these apparently neglected graves with flowers. Even in her last closing years Nelly retained many traces of her early beauty and vivacity. She passed away at Audley, a homestead of nearly sixteen hundred acres in Clarke county, near the Shenandoah, belonging also to Major Lewis, where she had lived over twenty years after leaving Woodlawn.

The writer has been told by her grandson that the early home life and associations of Mount Vernon, lingered ever with his grandmother as beautifying visions, and that she never wearied in recounting them to her children and grandchildren. A theme dearest of all to her heart was the story of her social relations with the fond and indulgent master and mistress of the Mount Vernon home whose passing away from her she long and deeply mourned. Her love and reverence for Washington amounted almost to worship and who will wonder at her constant devotion, knowing all the circumstances and harmonious relations of the beginning and sundering of their united lives. The bright particular star which had set in glory to the world was to her a continuing radiance, growing brighter and brighter to the close of her eventful years. "All who knew the subject of our sketch," says her niece, Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, in her memoirs of George W. Parke Custis, "were wont to recall the pleasure they had derived from her extensive information, brilliant wit, and boundless generosity. The most tender parent and devoted friend; she lived in the enjoyment of her affections. She was often urged to write her memoirs, which might even have surpassed in interest to her countrymen those of Madame de Sevigne and others of equal note, as her pen gave free expression to her lively imagination and clear memory. Would that we could recall the many tales of the past we have heard from her lips, but, alas! we should fail to give them accurately. One narrative is retained, as it made a strong impression at the time. She said the most perfect harmony always existed "between her grandmamma and the General," and that in all his intercourse with her he was most considerate and tender. She had often seen her when she had something to communicate or a request to make of him at a moment when his mind was entirely abstracted from the present, seize him by the button to command his attention, when he would look down upon her with a benignant smile and become at once attentive to her wishes, which were never slighted. She also said that the grave dignity which he usually wore did not prevent his keen enjoyment of a joke, and that no one laughed more heartily than did he when she herself, a gay, laughing girl, gave one of her saucy descriptions of any scene in which she had taken part, or any one of the merry pranks she then often played; and that he would retire from the room in which her young companions were amusing themselves, because his presence caused a reserve which they could not overcome. But he always regretted it exceedingly, as their sports and enjoyments always seemed to interest him."

Of course, Washington was always Nelly's ideal hero, and the grandest of all the line of noble men.

General Zachary Taylor was one of her favorites among the public men of her later time, and when he was elected to the presidency, she paid him a visit, and was for some time an honored guest in the White House, where she received the marked attentions of many distinguished personages of that day. While she lived she did not lose the hold she had in all her younger years upon the popular regard. She was still the storied "Nelly" who had been the fondly petted child in the household of him who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



NELLIE CUSTIS, AT EIGHTEEN.

Mrs. Lawrence Lewis had two sisters, Martha Parke who was married to Thomas Peters, a large Virginia planter, and Elizabeth Parke, who was married to the wealthy and eccentric Thomas Law, a nephew of Lord Ellenboro. As governor of a large district in Bengal, India, Law had been accustomed to the discharge of important official

functions and to the splendors and surroundings of a prince. In England his family was opulent and distinguished. One brother was bishop of Carlisle, another a barrister of the first eminence and the successful defender of Warren Hastings against the political influence of Fox, the eloquence of Sheridan and the virulence of Burke. He was prominent in the improvement of the National Capital about 1800, purchased a large tract of wilderness land embracing the site of the arsenal, and laid out streets and upon them built a number of houses some of which are still standing.

When that fair, smooth brow of the great artist's picture had been imprinted with the lines of threescore years, and those clustering curls had changed their brown to threads of snow, how she must have seemed like some saintly messenger to those who eagerly listened to her as she brought from memory's far-away shore the historic scenes which had passed before those sparkling eyes in the heyday of her youthful life. Lorenzo, her only son, inherited the Woodlawn estate, and resided for some years in the mansion. He was married to Esther Maria Cox, of Philadelphia, in 1827, and died in 1847. His widow survived him until 1885. Of the six children of Lorenzo, the last left, was *J. R. C. Lewis, of Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia. In 1845, the entire domain of this estate, having been almost entirely neglected through many years, presented a most forlorn appearance. Only here and there a patch of ground was under cultivation—not a handful of grass-seed was sown, not a ton of hay cut. The fields were overgrown with sedge, brambles, sassafras and cedars, and all traces of fencing had disappeared. Not a white man was living on an acre of it. Only a few superannuated slaves remained in some rickety cabins, and these were subsisting on products from a farm in another county. The tax assessment was thirty dollars—one cent and a half an acre, although the buildings alone had cost near one hundred thousand dollars, just forty-three years before. It was at this period that the New Jersey colony purchased the property at \$12.50 per acre, and subsequently, the whole tract was divided and subdivided into small farms, and occupied by improving proprietors.

The mansion having a main building sixty by forty feet, with wide halls, spacious apartments and ample wings united by corridors was most substantially constructed of the best materials, and doubtless its builders imagined their structure would endure for centuries, and it is only because of great neglect and severe usage that its condition now only ninety-seven years after the laying of its corner stone is so dilapidated, with its leaky roofs, its loosened casements and unhinged shutters and blinds, its broken windows and the bricks and stones falling away from its massive walls.

Only the irreverent and unpatriotic pilgrim who treads these lonely halls

"Whose guests have fled,
Whose lights are dead."

can note the melancholy change without a pang of grief and regret that there are no reverent hands to restore the wastes and to set once more in order the stately house as it was when its first mistress held there her sway. No other of all the historic shrines of Virginia, next to Mount Vernon, appeals so forcibly to our kind regard. The manor was a portion of the Mount Vernon estate. The mansion was erected as we have seen by the loving munificence of the first President and his wife. Its mistress grew up and was educated under his affectionate care and solicitude. Its master was his nephew and had won honors as a gallant soldier of the revolution, serving on the staff of General Morgan, the true hero of Quebec, Saratoga and Cowpens.

The mansion, substantially constructed of old-fashioned bricks, having a main building sixty by forty feet, with halls, spacious apartments, and ample wings, united by corridors to the main portion, together with sixty acres of land, was recently purchased by a company, who propose in the near future to make it the lower terminus of the Electric road, in which event the "Old Mansion" will be faithfully restored to its original beauty, and thenceforth be kept as an enduring memorial of its first

*Died lately.

mistress, the beloved foster-daughter of George Washington. No more fitting place, we think, than this could be chosen by the associations of the sons and daughters of the "Revolution" for the holding of their annual reunions; and the keeping of their archives and historic mementoes and relics. That would make it a desirable and attractive place of pilgrimage in all the coming years, and most effectually secure its perpetual preservation.

Note—Since the foregoing account was written the writer has to note with great pleasure that the Woodlawn Mansion has changed ownership and that the work of its restoration has been commenced.

Here is an extract from one of Nellie's letters to a friend in Philadelphia:

MOUNT VERNON, 1798.

"MY DEAR—We live very happily here—have in general been blessed with health. We have had many agreeable visitors and are now contentedly seated round our winter fireside. I often think of, and would like to again see the many good friends I left in Philadelphia, but I never regret absence from that city's amusements and ceremonies.

I stay very much at home—have not been to the Federal Capital for two months. My grandparents, the General and his wife, brother George, Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of the General, and your humble servant comprise the family circle here at present. I never have a lonesome nor dull hour, never find a day too long. Indeed, time appears to fly; and I sometimes think the years are much shorter for some time past, than they ever were before.

I am not very industrious, but I work a little, read a little, play on the harpsichord, and find my time fully taken up with daily employments. My mother and her young family are all well. My sister Mrs. Peters has lately presented us with another little relation, a very fine girl who is thought to be much like her mother. I have not seen my sister since that event, but hear she is quite well. I send by my sister, Mrs. Law, a cotton cord and tassel which I learned to make last summer. I hope you will like it, and you will gratify me much by wearing it in remembrance of me.

Mr. G. W. Craik is at present much indisposed. Poor young man, I fear he is not long for this world. Alexandria has been very gay this winter; balls in abundance. When I am in a city, balls, are my favorite amusement, but when in the country I have no inclination for them. I am too indolent in winter to move any distance.

I shall thank you to remember me affectionately to those friends who may inquire about me. My beloved grandma joins me in love and best wishes to you and your children.

As the New Year is almost here I will conclude with wishing you and yours many happy new years, each succeeding one happier than the last; and be assured dear Madame that I am with perfect esteem."

Yours,

ELEANOR P. CUSTIS.

NELLIE CUSTIS AT MOUNT VERNON.

The American Revolution was still going on when Nellie Custis was a prattling child and it was not until after its last disheartening campaign which ended with the crowning victory at Yorktown that she began at the age of three years the seventeen years of her life which were passed under the guardianship of George and Martha Washington at Mount Vernon. Her adoption by these honored personages into the rare felicities of their household meant for her orphanage an affectionate solicitude and parental care which were to continue unabated while the indulgent master and mistress lived.

Nellie, though a girl of vivacious spirits and jovial disposition was dutiful, reverent and appreciative as we have accounts, and easily won by her genial ways the kind regard of her guardians and of all her associates and acquaintances. Washington was lavish in expense for her education. He employed for her a private tutor, bought her a costly harpsichord still to be seen at Mount Vernon, and had her instructed in music and dancing. She was quite proficient in drawing, and painting in water colors. She loved embroidery and continued the fine employment until the closing years of her long life, and many are the mementoes of her skill in this wise still treasured and shown by her descendants.

Nellie grew up to womanhood under influences wholesome, elevating and refining. While she was not kept under any rigid restraints, the kindly parental solicitude of her guardians encompassed and shielded her from contact with hurtful associations. Grandma Martha was a model of propriety, circumspect in her ways and a fit exemplar for imitation. Nellie was vivacious and social in her disposition. She relished

society and was always a welcome presence in its circles. At Mount Vernon she was in constant touch with the intercourse and manners of its many distinguished American and European visitors representing every department of the knowledge of the times, and at the republican court she had thrown in her way, extraordinary opportunities of experiences for acquiring social accomplishments and easy and graceful manners. She was a child of nature and delighted in all beautiful things.

To the servants of the Mount Vernon estate with whom the writer talked forty years ago, many traditions had come down from their ancestors of the kindly treatment and good offices and influences of Miss Nellie. Gilbert Stuart painted her portrait at the age of seventeen, an engraving from which prefaces this account.



WASHINGTON AND NELLIE CUSTIS.

A distinguished contemporary who had mingled much in society's gay circle of that period has left us this pleasant account of Nellie, "She has more perfection of expression of colors, of softness, of firmness of mind, than any one I have ever seen before." She loved out door exercises and sports, rode frequently on horse back with her guardian when he went to inspect the progress of work on his plantation, when he rode to his mill on Dogue run, to Gunston, the home of the patriot Mason, to Colchester and Alexandria. At the latter place she had many friends, the Carlyles, the Ramsays, the Daltons, the Craiks, the Arals, the Fitzgeralds and Johnsons who made frequent visits to Mount Vernon and with whom at their hospitable homes in the new town she was an oft time guest. All this gave her healthy physical development and laid the sure foundation of her serene old age.

The beautiful natural attributes which were developing in Nellie in her later girlhood, with her educational accomplishments, made her a welcome presence in all homes and circles.

That Washington loved Nellie as fondly as if she had been his own child, all the accounts we have of their intercourse fully attest. Their companionship was one of uninterrupted harmony. She won him to her by the sweetness of her disposition, her easy and graceful manners, her cheery converse, and the lavish measure of her appreciation of all his kindly solicitude for her.



*From
Your Grandmother,
E. P. Lewis.*

Dec'r 25th 1841.

(At three-score-and-ten.)

NEE NELLIE CUSTIS

Mrs. Lewis after the death of her husband which occurred Nov. 20, 1830, left the Woodlawn home and went to Audley, a fine old estate of 1600 acres in Clarke county, Va. Where she lived until her death in 1852.

Of Lawrence Lewis, Foote in his "reminiscences" says: "I remember him well and entirely concur with those who supposed him to exhibit a remarkable likeness to his uncle the General, at least he was in appearance so much like the best pictures of Washington that any one might have imagined he had actually sat for them."

Here is one of the quaint songs Miss Nellie used to sing to her accompaniment on the harpsichord still to be seen in the Music Room at Mount Vernon.

THE TRAVELER AT THE WIDOW'S GATE.

"A traveler stop't at a widow's gate;

She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bait;

She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bait,

But the widow she slighted her guest;

But the widow she slighted her guest;

For when nature was forming an ugly race;

She certainly moulded the traveler's face

As a sample for all the rest, as a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack

When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his back,

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt,

And though, 'tis confessed, that the prejudice goes

Very strongly in favor of wearing a nose

A nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid

'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid;

And they quickly grew marvelously civil—

The money immediately altered the case;

They were charmed with his hump and his snout and his face,

Though he still might have frightened the devil,

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack

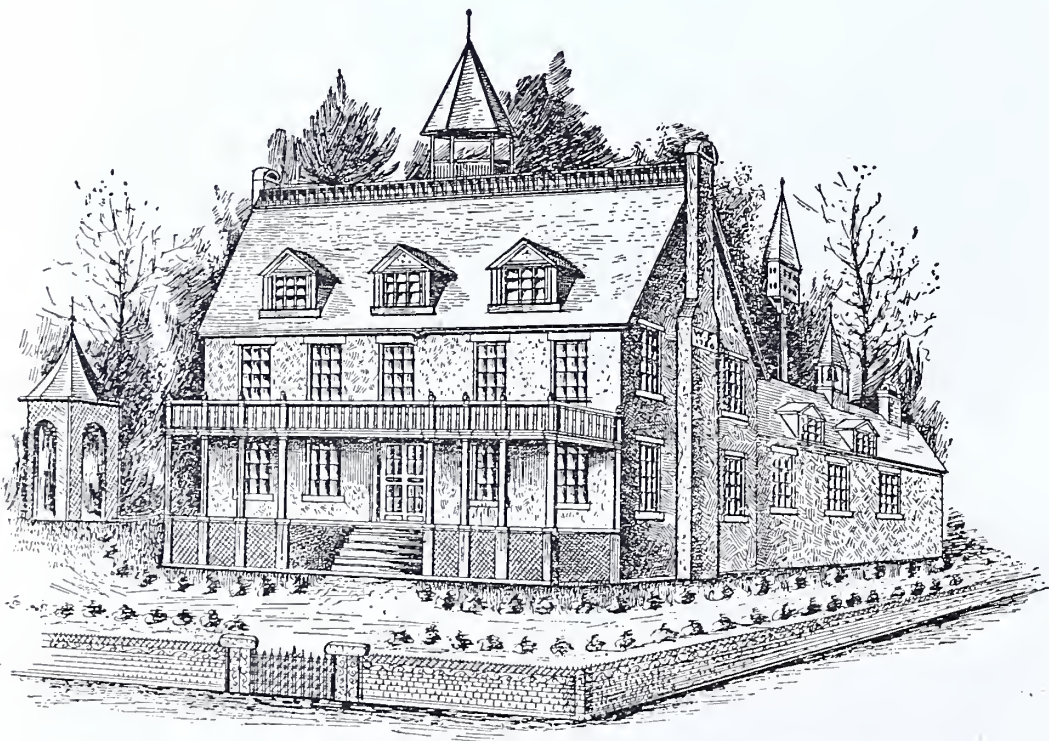
And flop'd on his horse at the door like a sack,

While the landlady touching his chin

Said "Sir, should you travel this country again,

I heartily hope that the sweetest of men

Will stop at the widow's to drink."



AN IDEAL OF "OLD BELVOIR MANSION."

OLD BELVOIR, THE HOME OF THE VIRGINIA FAIRFAXES.

"Come back ye friends whose lives are ended;
Come back with all that light attended

Which seemed to darken and decay
When you arose and passed away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy throngs of long ago—
The dreams and fancies known of yore
That have been, but shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight—

They make the dark and dreary hours
Brighten and blossom into flowers.
I linger long—I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay
They pass and vanish quite away.”

Come with me reader and linger for a space while I tell you a story whose beginnings were long before the drum's loud beat and the bugles echoing call summoned in haste the sturdy colonists, from the lowlands and mountains of old Virginia, to make ready for the coming struggle of the American Revolution; even before the British war fleet of Commodore Kepple came proudly sailing, the first of all others up the Potomac with the army of General Braddock, to wage war against the French and Indians in the Ohio valley. The story is not a story of love, though ladies fair and born of high degree, and men of knightly and chivalrous bearing, figure prominently in the interesting details. It is not a story of war, though some of its personæ were soldiers and had witnessed fierce encounters of armies in the old country, but it is a story of circumstances which were all important factors in the successful conduct of the seven years of heroic strife which opened the way, for the founding of the grandest government on the earth; and it is a true story moreover, though it may have the tinge and character of romance.

We will sit leisurely down by this grass and moss grown heap of earth and chimney stones, here under these gnarled oaks and cedars on the hill crest a hundred and fifty feet above the murmurings of the tide. Before us rolls on its seaward course the grand old river, broad deep and beautiful as when in 1608 the bold and reckless adventurer, Captain John Smith with his little company of fourteen explorers cut its shining waves with the prow of his open pinnace, upward bound to the region of the powerful Piscataways and Mayonese on whose hunting grounds and war paths the cities of Washington and Alexandria now stand.

These few trees around us are all that are left of the dense primitive forest, which was hewn down in the time when the smoke of the aboriginal wigwam went up in its midst, to give place to the plow and the hoe of the tobacco planter. They are now scarred by the cycles of time, but their branches even in decay are still far reaching and green, and will shield us well from the rays of the noontide sun while we recount the events of the many faded years. And now, while we are enjoying the cooling shadows, the fresh breezes and the natural sights around us, let us go back a hundred years before the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Across the ocean, at that time in England when James the second was reigning and lands in the new world were to be had by favorites of the crown for merely the asking, it was ordered by the royal authority, in 1688, that letters patent should be issued to Thomas, Lord Culpeper, previously a governor of Virginia for all that extensive domain known in history and geography as the Northern Neck of Virginia between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, comprising in its area the counties of Northumberland, Lancaster, Richmond, Westmoreland, King George, Prince William, Stafford, Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, Madison, Page, Shenandoah, Hardy, Hampshire, Morgan, Berkeley, Jefferson, Frederick and Clarke.

From Lord Culpeper this tract or principality had descended through his daughter Catharine Culpeper Fairfax to her son Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax of his line, who was a person of note and distinction in the British realm, a man of learning, a graduate of Oxford College and a member of the celebrated literary club of which Joseph Addison was the chief spirit and to whose pen we are indebted for the *Spectator*. This right Hon. Thomas of Leeds Castle in the county of Kent, England, and Baron of Cameron in Scotland was a cousin of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, general of the parliamentary or “round head” armies of the protector, Oliver Cromwell, and who of course figured prominently in the military and Revolutionary circumstances of the beheading of King Charles first of England, January 30, 1649.

By the terms of the original patent to Culpeper he was constituted sole proprietor of the “soil” of this wilderness empire “together with all its forests, mines, minerals,

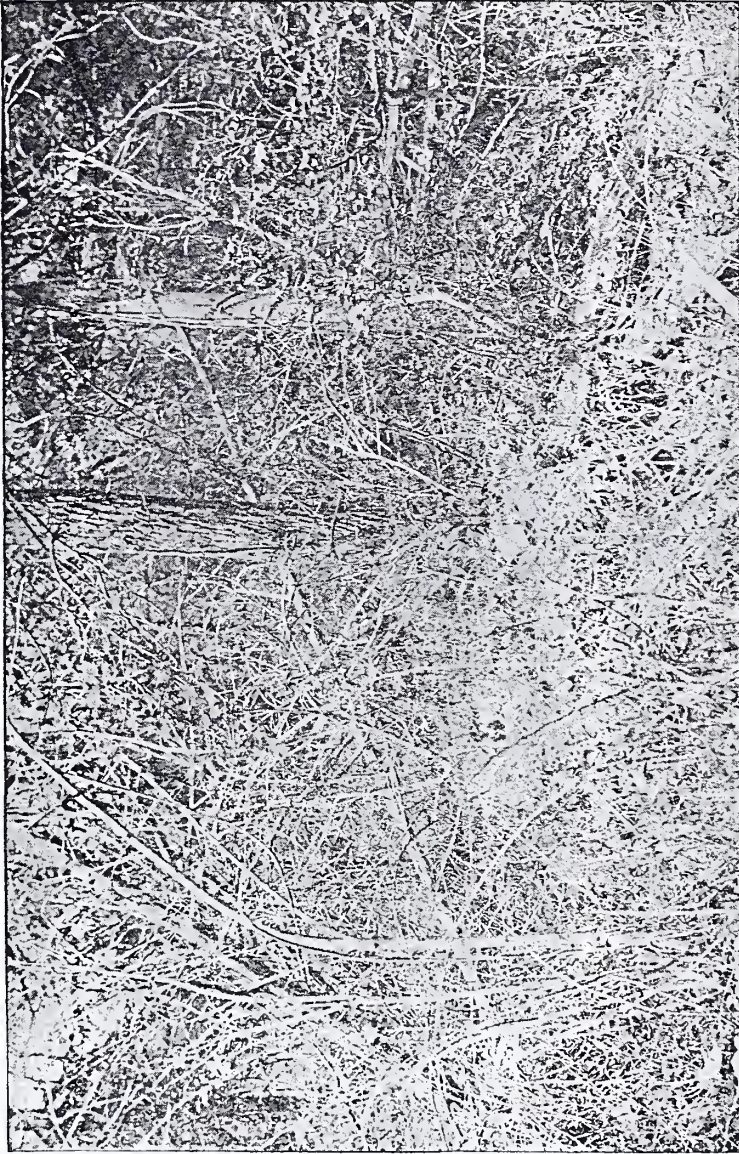
huntings, fishings, and fowlings, with authority to divide, sell, grant or lease and occupy at will, any or every portion thereof, always however to be and remain under allegiance to the royal prerogative," as was the common phraseology of grants in the days of feudalism. A royal gift indeed was this almost unlimited concession of empire to one royal subject.

Lord Fairfax, although his most important interests had been transferred to Virginia, was not ready at the time to make it his home and become an actual settler with the colonists of his inheritance, but as great numbers of squatters and freebooters were already settling on his lands and claiming them as estates in fee through fact of occupation, and by connivance of irresponsible agents, he commissioned his cousin Col. William Fairfax, already a resident of the colony, to look after his western possessions. William, born 1691, was a son of Henry, second son of the proprietor's father and Anne Harrison of South Cave, Yorkshire, whose sister Eleanor became the wife of Henry Washington. He lost his father when quite young, but his education was not neglected. His uncle, Sir John Lowthers, had him entered in his college where he pursued a course of instruction which served him well in the varied occupations of his future years. By extensive reading and seven years of travel and study in foreign lands, his mind was enriched and ripened and his abilities and courtly ways secured for him many public positions of trust and profit both in the old and new world. Of an ancient English family, he had entered the British army at the age of twenty-one and subsequently had served with honor in the royal navy both in the East and West Indies: had officiated as governor of New Providence after having aided the town from the incursion of pirates; also had done good service for his sovereign, Queen Anne, under Col. Martin Belden; and after coming to Belvoir we find him a member of his majesty's honorable council of Virginia and at one time its presiding officer.

While residing in the Bahamas, as chief justice of the islands he was married to Sarah, daughter of Col. Walker of Nassau, who accompanied him to England in 1717 and afterward to New Salem in the province of Massachusetts Bay where he filled an appointment as collector of his majesty's customs from 1725 to 1734. By Sarah, his first wife, he had four children. George William the eldest was born in Nassau in 1724. The other three, Thomas, Anne and Sarah were born in Salem. Thomas was an officer in the royal navy and was killed in a naval engagement. Anne was married to Lawrence Washington and was the first mistress of Mount Vernon, and Sarah was married to John Carlyle of Alexandria, Virginia, who was a major and commissary in the French and Indian war under General Braddock in 1755. The mother of these children died in 1747. Their father was again married shortly afterward to Deborah Clarke, daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Gedney and widow of Francis Clarke of Salem, to whom she had been married in 1701 and with whom she had lived twenty-six years. She was an intimate friend of Sarah, the first wife, who had expressed the desire on her death bed that she might take her place. By this second wife, William Fairfax had three children, Bryan, who by the death of Robert, seventh lord, elder brother of Thomas, sixth lord, without issue, in England, became eighth lord Fairfax, born in 1737 and died at Mount Eagle near Great Hunting Creek in 1802. William Henry, and Hannah who was married to Warner Washington cousin of the General. William Henry was a young man of great promise and it is related of him that at the storming of Quebec under General Wolfe, just before the action commenced, Wolfe, his commander, approached him and said—"young man on this day remember what is expected of your name." He was true to his trust and fell gallantly under the city's walls.

It was about the year 1734 or 35 that William Fairfax assumed the duties as agent of his cousin on the Baron's large Virginia estate. Out of this estate a manor of several thousand acres immediately adjoining Mount Vernon and stretching for miles southward along the river had been assigned to him by the proprietor as a gift in perpetuity and here he came about the year 1736 to establish a home which in time was to become prominent and famed in the new world's annals. To this spot where we are gathered by these gnarled oaks and where the heaps of blackened hearthstones remain a silent but melancholy witness to the past, duly repaired the builders and

erected a mansion; and surely no more desirable site could have been selected for a resting place in many a day of travel. It is high, regular and commanding and the landscapes of the majestic river with its abrupt or gently sloping shores alternating with farm clearings and woodlands never fail to please the eye of the beholder, and most appropriately it was named Belvoir (beautiful to see). But an additional reason for so naming it was pleasant associations of Belvoir castle one of the most prominent of the old English castles, and one of the finest of the present day.



RUINS OF OLD BELVOIR MANSION.

The manorial residence which William Fairfax built was one of ample dimensions and appointments for that early time. Washington in one of his diaries incidentally tells us that it "was built of bricks, was of two stories and an attic with four convenient rooms and a wide hall on the lower floor, five rooms and a wide passage on the second floor, with spacious cellars and convenient offices, kitchens, quarters for servants, coacherie, stables and all other out-buildings needed on a great estate;" and that

there was a large garden adjacent, stored with a great variety of fruits all in good condition.

The writer visited the ruins of the home in the spring of 1894 and traced out, and measured the foundations, and found them to be of the following dimensions: the foundations of the main building, sixty by thirty-six feet, with walls twenty-seven inches thick and cemented with mortar made from oyster shells, which had become extremely hard and tenacious. The cellar had occupied the whole area, and was seven feet deep, with partition walls twenty-four inches in thickness, with pavements of bricks seven inches square and four inches thick. Outside of the gable walls were heaps of quarry stones, denoting that there had been outside chimneys with large foundations. Everything about the parts of the walls still left intact, told of massiveness. Large trees had grown up from the *debris* inside of the foundations, and briars everywhere trailing, gave to the spot a desolate appearance. The mansion had been enclosed by a wall of bricks, the wide foundations of which may still be traced through their entire extent of one hundred and fifty by one hundred feet. Adjacent are the ruins of five other brick buildings, presumably the great kitchen, the coacherie, and quarters for the house-servants; and in front, on the river bank, two hundred feet above the rippling tide, were the ruins of the summer house, which had commanded so many pleasant views and fair prospects. There is but an acre or so of cleared ground about the ruins. This must have been the site of the "garden," for there were thousands of daffodils waving their golden petals in the morning breeze, just as they had done when my Lady Fairfax was wont to tread those now neglected paths in the long, long years before. Through all the times of the coming and going of the many spring times, they had faithfully kept up their bright successions, and were yet remaining, silent mementoes of the kindly care of vanished hands. But every vestige of the choice fruit trees, described by Washington had disappeared, saving some veteran pear and cherry trees, which were yet thrifty-looking and white with bloom. A grape-vine eight inches in diameter was still vigorous by the fallen walls, its branches again putting forth buds with the return of another spring. The wells, from out of whose cooling depths so many refreshing draughts had been drawn by the "old oaken bucket" for man and beast, were choked and dry. The desolation was complete. But the morning sun was shining warm and radiant over it all. The buds of the forest boughs were opening into foliage. The glad spring birds were lightly flitting, and chirping their songs of love; and hard by, the rippling waters of the beautiful river, were hurrying on in their seaward course, just as when the watchful eyes and careful hands of the masters were there, to order and direct all things aright.

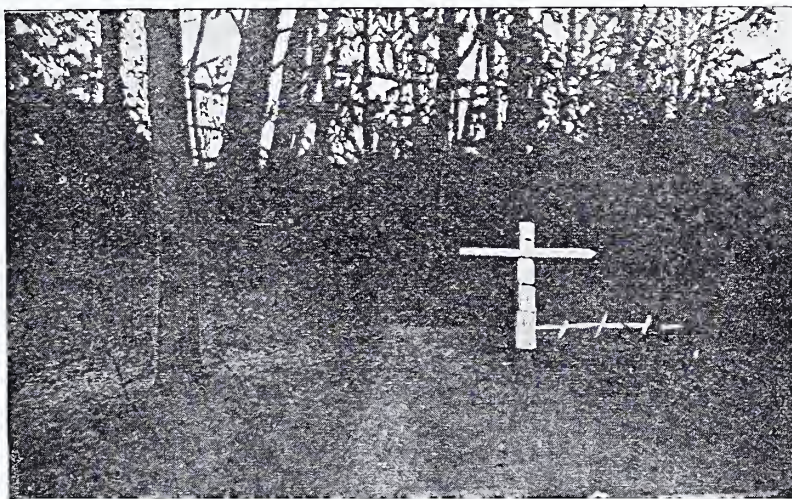
In the woods near adjoining, rows of sunken mounds indicated the family burial-place. A score of graves may still be counted, without stone or vestige of enclosure. The marble slabs which had marked the last resting place of William Fairfax and Deborah, his wife, the first master and mistress, and which had remained intact until a few years before the war, had been sacrilegiously broken up and carried away.

The inscription read as follows:

"HERE REST THE REMAINS OF DEBORAH CLARKE FAIRFAX WHO DEPARTED THIS TROUBLESOME LIFE
ON THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF — 1747 IN THE SIXTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.
SHE WAS THE WIDOW OF FRANCIS CLARKE OF NEW SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS COLONY, AND LATE WIFE
OF WILLIAM FAIRFAX, ESQ., COLLECTOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS ON THE SOUTH POTOMAC,
AND ONE OF THE KING'S HONORABLE COUNCIL OF VIRGINIA. IN EVERY STATION OF LIFE
SHE WAS WORTHY OF IMITATION. A FAITHFUL AND LOVING WIFE. THE BEST OF MOTHERS.
A SINCERE AND AMIABLE FRIEND. IN ALL RELIGIOUS DUTIES WELL INSTRUCTED AND
OBSERVANT, AND HAS GONE WHERE ONLY SUCH VIRTUES CAN BE REWARDED."

The tablet over the grave of the proprietor and master of the homestead who died 1757 disappeared long before that of the mistress. Some portions of the old enclosure were still lying around the burial place and with these the writer improvised a rude cross over the remains of the two, as represented in the picture of the place, and gathering some wild flowers blooming near by, strewed them about with kindly regard to light up for the hour at least, the utter loneliness of the spot.

Surely this place of sepulture, presenting in its loneliness and neglect so saddening a contrast to the kindly, reverential care which has been bestowed by a grateful people upon the home and last resting-place of his neighbor and early companion, George Washington, deserves a fitting enclosure, and should receive at the hands of friends and descendants that care and loving attention which the eminent worth and characters of the sleepers there entombed so well deserve. Who then of all Virginians who fondly cherish the memories of the ante-revolutionary days and revere the men who were instrumental in evolving their state and national governments from colonial chaos will now come forward and initiate a movement for the accomplishment of this object. Not only should an inclosure be provided, but a monument to their memory as well.



GRAVES OF WILLIAM AND DEBORAH FAIRFAX.

"Where shall once the wanderer weary
Meet his resting-place and shrine:
Under palm trees by the Ganges,
Under lindens of the Rhine?
Shall I somewhere in the desert
Owe my grave to stranger hands?

Or upon some lonely seashore
Rest at last beneath the sands?
'Tis no matter! God's wide heaven
Must surround me there as here:
And as death lamps o'er me swinging
Night by night the stars burn clear."

The old road running down from the mansion to the river's edge over which Washington so frequently passed in his visits by water to his friends the Fairfaxes with whom he was on the most intimate and cordial relations, may still be traced through a growth of pines, oaks and cedars.

Here at Belvoir in those primitive times lived like feudal magnates, the representatives of the honorable Fairfax family, who marrying and giving in marriage with other noted scions of Virginia, saw their wealth and influence steadily increase as the years passed on.

As we behold the mansion now, in imagination after the lapse of a century and a half, with the help of not only Washington's description, but with that of accounts gathered from old inhabitants of the neighborhood, many years since dust, and with the aid of the tracings of the ruins already described, our idea is that of a stately manor house, very similar, in outline and finish, to most of the colonial dwellings still to be seen in Virginia, down to two generations ago. It has two stories and an attic, with steep over jutting roofs, dormer windows, and huge outside chimneys of stone. There are belfry, and outlook, and ample verandas, for the summer breezes, and views of the near flowing river. Within, the halls and rooms are spacious, with high ceilings, wainscoted and panelled walls, and the fireplaces are wide for warmth and cheery flames. This is our ideal of the "Belvoir House." There is not only a

"fruit garden" as has been stated, with bountiful supply of varieties of fruits, but there is a garden of flowers where "my lady Fairfax" has her box-bordered beds of lady-slippers, sweet-williams, marigolds, shrubs, lilacs, and the like; and there are winding paths, and carriage ways around the mansion, which lead down under the branches of great oaks, to the edge of the rippling waters or out into the broad fields adjoining.

As we see it, it was an inviting retreat, a home where taste and toil had well done their parts to beautify and adorn the surroundings.

The apartments of the house, judging from partial inventories of the household effects sold at two public sales in 1774, must have been furnished as comfortably and luxuriously as any "Old England" manor house of that period. The purchases made by Col. George Washington in August, 1774, alone amounted to nearly two hundred pounds sterling. They were as follows:

1 mahogany shaving desk 4 £, 1 settee bed and furniture 13 £, 4 mahogany chairs 4 £, 1 chamber carpet 1 £ 1s, 1 oval glass with gilt frame in the "green room" 4 £ 5s, 1 mahogany chest and drawers in Mrs. Fairfax's chamber 12 £ 10s, 1 mahogany sideboard 12 £ 5s, 1 mahogany cistern and stand 4 £, 1 mahogany voider, a dish tray and knife tray 1 £ 10s; 1 Japan bread tray 7s, 12 chairs and 3 window curtains from dining room 31 £, 1 looking glass and gilt frame 13 £ 5s, 2 candle sticks and a bust of Shakespeare 1 £ 6s, 3 floor carpets in gentlemen's room 3 £ 5s, 1 large carpet 11 £; 1 mahogany wash desk, &c., 1 £ 2s 6d; 1 mahogany close stool 1 £ 10s, 2 mattresses 4 £ 10s, 1 pair andirons, tongs, fender and shovel, 3 £ 10s; 1 pair andirons, tongs, fender and shovel, 3 £ 17s 6d; 1 pair andirons, tongs, fender and shovel, 1 £ 17s 6d; 1 pair dog irons in great kitchen 3 £, 1 hot rache 4 £, 1 roasting fork 2s 6d, 1 plate basket 3s, 1 mahogany spider make tea table 1 £ 11s, 1 screen 10s, 1 carpet 2 £ 15s, 1 pair bellows and brush 11s, 2 window curtains 2 £, 1 large marble mortar 1 £ 1s, 1 hot rache in cellar 1 £ 7s 6d. 2 mahogany card tables 4 £, 1 bed, pair of blankets, 19 coverlets, pillows, bolsters and 1 mahogany table, 11 £; bottles and pickle pots 14s, 1 dozen mountain wine 1 £ 4s, 4 chariot glasses frames 12s 6d, 12 pewter water plates 1 £.

Another inventory of the Belvoir house furniture is given by Conway in his "Barons of the Potomac." This was sold at a public sale in December of 1774.

In the dining room—1 mahogany 5 ft. sideboard table 5 £ 5s, 1 pair mahogany square card tables 5 £ 5s, 1 oval cistern on frame 2 £ 17s, 1 knife tray 6s, 1 scalloped mahogany stand 14s, 2 dish trays 1 £ 12s, 1 large mahogany cut rim tea tray 1 £ 10s, 1 scone glass, gilt in burnished gold, 15 £; 12 mahogany chairs 17 £, 12 covers for chairs 1 £ 10s, 3 crimson marine drapery curtains 11 £ 5s, 1 large wilton Persian carpet 9 £ 15s, 1 pair tongs, shovel, dogs and fender 1 £ 10s.

In the parlor—1 mahogany table and 1 glass to take off 3 £ 15s, 1 mahogany spider leg table 2 £ 5s, 1 folding fire screen lined with yellow 1 £ 1s, 2 mahogany arm chairs 5 £ 5s, 1 chimney glass 10 £, dogs, tongs, shovel and fender, 2 £ 14s 6d; 2 Saxon green plain drapery curtains 5 £.

In Mrs. Fairfax's chamber—1 mahogany chest of drawers 8 £ 10s, 1 bedstead and curtains 8s, window curtains 1 £ 15s, 4 chairs 3 £ 2s, covers for same 8s, 1 dressing table 10 £, 1 pair dogs, shovel and tongs, 1 £ 13s.

In Col. Fairfax's drawing room—1 oval glass in burnished gold 5 £ 10s, 1 mahogany shaving table 3 £ 3s, 1 mahogany desk, &c., 16 £ 16s; 4 chairs and covers 4 £ 8s, 1 mahogany settee bedstead, Saxon green, 7 £ 18s, covers for same 9s, 1 mahogany Pembroke table 1 £ 18s, dogs, shovel, tongs and fender, 1 £ 13s, utensils for kitchen 20 £.

Another inventory of many other articles of furniture we omit for want of space.

As our readers may be curious to know something about the stock of literature in a gentleman's library as well as of the style of his household furniture one hundred and fifty years ago on the banks of the Potomac, we give the inventory of the books of William Fairfax in his Belvoir home as follows: *Batavia illustrated*, *London Magazine*, 7 vols., *Parkinson's Herbal*, *Knolle's History of the Turkish Empire*, *Coke's Institutes of the laws of England*, 3 vols., *England's Recovery*, *Laws of the colony of Massachusetts Bay*, *Laws of Merchants*, *Laws of Virginia*, *Complete Clerk and Conveyancer*, *Hawkin's Pleas of the Crown*, *Gunnell's Offences of the Realm of England*, *Ainsworth's English and Latin Dictionary*, *Haine's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, *Blackmore's Prince Arthur*, *History of the Twelve Cesars by Seutonius*, *John Calvin's Institution of Religion*, *Fuller's Church History from its Rise*, *Locke on the Human Understanding*, *A New Body of Geography*, *Croope's Law Reports*, *Heylin's Cosmography* in 4 vols. *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, *Political Discourses* by Henry, Earl of Monmouth, *Wooten's State of Christendom*, *Hobart's Law Reports*, *Johnson's Excellency of Monarchical Government*, *Latin and French Dictionary*, *Langley's Pomona or Gardening*, *A Political Piece*, *Strada's History of the Low Country Wars*, *Spanish and*

English Dictionary, Latin Bible, A Poem on Death, Judgment and Hell, Knox's Martyrology, Jacob's Law Dictionary, Chamberlayne's Great Britain, Hughes's Natural History of Barbadoes, Laws of His Majesty's Plantations. The way to get Wealth. This, in those early times of bookmaking, was doubtless considered not only an extensive library, but a learned one for a private home, and may be taken now as an index of the general drift and bent of the literary inclinations of the Belvoir Fairfaxes. It was all solid reading; though in these days, when styles and tastes in literature are so widely different, it would be accounted very dry reading, and not of much value or interest by the general reader; and one cannot help speculating now, after the lapse of so long a time, how variously, in the mutations of the generations the quaint volumes of the collection were scattered after their sale, into what different hands they passed, and whether any of them are still in existence in any library of to-day. Doubtless they found their way in the course of years into the lofts and garrets of the surrounding neighborhoods, were over and over resold at public auctions and were eventually considered as rubbish and went the ways of destruction.

Lord Thomas Fairfax did not visit the new world until the year 1739, and then he did not come with a decided intention of permanently remaining. However, he spent a year in examining the country and then returned to England. But he had been so well pleased by his Virginia empire, its delightful climate, its virgin freshness and beauty, the fertility of its lands and their varied resources, that after settling up his personal affairs, disposing of his commission in the "Royal Blues" and giving to his cousin Robert his Kentish estates, he determined to bid a long adieu to the home of his nativity—a longer one perhaps than he imagined it would be; for he never recrossed the seas, but died forty years afterward, a veritable hermit in the Shenandoah valley, at the extreme age of 93 years. For six years he tarried with his cousin and agent, William, in the newly erected mansion at Belvoir; and it was during some part of this time that he first met the youthful Washington, just fresh from the instruction of "Hobbs" and "Williams," who had taught him the mysteries of the three R's and a smattering of land surveying and had assured him doubtless that he was then ready to begin the great battle of life. And here it was that the great proprietor made a contract with the young graduate of fifteen to brave the perils and dangers of a but slightly explored wilderness, inhabited by treacherous Indians and half breeds, to assist his cousin, George William Fairfax, to survey and map out his remoter possessions in the Shenandoah valley.

Early in the year 1750 William Fairfax, accompanied by his son-in-law, Major John Carlyle, of Belle Haven, made a visit to England, from which place he wrote home a number of letters still extant, and which would be very interesting reading did space allow of their publication here in our story of Belvoir.

George Wm. Fairfax born as already noticed in Nassau in 1724 succeeded on his father's death which occurred in 1757 to his large estate, and he was heir apparent to the Barony of Cameron. He had been educated in England as was then the usage with the sons of the wealthy colonists. Like his father William he had found favor among his neighbors on account of his many estimable qualities and from time to time he had served them in various public capacities of trust and honor.

In 1748 while a member of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Carey, daughter of Col. Wilson Carey, and in a letter to his cousin Lord Thomas Fairfax he wrote "Dear Cousin Tom, while attending at the General Assembly I have had several opportunities of visiting Miss Carey, and finding her an amiable person, and to represent all the favorable reports made of her, I addressed myself and having obtained the young lady's and the parents' consent we are to be married on the 17th inst."

In 1773, accompanied by his wife he went to England to look after some property he had recently inherited there. They never returned to Virginia, but both died and were buried at Bath, England, without issue, he in 1787, she in 1811.

On his way over he passed the ships which brought to the colonies the ill-fated cargoes of tea which were either burned or cast overboard in the harbors of Boston, Annapolis and Bridgeton. Washington consented to act as his agent at home in his absence, supposing the agency would be of but short duration. But owing to long delays in the settlement of his English affairs and the occurrence of the political troubles of the colonies, he never returned to Virginia, although it had been his intention to do so and rebuild the Belvoir Mansion. He finally directed his agent, George Washington to dispose of his household furniture and the stocks and fixtures of the plantation and to lease the premises of Belvoir. A sale was accordingly held on the estate in August, 1774, which continued two days; and a second sale was held in December of the same year. The inventories of the articles of the household furnishings as far as can now be gathered have already been given. The property was then leased to Rev. Andrew Martin, a cousin, for a term of seven years, but in a short time after, the old home was destroyed by fire. The owner's long absence and the fact that the place was desolate, together with the excitement, and derangement of business incident to the revolutionary war, caused the whole estate to rapidly depreciate in value. The long and incessant cultivation of tobacco and corn crops, chiefly of the former, had absorbed the virgin fertility of the soil, and the broad fields which had formerly been so clamorous with the shouts and refrains of the negro gangs, one by one had lapsed back into wilderness conditions.

It was very natural that Washington who had been so often a welcome guest in the cheerful, hospitable apartments of the now blackened and desolate walls should write to a friend shortly after, of his great sorrow whenever he visited the ill-fated place. In that letter to one of the Fairfaxes in England he says: "It is a matter of sore regret when I cast my eyes toward Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect that the former occupants of it with whom I lived in such harmony and friendship are there no more, and that the ruins can only be viewed as the mementoes of former pleasures."

After the removal of George William Fairfax to England, Washington, in a letter to him in June, 1786, thus expressed himself: "Though envy is no part of my nature, yet the picture you have drawn of your present home and way of living is enough to create a strong desire in me to be a participant in the tranquility and rural amusements you have described as your lot. I am getting into the latter as fast as I can, being determined to make the remainder of my life easy, let the affairs of it go as they may. I am not a little obliged to you for the assurance of contributing to this by procuring for me a buck and a doe of the best English deer; and in regard to the offer of my good friend, Mrs. Fairfax, I have to say that I will receive with great pleasure and gratitude the seeds of any trees or shrubs she may be pleased to send me which are not natives of this country, but reconcilable to its climate; and while my attentions are bestowed upon the nurture of them, they would, if anything were necessary to do it, remind me of the happy moments I have spent in conversations on this and other subjects with your lady at Belvoir."

Early in 1775 Washington relinquished the agency of the Belvoir estate, as his time was chiefly absorbed by the pressing duties imposed upon him by the imminence of the revolutionary struggle.

Years ago this estate of Belvoir with its two thousand five hundred acres of good farming lands, passed from the hands of the Fairfax family; and with the exception of about two hundred and fifty acres the entire area has lapsed back to a veritable wilderness, chiefly of pines and cedars, which have grown up from the ridges, still, everywhere to be seen, of the old corn and tobacco crops. Once, nearly every acre of its arable portions was under tillage, but as the impoverishing process of cropping without remuneration to the soil went on, through the generations, as was so often the case in old Virginia, the wornout acres here and there were abandoned to the invasion of the wiry sedge grass and wild wood growth. The encroachments were slow but sure, for there were no hands to check nor stay their progress. Now, this wilderness is awaiting the coming of axes and hoes and ploughs which, in the hands of capable, industrious, and practical settlers, will reverse the order of nature, clear the cumbered

lands, turn anew the kindly furrows, scatter again the seeds, gather again the harvests and build up in the wastes, homes of comfort, with gardens and orchards, and all the surroundings which make rural life so pleasant and desirable.

Almost within sight of the National Capital, lying on tide water, and near to the line of the new Electric Railway, the realization of all these possibilities cannot, we think, be so very remote; and some lover of the picturesque and beautiful, with historic pride and veneration for the associations of the "dear, dead past beyond recall," which linger around the famous locality by the "grand old river," will, we trust, come with ample means and classic taste, and on the foundations of the old Fairfax home, erect a structure which will be worthy of the superb situation and the story of its memorable events.

In 1814 what portion of the walls of Belvoir were left standing from the fire, were leveled by the shot from the British fleet of General Gordon when retreating down the river from the sacking of Alexandria. Little did George William think, such is the irony of fate, when at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle, with a leaning to the British side of the controversy, he passed out over the threshold of his stately home, on his way to England, that it would be soon burned, and that British shot and shell would finish up what the flames had left of it to be destroyed.

George William Fairfax, born 1724, was married to Sarah Carey, daughter of Col. Wilson Carey of Celeys on James River, in 1748. A few years before the American Revolution he and his wife left Belvoir and went to England expecting to return, but never did. They died at Bath, he in 1787, she in 1811.

The curious wayfarer of our time who strays by the site of the once stately mansion of Belvoir will find only fallen walls, blackened hearthstones, mounds of briar grown bricks and rubbish, to mark the historic spots where through so many years went on the long forgotten routine of domestic events and incidents of colonial life in the Fairfax family succession. Of all these events and incidents which would be fraught with so much interest to the present generation, only the most fragmentary accounts have come down to us through either written record or word of tradition. Only here and there a canvas memory—some familiar names, and some wandering, vague report of grace and loveliness and gallant exploit. Their failings are lost sight of and no longer dwell in living recollection. Let them so remain, bright images gilded by the sunlight of the past and clad in all their halo of romance—with nothing hidden by the distance but their human imperfections. We know that in connection with Mount Vernon, this home of the Fairfaxes was one of the chief social centres of the tide water region of the Old Dominion, with always open doors and a generous hospitality for the coming guest. We know that within its walls our Washington was an oftentimes and welcome guest. From Mount Vernon it was but a few minutes' sail or pull with the oars; and well he knew how to handle both. Here it was that he met the charming Miss Mary Carey, sister of Mrs. George Fairfax, and became conscious for the first time in his stripling years of the conquering fascinations of female charms, only to be denied afterwards the coveted privilege of being a suitor and claimant of the hand and heart of the young lady by the stern and unyielding father, who failed to perceive in the young aspirant a prospect of that wealthy and influential alliance which he had contemplated for his daughter. "His heiress," said the haughty old cavalier, "had been used to riding in her own chariot attended by servitors." The love-lorn youth pressed no more his claim after such an unexpected rebuff, and never saw her but once again. That was when he nodded to her pallid and fainting visage in a window of the old capital of Williamsburg, when he rode through on his triumphal march, with waving banners and music playing, from the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. We know also that Lord Thomas Fairfax, the proprietor, the scholar and graduate of Oxford, and the friend of Addison, the whilom devotee of fashion and gayety in old London town, and the jilted and inconsolable lover, was for years a dweller under the same roof. We know, too, that in those halls were gravely talked over and considered by many great minds of the time, various measures for the public weal in the infant colony, preparatory to their proposal and final enactment in the House of Burgesses at the vice-regal capital

of Williamsburg. This is all of the story which has come down to us through the long lapse of the years. The rest of it for the most part is silent forever with the dust of the many actors of those times. Some of it may still be preserved in musty letters and other papers in old lofts and garrets, some time, it may be, to be rescued and unfolded for the curious listener by faithful chroniclers yet to come. But in our fondness for all such reminiscences of the olden times, we may go back in imagination through the dim and shadowy vistas of the past, and giving loose rein to fancy, let it summon up and

This is the only colonial dwelling left standing on the Belvoir estate. In 1814 it was the headquarters of Captain, afterwards Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame and the other officers of the militia troops of Virginia and Maryland who so persistently disputed with their hastily improvised batteries and sharpshooters the passage of Commodore Gordon's British fleet returning from their raid on Alexandria. In the fields adjoining, the plow-share every year turns up solid shot and shells which were thrown at the batteries by the fleet.

OLD HOUSE ON THE BELVOIR ESTATE.



reincarnate for us the many other guests of high degree who came and went from year to year over those thresholds as social or other occasions invited.

Let us for a time be spectators within those old halls with their massive oaken doors and wide fireplaces, and their wainscoted and pannelled walls whereon hang fowling-pieces and antlers of the chase, and from which look down ancestral faces, and appear

pictures of old castles and scenes of battle. Many shadowy forms stand out in strange outline before our wondering visions. We smile at their quaint costumes and their ways of speech, but they are men and women well bred, with courtly manners and comely lineaments, and they please us well by their easy dignity and stately demeanor. They pass on and vanish. Another group comes up—a group of neighbors and friends listening intently to the “freshest advices” by the latest ships just in from London. Amsterdam, or Barbadoes to Alexandria or Dumfries, it may have been, after a voyage of weeks or months. The *London Gazette* informs them of the “wars and rumors of wars” in Europe, of the campaign in Germany and India, and of the course of hostilities between England and France; and precious letters are read telling of how all is going with friends they left behind them in the homes so far away over the seas.

The scene changes. Strains of music are floating on the air, and ladies fair, and gay gallants bow gracefully to each other and trip gaily through the mazes of the minuet. Meanwhile, as the music and the dance go on, my Lord Thomas sits complacently in his easy armchair, attired in velvet coat, and ruff, doublet and silken hose and buckles. His dancing days are over, for he has passed his threescore milestone, and his hair is well silvered o’er, but he watches intently the gliding figures over the oaken floor, and mayhap, his thoughts are far away in halls of Yorkshire or Kent, or old London, when in his heyday of life he, too, had tripped so gaily with the giddy girl who had so cruelly won his heart and then played him false for another. The old baron is genial and kindly to all, and everybody is fond of him and graciously defers to his lineage and experience. He chats pleasantly with the guests, delights in their merriment, and anon, in drowsy mood, goes nodding, and then passes away to the land of dreams. We linger still, and the scene again changes. The blessed Christmas tide comes round. The busy note of preparation is rife in parlor and kitchen, the hickory yule logs are piled and lighted, and their cheery and warming flames go trooping up the great stone chimneys into the midwinter night. The holly branches and mistletoe boughs are hung on the walls. Genial and convivial friends, young and old, come in from anear and afar, and there is full measure of kindly feeling and good cheer and a jocund time for all. The bountiful board smokes as in old England’s manorial homesteads, with savory venison, wild turkey, and the wild boar’s head from the surrounding forests. As we wait still longer in the shadows of the old mansion we may still give wider range to fancy, and call up to view scenes of mirth and rejoicing, as when joyous bridal bells were chiming; or scenes of sorrow and mourning, as when funeral bells were tolling. And, waiting still longer with the coming and going of the years, we may note the passing out over the threshold of the old mansion its master and mistress, to take that long voyage across the ocean which was to separate them forever from their Virginia home. And yet a little longer we will wait, till the household heirlooms and treasures are sold under the hammer of the auctioneer and are scattered widely over the lands, and finally, till that baleful day comes, when those storied walls go down in fire and crumble to dust, and there is an end to all the times of glad meetings and good cheer—of all the times of song and music and the dance, and of all the kindly greetings and farewells at the ancient homestead of Belvoir.

The years

Have gone, and with them many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Their mark is on each brow,
Their shadows in each heart In their swift course
They waved their sceptres o’er the beautiful,
And they are not. They laid their pallid hands

Upon the strong man, and the haughty form

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim—

They trod the hall of revelry, where throng’d

The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail

Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song

And reckless shout resounded.

These are only the picturings of fancy, and to many they may seem idle and vague, even foolish; but they are picturings which some of us love to linger over, and are loth to let pass from our visions, for they touch responsive chords of our hearts and set them to rhythm and accord with all that belongs to those remote but cherished times; and as the vistas lengthen and grow dimmer we shall but cling to them and love them all the more.

Scattered over the tide-water region of Virginia, are hundreds of such heaps of bricks and stones, as those to be seen on the site of the old house of Belvoir we have been de-

scribing; and they arrest the attention of the thoughtful passer and tell to him mute but pathetic and impressive stories of the past, of rural mansions, of the great Virginia estates where culture, refinement, and a generous hospitality abounded. Only a few of the typical old buildings remain for us, and these are passing rapidly from view, and the time is not far distant when the last of these landmarks of the vice-regal and revolutionary times will be no more.

GREENWAY COURT.

WHERE LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX LIVED.

Not far from the little village of Milwood, in the Shenandoah Valley, there stood a few years ago an ancient mansion of peculiar interest. It was plainly a relic of the remote past— quaint in style, and suggestive to the beholder of strange circumstances and histories. Tall locusts of a century's growth surrounded it, and waved their spreading branches over its steep roof and windows.



THOMAS SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX.

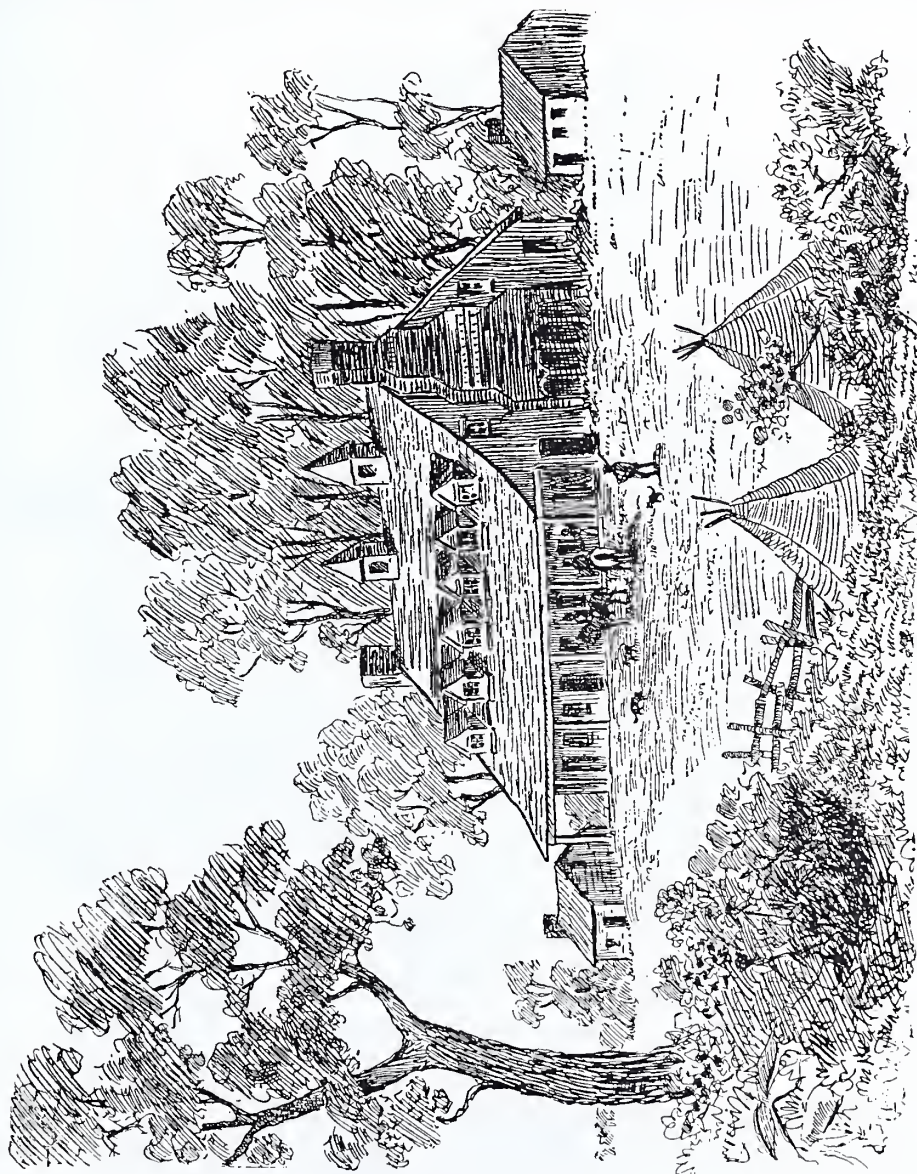
From a painting in the Masonic Lodge Room, Alexandria.

This ancient mansion was once the home of an English nobleman, who only chanced to live in Virginia, and did not directly influence to any considerable measure the events of the period in which he was an actor. And what, it may be asked, had Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, the sixth of the name, of Greenway Court, in the Shenandoah Valley, to do with the history of this era? What did he perform, and why is a place demanded for him in our annals? The answer is not difficult. With this notable person who has passed to his long rest, and lies nearly forgotten in the old church at Winchester is connected a name which will never be forgotten. His was the high mission to shape in no small measure the immense strength of George Washington. His hand pointed attention to the rising planet of this great life, and opened its career toward the zenith—the planet which shines now, the polar star of our liberties, set in the stormy skies of the Revolution. The brilliance of that star no man can now increase nor obscure, as no cloud can dim it, yet, once it was un-

known, and needed the assistance, which Lord Fairfax afforded.

Any account of the youth of Washington must involve no small reference to the old fox-hunting Baron who took an especial fancy for him when he was a boy of sixteen, and greatly aided in developing his capabilities and character. Fairfax not only thus shaped by his counsels the unfolding mind of the young man, but placed the future leader of the American Revolution in that course of training which hardened his muscles, toughened his manhood, taught him self-reliance, and gave him that military re-

pute in the public eye, which secured for him at a comparatively early age the appointment of commander-in-chief of the Continental armies over all competitors. First and last, Fairfax was the fast and continuing friend of Washington, and not even the struggle for independence in which they espoused opposite sides, operated to weaken this regard. In imagination let us look at this old house in which Lord Thomas passed about thirty years of his bachelor life. It stands before us on a green knoll—solitary, almost, in the great wilderness, and all its surroundings impress us with ideas of pioneer life and habits. It is a long, low building, constructed of the limestone of the region.



GREENWAY COURT.
The home of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, in the Shenandoah Valley.

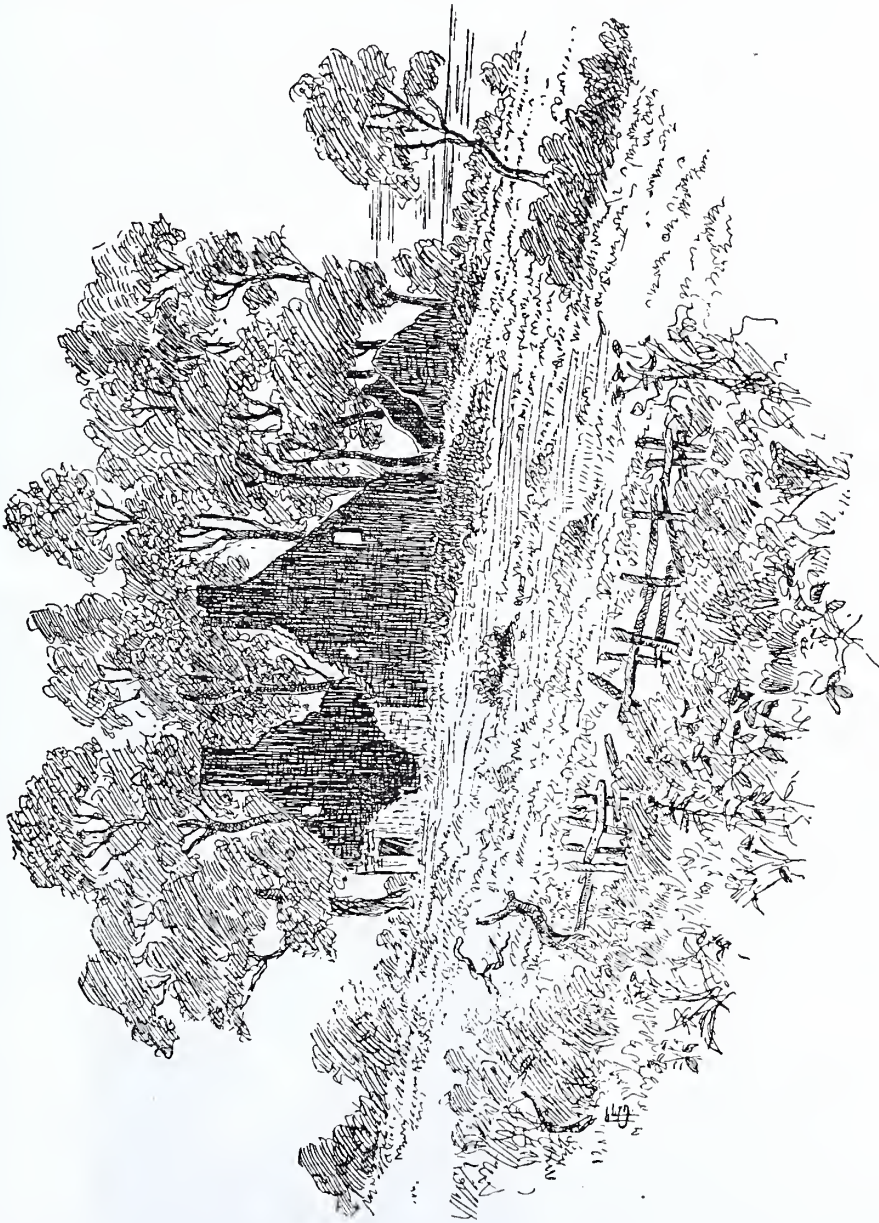
A row of dormer windows stands prominently out from its steep over-hanging roof, and massive chimneys of stone appear outside of its gables which are studded with coops around which swarm swallows and martins. From the ridge of the roof rise two belfries or lookouts, constructed probably by the original owner to give the alarm in case of an invasion by the savages. Not many paces from the old mansion was a small log house in which the eccentric proprietor slept, surrounded by his dogs, of which he was passionately fond; the large edifice having been assigned to his steward. A small

cabin of stone near the north end of the house was his office; and in this he transacted all the business of his vast possessions, giving quit-rents, signing deeds, and holding audiences to adjust claims and boundary lines. Scattered over the knoll were the quarters for his many servants. And here in the midst of dogs and horses, back-woodsmen, Indians, half-breeds, and squatters, who feasted daily at his plentiful board, the fine gentleman of Pall Mall, the friend of Joseph Addison, passed more than a quarter of a century. He lived in this frontier locality the life of a recluse. He had brought with him an ample library of books, and these were welcome companionship for him in his solitary hours. Ten thousand acres of land around his unpretentious lodge he had allotted for a manorial estate, with the design at some time of erecting upon it a castle for a residence. This design he never executed.

At the age of twenty-five, Lord Fairfax was one of the gayest of the young men of London society. He went the rounds of dissipation with the fondest enjoyment, and was considered one of the finest beaux of his day. He was well received by all classes. Young noblemen, dissipating rapidly their patrimonial substance, found in him a congenial companion in their intrigues and revels. Countesses permitted him to kiss their jewelled hands and when he made his bow in their drawing-rooms, received him with their most patronizing smiles. But our young lord after a time found himself arrested in his gay round of pleasures in the haunts of silk stockings and hooped petticoats. He had revolved like a gaily-colored moth about many beautiful luminaries without singeing his wings, but his hour of fate came. One of the beauties of the time transfixed him. He circled in closer and closer gyrations. His pinions were caught in the blaze, and he was a hopeless captive. My Lord Fairfax no longer engaged in revels or the rounds of dissipation, but like a sensible lover accepted the new conditions, and sought only to make everything ready for a life of real happiness in the nuptials of two loving and confiding hearts. He turned resolutely from the frivolous past and looked only to the promising future, which he saw as if unfolding something higher and more substantial for his achievement and enjoyment. Then the real sweetness and depth of his truer nature revealed themselves from beneath the wrappings of dissipation and vice. He gave up everything which had pleased him for this woman and all that he now asked was permission to take his affianced away from the dangerous atmosphere of the court, and to live with her peacefully as a good nobleman of the provinces. He loved her passionately, and wished to discard all who threatened to interfere with the exclusive enjoyment of her society. All his resources were taxed to supply the most splendid marriage gifts; and absorbed in this delightful dream of love, his happiness was raised to the empyrean. But he was destined to have a sudden awakening from his dream, a terrible, almost fatal fall from his cloudland. He had expended the wealth of his deep and earnest nature on a coquette—his goddess was a woman simply—and a very shallow one. She threw Fairfax carelessly overboard, and married a nobleman who won her by the superior attractions of a ducal coronet. Thus struck doubly in his pride and his love, Fairfax looked around him in despair for some retreat to which he might fly and forget in a measure his sorrows. London was hateful to him, the country no less distasteful. He could not again plunge into the mad whirl of the one, nor rust away in the dull routine of the other. His griefs demanded action to dissipate them—adventure, new scenes—another land was needed. This process of reflection turned the young man's thoughts to the lands in far away Virginia which he held in right of his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpeper, to whom they had originally been granted; and finally he bade adieu to England and came over the seas. Such were the events in the early life of this gentleman which brought him to Virginia.

The house of Belvoir to which Lord Fairfax came was the residence, as has already been stated, of William Fairfax his cousin, to whom he had intrusted the management of his Virginia lands. Lawrence Washington, the eldest brother of George had married a daughter of William; and now commences the connection of the already aged proprietor and the boy of sixteen who was to lead the armies of the Revolution. Washington was a frequent inmate of the Belvoir home, and the boy was the chosen companion of the old Lord in his hunting expeditions. In the reckless sports of the

field the proprietor seemed to find the chief solace for his love-lorn griefs. Time slowly dissipated his despairing recollections, however, and now, as he approached the middle of that century, the dawn of which had witnessed so much of his misery, the softer traits of his character returned, and he was to those for whom he felt regard a most delightful and instructive companion. Almost every trace of personal attraction, though, had left him. Upwards of six feet in stature, gaunt, raw-boned, near-sighted, with light grey eyes, and a sharp aquiline nose, he was scarcely recognizable as the ele-



THE END OF GREENWAY COURT.

gant young nobleman of the days of Queen Anne. But time and reflection had mellowed his mind, and when he pleased, the old gentleman could enchain his hearers with brilliant conversation, of which his early training and experience had given him very great command. He had seen all the great characters of the period of his youth, had watched the unfolding of events and studied their causes. All the social history, the scandalous chronicles, the private details of celebrated personages had been famil-

iar to him, and his conversation thus presented a glowing picture of the past. Something of cynical wit still clung to him, and the fireside of Belvoir was the scene of much satiric comment between the old nobleman and his cousin William. But Fairfax preserved great fondness for youth, and took especial pleasure in the society of our George of Mount Vernon. He not only took him as a companion in his hunts, but liked to have the boy with him when he walked out; and it may be easily understood that the talks of the exile had a deep effect upon young Washington.

The import of Lord Fairfax's connection with the future commander-in-chief lies chiefly in the commission which he intrusted to Geo. Wm. Fairfax, his cousin, and Washington, the boy of seventeen, that of surveying and laying out his vast possessions in the Shenandoah Valley. Providence here as everywhere seemed to have directed the movements of man to work out His own special ends. This employment as surveyor on the wilderness frontiers was the turning-point in the young man's life, and the results of the expedition of three years in its influences on his habits and character, the information and self-reliance it gave him, and the hardships it taught him to endure are now the property of history.

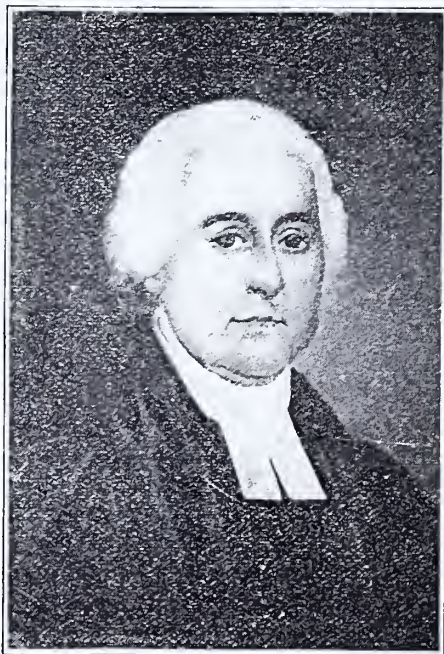
*It is not a part of our design to follow the young surveyor in his expedition which led him from Greenway Court to the headwaters of the Potomac where Cumberland now stands, and thence into the wilderness of the "Great South Branch," a country as wholly unknown as it was fertile and magnificent. He returned to Mount Vernon a new being, and the broad foundation of his character was laid.

The first act of his eventful life had been played—the early lessons of training and endurance thoroughly learned—the ground work of his subsequent exertions fixed; and the prudence, courage, coolness, and determination which he displayed on this arena, made him general-in-chief when the crisis came, of the forces of the Revolutionary struggle—Lord Fairfax had given him the impetus. From him he had received the direction of his genius, and to the attentive student of these early events the conviction becomes more and more absolute that Lord Fairfax was the great "influence" of his life. And the interest attaching to the career of this noble patron consists chiefly in his connection with the life of the rising hero. Having formed as we have seen in no small measure the character of the boy of seventeen, he lived to receive the tidings that this boy had overthrown forever the dominion of Great Britain in America on the field of Yorktown. So had Providence decreed; and the gray haired baron doubtless felt that he was only the humble servant in that all powerful Hand.

After Yorktown—after the supreme defeat of the proud English general by the lad whom he had trained, it was, as he said, "time for him to die."

His death took place in 1781, at the age of ninety-two, and his body lies buried in the old Episcopal churchyard at Winchester, Va. His barony and its prerogatives according to English law descended in the absence of a son to his eldest brother Robert, who thus became seventh Lord Fairfax. The latter died in Leed's Castle, England, 1791, without a son. The baronial title then fell to Rev. Bryan Fairfax, son of William Fairfax then dead, and brother-in-law of Lawrence Washington.

His main and last residence in Virginia was



RIGHT HON. REV. BRYAN, EIGHTH
LORD FAIRFAX.

Courtesy of Miss F. M. Burke.

*See "Story of Young Surveyors" by author.

Mount Eagle on a high eminence near Great Hunting Creek, Fairfax county. But he had another homestead known as "Towlston Hall," a few miles above Alexandria, destroyed by fire just before the Revolution. He became the Eighth Lord in descent, and died at Mount Eagle in 1802. He was probably buried in Ivy Hill Cemetery near Alexandria. On a tablet in this burial place erected by his granddaughter is the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.

RIGHT HON. REV. BRYAN, LORD FAIRFAX, BARON OF CAMERON
AND RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, FAIRFAX PARISH.

DIED AT MOUNT EAGLE, AUG. 7, 1802, AGED 78.

THE LORD FORSAKETH NOT THE SAINTS. THEY ARE PRESERVED FOREVER.

The last living heir to the title of Lord, in line of descent is Mr. Albert Fairfax of New York City. He has become by the recent death of his father, John Contee Fairfax of Maryland, the twelfth Baron.

The great landed estates of Lord Thomas Fairfax with their entails were in effect confiscated by the success of the American Revolution; and the legislature of Virginia in 1785 passed an act in relation to the Northern Neck, declaring that the landholders within said domain "should be forever after exonerated and discharged from all compositions and quit rents for the same." This was the end of the millions of acres of the royal Culpeper patent.

A daughter of Bryan Fairfax, "Sally," a favorite young friend of Washington, died in early womanhood. A son, Thomas, lived beyond the age of eighty and died at Vacluse near Seminary Hill, Va., in 1846, a zealous convert to the doctrines of Swedenborg. He was a man of broad and liberal views of human duties. He liberated all the slaves belonging to his patrimonial estate and was the originator of the African colonization society.

DESCENT OF THE FAIRFAX TITLE.

The Fairfaxes have been prominent personages during a thousand years of English and American history. Coming down through that history we find mention of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton near Otley on the banks of the river wharfe in Yorkshire. His eldest son Thomas was knighted for distinguished service before the city of Rouen in 1594 and in 1625 was created by Charles I, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, in the Scottish peerage. His son Ferdinando became second Lord Fairfax and was commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces at the battle of Marston Moor in 1644. His son Thomas became third Lord Fairfax and was generalissimo of the armies of parliament under Oliver Cromwell in the war against the forces of Charles I. His name was on the list of judges to try the King, but he was not present at the trial. He died in 1671 and was succeeded in the title by his cousin Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax, of the cavalier branch of the family. This nobleman's eldest son Thomas, fifth Baron Fairfax, was married to Catherine, daughter of Lord Culpeper, and his son Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, became proprietor of the "Northern Neck" in Virginia. He came to Virginia just previous to 1740 and lived the rest of his life, chiefly at Greenway Court in the Shenandoah Valley. His cousin Robert in England became seventh Lord, Bryan Fairfax son of William of Belvoir became eighth Lord. His son Thomas who died at an advanced age in 1846, succeeded to the title as ninth Lord. He was succeeded by his grandson Charles Snowden Fairfax, as tenth Lord. The title after his death fell to his brother, John Contee Fairfax as eleventh Lord. The last of the line is his son Albert Kirby Fairfax, of New York City as twelfth Lord.

WASHINGTON'S LAST VISIT TO HIS MOTHER.

HIS MIDNIGHT RIDE.

He speeds at night when the world is still,	A beacon bright as the guiding Star
Over lonely plain and meadow and hill;	The Eastern Magi sought afar—
His way is rugged and lonely and dim;	He sees the light of a mother's eyes
But a friendly beacon is shining for him—	Ever before his pathway rise!

Early on an April day of 1789 a wearied messenger arrived in haste at the gates of Mount Vernon. He had ridden from the city of New York, a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles, partly in lumbering stage coaches and partly on horseback over a highway abounding in ferries and fording places and much of it very rugged and difficult of passage.

The messenger was the venerable Charles Thompson, secretary of the Continental Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He had been commissioned by the new Congress under the Federal constitution to announce to Gen-

eral Washington in his retirement, that he had been unanimously chosen to be the chief magistrate of the United States.

The presence of the distinguished chief was urgently desired at the seat of government, and he immediately set himself about the arrangement of his domestic affairs preparatory to obeying the important summons. His new duties as president would make necessary a long absence from his home, in the distant metropolis, and he must hastily make a tour of inspection over his large estate to view the condition of his various plantations, note their prospects for crops and give all needed directions to his overlookers, for he was as careful and methodical in the management of his acres as he had been in the campaigns of the Revolution.

But he could not start on the long journey he had to make, until he had performed a sacred and very kindly duty.

Always filial in his disposition and dutiful in his deep emotions of gratitude to the American people for their spontaneous expression of their confidence in his ability to again serve them, he did not forget his mother who had ever been to him the kind and affectionate counsellor and abiding friend, and who had proved so influential in shaping and directing his young inclinations after having been so early bereft of the care and parental guidance of his father. She was living at her rural home near Fredericksburg, fifty miles distant. And although it had been but a short time since he had looked upon her furrowed face and received her blessings, he felt that under the circumstances he must now again behold her. She was aged and infirm, and it might be the last opportunity for him to see her among the living. So, when the shadow of evening had far lengthened and disappeared athwart the fields, he mounted his fleetest horse, and accompanied by his faithful servant started on his mission in obedience to the promptings of that inward monitor which from boyhood he seemed always to have considered decisive.

Passing the borders of his own pleasant domain he reached the wooded heights of Accotink as the last faint rays of the sunset were fading beyond the western hills. It was no broad highway that he had taken, with smooth, level turnpiked surface, albeit, it was the main stage road, the old "King's Highway" from Williamsburg, the provincial capital, up through the Northern Neck to the Shenandoah, and the road over which the early planters once rolled their tobacco wains, and drove their liveried coaches, or clattered fleetly with their thoroughbreds, though it was little better than a bridle path, rough and vexatious to the wayfarer. But our rider was no stranger to its gullied ways and winding courses, since that time fifty odd years before, when a small boy four or five years of age with his father Augustine and his mother Mary, and his little sister Betty and his younger brother Samuel, he was brought up in the family carriage from the old homestead in Westmoreland to the new home at Epsewasson, two miles below where now stands the mansion of Mount Vernon, a home not then established, though it had been projected by Augustine the father. Over the same road, thirty years before, when a young man of twenty-eight, he had ridden in his coach and four from Williamsburg with his bride, the widow Martha Custis to her new home at Mount Vernon.

Through the chill and lonely hours of the night did our Washington with the one great and controlling purpose in view ride on and on to his destination, sometimes through plantation clearing or straggling hamlet, and sometimes through stretches of woodland, fording or ferrying the many streams now deep and full with the spring time freshets.

At Colchester, eight miles away he drew in his horse's rein and tarried awhile for refreshments for man and beast, with mine host of the "Arms of Fairfax" a hostelry still standing solitary in the wastes of the vanished town. When he again mounted his horse and clattered down the street of the drowsy hamlet to the banks of the Occoquan, the ferryman made haste to set the distinguished wayfarer over the swiftly flowing stream, as many a time he had done before, and bid him speed over the hills and valleys of Prince William.

On and on he pursues his solitary way. He leaves behind him the highlands of romantic Occoquan, and the roaring of its cascades die away in the distance. He crosses

the waters of the Neabseo, Quantico, Choppawamsic, Aquia, and Potomac creeks into the sandy lowlands of Stafford and Spottsylvania.

As he sped fast through the watches of the night with no token or sound of life to relieve the stillness of the surroundings save here and there the glimmering light in lonely farm house or negro cabin, or the baying of watch dog or croaking of frog in the wayside fen, how profound and varied must have been the thoughts that drifted through the mind of the great man.

For thirty years he had been prominently connected with the history of the colonies, had been through many years a member of the Virginia Assembly, had been a member of the Continental Congress, had been conspicuously instrumental with other compatriots in developing and successfully directing the spirit of independence under the oppressive measures of Great Britain, had been commander-in-chief of the victorious American armies in the Revolution, and now was to be first President of the United States.

The road he passed over was historic. In 1676 the armed rangers and colonists, of the Bacon Rebellion under the lead of his own great grandfather Col. John Washington had hurried to their bloody work at Assaomeck and Piscataway. Over a portion of it in 1716 had clattered the Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe under the gallant Spottswood to open a way for the white man through the Alleghanies to the great West. Later, in 1740, Virginia's contingent of provincials passed over it to join the forces of Admiral Vernon fighting the Spaniards at Carthagen. Then in 1755 it had seen the passing of other Virginia troops on their way with Braddock to fight the French and Indians on the banks of the Ohio, and in 1781 it was gay and noisy with the "continentals" going to and from Yorktown.

Before the early dawn, Washington had finished his journey, and damp with the night airs, was standing at the gate of the maternal home on the borders of the Rappahannock. Of the notable interview between the honored chief and his aged mother, George Washington Parke Custis, his adopted son, has left us this enthusiastic and interesting narrative.

"The President had come all unheralded and unannounced. After their first moment of greeting, he said, 'Mother, the people of our republic have been pleased with the most flattering unanimity to elect me their chief magistrate, but before I can assume the functions of the office, I have come hastily to bid you an affectionate farewell, and to ask your maternal blessings. So soon as the weight of public business which must necessarily attend the beginnings of a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten back to Virginia'—and here the matron interrupted him with—'And then you will not see me. My great age and the disease which is fast hastening my dissolution warn me that I shall not remain long in this world; and I trust in God that I may be better prepared for another. But go George and fulfill the destiny which heaven appears to have intended for you. Go, my son and may God's and a mother's blessing be with you to the end!' The President was deeply moved. His head rested fondly on the shoulder of his parent whose aged arm feebly but affectionately encircled his neck. Then the brow on which fame had wreathed the fairest laurels ever accorded to man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have overawed a Roman Senate, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time worn features of the faltering matron.

He wept!—a thousand recollections crowded upon his mind as memory retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the lowly homestead of his youth in Westmoreland where he beheld that mother whose care, education and discipline had enabled him to reach to the topmost height of laudable ambition. Yet how were his glories forgotten in the moment, his exploits and his victories, while he gazed upon her from whom he was soon to part to meet no more. Her premonitions were but too true. She passed away from earth in August of the same year, 1789, at the age of eighty-five."

Passing from the dear pathetic presence, and hurriedly retracing his way, next morning, back to Mount Vernon, the President elect, perhaps did not hear the plaudits in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day and reached his home before evening,

having exhibited his powers of endurance at the age of fifty-seven, by riding over eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife Martha in his absence had busied herself in making ready the necessary traveling equipage, and on the following morning, April 16th, the President set out for New York, then the seat of the new Government.

GUNSTON, THE HOME OF GEORGE MASON.

"Twas an old colonial palace

Ere that brazen boom

Thunder'd Freedom from the State House

Through the thrilling land;

In those days it was a great house,

Spacious, feudal, grand."

The next place of historic interest below the Fairfax home of Belvoir on the Potomac, is an estate which in its original entirety contained seven thousand acres and belonged in the colonial days to Col. George Mason, the distinguished patriot, whose name is very prominent in early Virginia history, and especially in that portion of it which relates to the Revolutionary contest. He was not a soldier and had no aspirations for official dignity and honor, but he was a thinker and a most forceful writer, and better than all, a man of correct principles and honest purposes.

On one of the commanding situations of his manorial domain he erected in 1758, a pretentious dwelling where for thirty-four years he lived in almost princely style, dispensing a generous hospitality to his wide circle of acquaintances in the colonies and devoting his time to his broad acres, the pursuits of literature, the promotion of neighborhood improvements and the dissemination of his liberal and popular ideas of colonial independence.

The founder of the Virginia family of Masons of whom George Mason, the builder of Gunston Hall and fifth in line of descent, was a member of the long parliament dissolved by Oliver Cromwell in the reign of Charles the first of England. Like Hyde and Falkland, though fully committed to the reformation of many of the then existing evils of the royal prerogative, he did not favor the overthrow of the monarchy; for when the two great factions of the kingdom came into armed conflict he organized a military body to defend his king against the measures of Cromwell and his party.

After the disastrous battle of Worcester which sealed the fate of Charles, Mason fled in disguise with many others of the royal adherents from the English realm, and in 1651 found refuge in the province of Virginia, whither his family soon after followed him. He settled first in the county of Norfolk, but later moved to Pasbitansy on Acohic creek near the Potomac where he died and was buried.

In 1676, the year of Bacon's Rebellion, he commanded a force against the Indians and represented the same year the county of Stafford in the House of Burgesses. Stafford was carved out of Westmoreland the year before, and was so named by Mason in honor of his native county of Staffordshire, England. His eldest son, also called George, was married to Mary, daughter of Gerrard Fowke of Gunston Hall, Staffordshire, England. The eldest son by this marriage also bore the name of George, the third of this name, and like his father, lived and was buried on the patrimonial estate of Acohic. Their wills were recorded in Stafford county Court in 1710 and 1715 respectively.

George Mason the fourth in descent and eldest son of the last named, married a daughter of Stevens Mason of Middle Temple, attorney general of the colony of Virginia in the reign of Queen Anne. He established a plantation in Dogue Neck on the Potomac, then in Stafford, now in Fairfax, on land which he had inherited, and was the Lieutenant and chief commander of the county of Stafford, in 1719. He was drowned by the upsetting of his sail boat. He left three children, two sons and a daughter, of these two sons one was George Mason of the Virginia convention and the other Thomson, hardly less celebrated than his brother, who settled in Loudoun county and was frequently a member of the Assembly, an eminent lawyer and a true patriot. His son, Stevens Thomson Mason was a member of the Virginia convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, and was a United States Senator as was also his son Armistead.

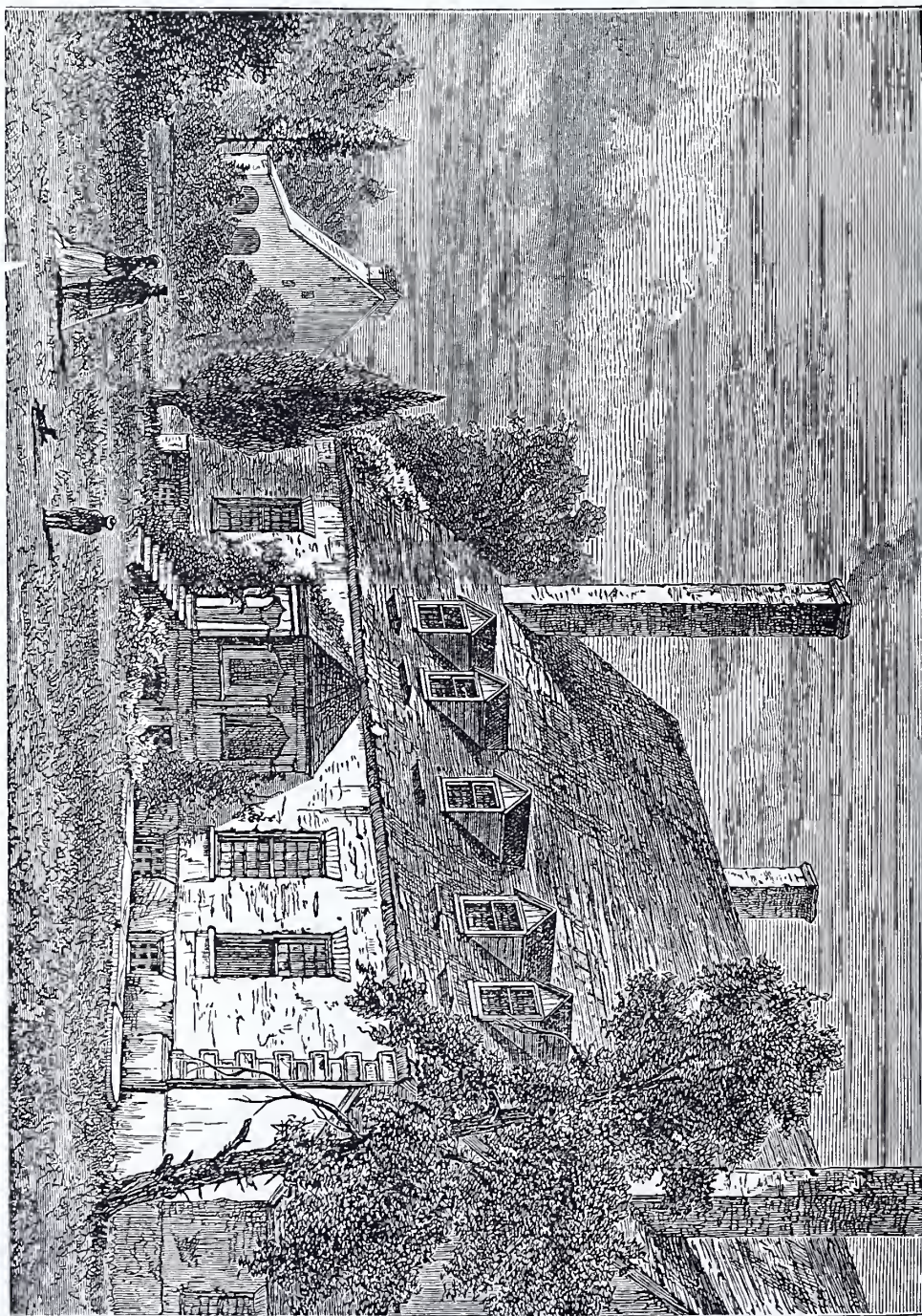
George Mason of the text, the fifth of the name, was born in 1725, seven years be-

fore Washington. At the age of twenty-five he was married to Anne Eilbeck of Maryland, aged sixteen. This was in 1750. She was said to have been a very estimable woman. She died at the age of thirty-nine leaving children, George, Anne, Wil-



Yrs most obed. Servt
G Mason

liam, Thomson, Mary, Daniel, Sarah, John and Elizabeth. Of the sons, George, and Thomson of Hollin Hall served in the Continental Army, Thomson settled in Loudoun county. The last surviving son of John, lived on Analostan Island opposite to Georgetown. He was the father of James Murray Mason who for years was United States



GUNSTON HALL.

Senator from Virginia; who figured with Slidell in the famous Trent affair and was afterwards confederate commissioner to England. He died at Clermont, Fairfax county, 1849 aged 43 years. His eldest daughter by his second wife became the wife of Samuel

Cooper, Adjutant General of the Confederate Army. Another daughter married S. Smith Lee, brother of Robert E. Lee and was the mother of General Fitzhugh Lee.

Col. George Mason was twice married. His second wife was named Brent but of this alliance there was no issue. His last years were made miserable by chronic gout. He died in 1792 and was buried in the family grave yard at Gunston, but no stone was set to mark his grave until a hundred years afterward. In 1896 through the instrumentality of the "Sons of the Revolution" a small granite shaft was erected to the memory of the distinguished statesman and patriot.

George Mason was one of the best and purest men of his time, and possessed the confidence of those younger civilians, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, whose opinions he did much to mould and shape along the lines which led to American Independence. He was a near neighbor to Washington and the Fairfaxes, and on the most intimate terms with them. In 1776 we find him writing to his agent in London a powerful statement of the wrongs inflicted by the mother government upon the colonies; and about the same time appeared his masterly exposition of "colonial rights," entitled "Extracts from the Virginia charters, with remarks upon them." In 1769 he drafted the "Articles of Association" against importing British goods, which the Burgesses signed in a body on their dissolution by Lord Botetourt; and in 1774 he drew up the celebrated Fairfax county resolutions, upon the attitude to be assumed by Virginia. In 1776 he was elected to represent his county in the convention of that year, and drew up the "Bill of Rights" already alluded to which was adopted. Jefferson, then in Philadelphia, had written "a preamble and sketch" to be offered, but Mason's had been reported, and the final vote was about to be taken when it arrived. Mason's bill was therefore adopted, but Jefferson's "preamble" was attached to the Constitution. Mason sat afterwards in the Assembly, and supported Jefferson in his great reforms of organic laws, such as the cutting off of entails, the abolishing of primogeniture, and the overthrow of church establishments. The disinterested public spirit of the man may be inferred from the fact that, by birth and education, he belonged to the dominant class and to the Episcopal Church. He also advocated the bill forbidding the further importation of slaves, in 1778, and ten years afterwards sat in the Convention to decide on the adoption or rejection of the Federal Constitution. He was elected one of the Senators for Virginia, but declined the honor on account of pressing home duties, and continued to reside on his Gunston estate. In the much admired group of sculptured heroes and statesmen which adorns State House Square in Richmond, his statue is conspicuous.

George Mason with all his force of intellect; with his correct judgment of the purposes and actions of men, with his fine perceptions of right and wrong among individuals, communities and nations, which won for him the approval and admiration of all among whom he moved, and with his fitness for any position of public trust and confidence, was remarkably modest and unassuming. He was domestic in his attachments and inclinations, and cared more for the enjoyments of his home life than for the envied circumstances, often vexatious and forbidding which surround the politician and legislator. By his own fireside in the midst of his family circle in his own manorial halls was the place of all others most dear to him. But withal, he was no recluse. He went often out from his fireside and circle and mingled freely with his friends at church, at elections, at barbecues, and on other social occasions, and he loved to have them come and share under the roof of Gunston his large and cordial hospitalities. His library was extensive and varied for the time, and in it he found perennial delights. He was not a learned man according to the common acceptance of the term, but his knowledge of the world so far as he had delved and studied was very correct and practical. He was not an orator and never indulged in lofty flights of language to carry convictions but he had been endowed with a great store of strong common sense which he put forcibly into all the phrases of his public addresses and documents. He had an abiding interest in the affairs of his county and parish, and he co-operated earnestly with the founders of the towns of Alexandria and Colchester, the first stones of both of which he had seen laid in the wilderness.

Letters of this sterling patriot to his children have been preserved and are replete

with good advice and parental solicitude. One of them, a sample of them all, to his son John, a merchant in Bordeaux, France, and to whom he consigned cargoes of his plantation products, closes as follows: "Diligence, frugality and integrity will infallibly insure your business, and your fortunes. And if you content yourself with moderate things at first you will rise, perhaps by slow degrees, but upon a solid foundation."

In his last will and testament he thus charges his sons: "I recommend to you from my own experience in life to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station to the struggles and vexations of public business; but if either your own inclinations or the necessities of the times should engage you in public affairs, I charge you on a father's blessing, never to let the motives of private interest nor ambition induce you to betray, nor terrors of poverty nor disgrace nor fear of danger nor of death deter you from asserting the liberty of your country and endeavoring to transmit to your country's posterity those sacred rights to which you were born."

George Mason held many slaves, for he had numerous plantations under cultivation, requiring a vast amount of labor, and his exports of grain and tobacco to foreign markets were on a large scale, but like his neighbors Washington and Jefferson he deplored the existence of the system in the colonies, for he foresaw clearly the consequences of its workings in the generations which were to come after him. He said in the Virginia convention: "This infernal traffic originated in the avarice of the British merchants. The British government constantly checked the attempts of Virginia to put a stop to it. The present question concerns not the importing states alone but the whole union. Maryland and Virginia have already prohibited the importation of slaves expressly. North Carolina has done the same in substance. All this would be in vain if South Carolina and Georgia be at liberty to import them. The western people are already calling out for slaves for their new lands and will fill their country with them if they can be got through those two states. Slavery discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when it is performed by slaves. They prevent the migration of whites who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effect upon manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations can not be rewarded nor punished in the next world they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. I regret that some of our Eastern brethren have from a love of gain embarked in this nefarious traffic. I hold it essential in every point of view that the general government should have the power to prevent the increase of slavery." What his ideas of religious toleration were, may be learned from the last article in his Bill of rights. "Religion, or the duty we owe to our Creator and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction—not by force nor violence; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience, and that it is the mutual duty of all to practice christian forbearance, love and charity towards each other"—Mason was a member of the church of England but his influences were for its disestablishment.

Gunston Hall is one of the very few colonial dwelling places of the upper Potomac tide water region which are still standing as in the past, one stone upon another. But it has shared a better fate than the most of them, thanks to its enduring materials of construction and to two of its proprietors since the civil war, Col. Edward Daniels and Mr. Joseph Specht; it is now in as good condition as in the days of its builder and first master. Not only its interior of spacious apartments with their high ceilings, wainscotings and elaborate stairways have been put in pleasing order, but its exterior of quaint roofs and gables, and dormer windows and tall chimneys has been well cared for. The manorial domain of seven thousand acres which once belonged to it has dwindled down to only a few hundred. Long may the old historic landmark continue through the mutations of time to call up to coming generations memories of a sterling, self sacrificing patriot whose potent influences in the shaping of the beginnings of our republic have never been sufficiently understood and recognized.

The patriotic and curious pilgrim who wishes to visit this colonial shrine can board the steamer which plies daily between Washington and Mount Vernon. Or if he pre-

fers going leisurely by land, he can in carriage take the old King's Highway at Alexandria and visit in his way of eighteen miles, Mount Vernon, Washington's old mill at Epsewasson, Woodlawn, Belvoir and the little hamlet of Accotink at the head of Accotink Bay where in the hostelry of "Royal George," long since gone to ruin, Washington often met his neighbors after a barbecue or fox chase. The site of the vanished town of Colchester on the Occoquan, seven miles below Mount Vernon will well repay a visit.

The following lines were written by a sojourner under Gunston roof on a Christmas night a few years ago.

I sat in Gunston Hall;—
Grim shadows on the wall
Around me pressed,
As memories of the past
Came crowding thick and fast,
And to my mind, at last,
Their theme addressed.

Back from the shadowy land
They pressed, a noble band,
A stalwart race;—
I saw them come and go,
As if they thought to show
Their stately grandeur to
My mind apace.

From wall and ceiling high,
And ancient panel nigh,
Their faces showed.
I marked them, one and all,
Majestic, grand, and tall,
As from the corniced wall
Their shadows strode.

Then hall and mansion wide
They filled on every side,
With phantoms grand;
While, at the outer gate,
Pressed carriages of state,
With spectral steeds to mate
The shadowy band.

I saw the hearth-stone blaze,
As in colonial days,
In this old hall;
With beauty flashing high,
And gallants thronging nigh,
As if some love-lit eye
Held them in thrall.

They seemed to grow apace
Like old Antenor's race,
Of Trojan fame.
Or men of lofty state,
On whom the good and great
Bestowed their utmost weight
Of honored name.

Then prouder forms were seen,
Of more majestic mien,—
Those grand old knights,
Whose sires at Runnymede
Stocked England with a breed
Of men that made kings heed
Their subjects rights.

Their spectral grandeur showed
In every step they trode
Through ancient hall,
While women held their place
Supreme in every grace
With which the Gothic race
Invests them all.

Each captive husband vied
With lover by his side,
To own her sway
Who practised less the art
To win than keep a heart
That once to Cupid's dart
Had fallen prey;

While wives with sweethearts strove
To keep the torch of love
In constant flame,
That, like sweet Omphale,
They might retain their sway,
And yet their lords obey
By rightful claim.

So passed the shadowy throng,
In misty group along,
As fancy played,
Or pictured, one by one,
These spectral scenes upon
My mind, as night wore on
With deep'ning shade.

And as my eyelids fell
They grew more palpable—
These spectres grand,
That still, in Gunston Hall,
Hold nightly carnival,
As fancy stirs withal
Her conjurer's wand.

The Gunston estate was divided into the following named "quarters" or "plantations" Gunston, Occoquan, Pohick, Stump Neck, Hallowing Point, Dogue Run, and Hunting Creek. From these places the exports of grain and tobacco were large for many years after their clearing of the original growth of heavy timber. But other commodities were produced as appears from an account book of the proprietor before us, such as beef, tanned hides and wool. Of the last named article there are the following entries:

1789	167 fleeces	397 p'ds.
"90	164 "	398 "
"91	166 "	384 "
"92	171 "	458 "

George Mason, like his neighbor Washington, was orderly and methodical in all his business affairs, and his integrity in his dealings is a fact well established.

GUNSTON HALL RESTORED.

"Whatever was in condition to remain as it was originally, stands to-day, voicing in more eloquent language than could be conveyed by the most fervent patriot the spirit of the past. Thus the long, worn flights of sand stone steps leading to the porched entrances on the north and south fronts of the mansion, the most beautiful external features of the house, have weathered the hundred and fifty years that they have stood and are now battered and hollow with age and long use.

The principal entrance to the house is on the north side, and is made through a large, square porch, solidly built of brick and stone, with a peaked roof, supported in front by four Doric pillars of stone. The front door is crowned by a lunette of glass that corresponds to the arched front of the porch, and on either side are narrow hall windows. The southern portico is a smaller, octagonal structure, quite classic in its grace of form. In this picturesque retreat, doubtless, Colonel Mason was wont to entertain his distinguished guests of a summer evening, where they might rest and be refreshed by the cool breezes arising from the quiet waters of Pohick Bay, as it was then called, now Gunston Cove, not many yards below.

This porch is said to have been a favorite spot, too, for a quiet turn at draughts between Washington and Mason.

The mansion is built of bricks that were imported from Scotland, and its walls, interior as well as exterior, have the thickness of three of these very large blocks. It is surmounted by a long, sweeping Virginia roof, that gives slope to the walls of the chambers in the second story, and necessitates the quaint dormer windows that are an added feature of attraction. Four immense brick chimneys rear themselves high above the roof, from the four corners of which they spring, though they have their bases in the immense cellar that runs beneath the entire house. The present owner of the mansion has built a tall observation tower on the top of the house, sacrificing somewhat the architectural harmony of the structure to the pleasure of enjoying the inimitable landscape spread before one for miles below.

INTERIOR OF THE HALL.

Within, the house has the admirable features of the best of the Southern mansions of its time, the wide hall running across the entire breadth of the house, broken only by a fine broad staircase ascending at one side, and in this case relieved half way down its length of wall on either side by a carved panel reaching from floor to cornice, where they form themselves into two graceful arches, that meet in the centre of the ceiling in a drop in the form of a huge acorn carved in wood. From both sides of the hall enter the chief rooms of the house, the doors curiously low in proportion to the heights of the walls, with deep panelled casements, and opening into four apartments of fine dimensions.

On the right of the main entrance is what is known as the Jefferson room, as here there is reason to believe that Thomas Jefferson consulted and talked over with his friend and settled many a question that is embodied in this country's laws, giving more than reasonable indorsement to the popular belief that in this room the American Declaration of Independence was practically framed. The room is at present modernly furnished with the elegant appointments of a lady's boudoir, being the sitting room of the daughter of the house, but its most prominent ornament withal is a fine bust of the third President of the United States.

HISTORIC WHITE PARLOR.

On the south side, and communicating with this room, is the handsomest apartment in the mansion, and is the room in which all affairs of especial ceremony took place. It has been alluded to as the White Parlor, taking the name from the ivory white woodwork in which it is finished. This woodwork is of particular note, being of a character in its elaborate hand carving and solidity that is not often reproduced today. However, the wood fittings of Gunston Hall are one of its notable features. George Mason brought over from England several workmen to erect, and decorate the woodwork throughout his house, and they spent three years in accomplishing the task. The two doors in the white Parlor, its two large windows, and the recesses on either side of the big square open fire place are all incased in broad, fluted, square pilasters with frontal decorated after the chaste Doric designs. The heavy panelled doors are also finished with classic scrolls. A Northern architect visiting Gunston Hall not long since—fortunately it was not before the arrest of its decay—offered \$3,000 for the woodwork of this room, which he had an ardent desire to transfer to a colonial mansion he was erecting near Boston.

The plainer, though very handsome woodwork in wainscoting cornices, doors, mantel and window frames, and otherwise finishing of the mansion's stately dining room, situated across the hall from the White Parlor, has an appropriate finish of oak graining. As one sits at the characteristically hospitable board of Gunston Hall, thought irresistibly travels back to former guests who have been regaled in this room. They present an imposing array—the great Washington himself frequently came over from Mount Vernon, six miles away; Jefferson was a very frequent Gunston Hall guest; Adams, Madison, and Monroe, who was a political pupil of Mason; Randolph and Henry visited it; also the gallant Lafayette; and General Green, in fact, all the notable statesmen of the time were guests at one time or another of this "Solon and Cato," the law giver and the stern patriot of the age in which he lived.

The library, occupying the north front of the house, is again handsomely finished in dark, carved wood, with deep, glass inclosed alcoves in the east wall filled with shelving for books.

Ascending the beautiful stairway, with its graceful, hand-turned, mahogany balustrade, one is surprised to find on turning to the second flight, over the broad hallway at its head, a series of graceful arches supported by square fluted pillars. A broad hallway runs from end to end on this floor between the rows of chambers on either side, each with its individual feature of quaintness and beauty. The room occupied by Lafayette when he visited Gunston Hall is that situated in the southwest corner, with two small gable windows gathering all the possible warmth from the late sun, and its dormer window commanding a fine view of the sloping lawns below and the peaceful Potomac in the near distance."

THE "PRINCETON" CATASTROPHE—BURSTING OF THE "PEACEMAKER."

On the 28th of February, 1844, a large party of ladies and gentlemen of Washington including President Tyler and the members of his Cabinet with their families, were invited by Commodore Stockton, of the navy, to pass the day on the frigate "Princeton" lying at anchor off the city of Alexandria. The day was fine and the company numerous and brilliant, not fewer than four hundred in number of whom the majority were

ladies. After the arrival of the guests the "Princeton" got under way and proceeded down the river a short distance below Fort Washington. During the passage down, the largest gun of the vessel, the "Peacemaker," firing a ball of two hundred and twenty-five pounds, was fired several times to test its strength and capacity. The gun had been constructed from a model of, and under the immediate direction of the commodore, and Mr. Tyler had manifested a great interest in its success. At two p. m. the ladies of the party were invited to a sumptuous repast in the cabin. The gentlemen succeeded them at the table, and some of them had got through and left it. The ship was on her return to her anchorage, and when opposite Broad Bay, the commander proposed, for the special gratification of the President and his Cabinet, to fire the gun again, a salute, as he said, in honor of the "great peacemaker" of his country—George Washington. Accordingly, all the members of the Cabinet started to go upstairs, the President with them, but at that instant they were called back to hear a toast proposed by Miss Wickliffe. It was this: "The flag of the United States, the only thing American that will bear a stripe." This was received with great enthusiasm. The President in response then gave as a toast, "the three great guns,—the 'Princeton,' her commander, and his 'Peacemaker.'" This was loudly applauded by the ladies and then the members of the Cabinet started to go upstairs again. At this moment, Mr. Upshur, of Virginia, Secretary of State, had his hand on the President's arm and said to him, "Come, Mr. Tyler, let's go up and see the gun fired." Just then Colonel Dade asked Mr. Waller, the President's son-in-law, to sing an old song about 1776. The President replied, "No, by George, Upshur, I must stay and hear that song; it is an old favorite of mine. You go up, and I'll join you directly." Accordingly, away went Upshur, Gilmer, and the others to see the gun fired. Messrs. Benton, Phelps, Hannegan, Jarnegan, Virgil Maxey, Commodore Kennon, Colonel Gardiner, and many others following. The President remained below, listening to the singing, and just as Mr. Waller came to the name of Washington, off went the gun. "There," said the master of ceremonies, "that's in honor of the name, and now for three cheers." And just as they were about to give them, a boatswain's mate rushed into the cabin begrimed with powder and said that the "big gun" had exploded and killed many of those on deck. On this announcement the shrieks and agonizing cries of the women were heart-rending,—all calling for their husbands, fathers, brothers, and so on, rushing wildly into their arms and fainting with the excess of feeling. When the gun was fired the whole ship shook, and a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the entire group on the forecastle, but when this blew away an awful scene presented itself to the spectator.

The lower part of the gun, from the trunnions to the breech, was blown off, and one half section of it was lying on Mr. Upshur. It took two sailors to remove it. Mr. Upshur was badly cut over the eye and on his legs; his clothes were literally torn from his body, he expired in about three minutes. Governor Gilmer of Virginia, was found to be equally badly injured. He had evidently been struck by the section of the gun before it had reached Mr. Upshur. Mr. Sykes, member of Congress from New Jersey, endeavored to raise him from the floor, but was unable. A mattress was brought for him, but he soon expired. Mr. Maxey, of Maryland, had his arms and one of his legs cut off, the pieces of flesh hanging to his mutilated limbs, cold and bloodless in a manner truly frightful. He died instantly. Mr. Gardiner, ex-member from New York, and Commodore Kennon, lingered about half an hour, unconscious, and expired without a groan. The flags of the Union were placed over the dead bodies as their winding sheets. Behind the gun, the scene, though at first equally distressing, was less alarming. Commodore Stockton who was knocked down, rose to his feet and jumped on to the wooden carriage to survey the effects of the calamity. All the hair of his head and face was burned off. Judge Phelps, of Vermont, had his hat blown off. Nine seamen were seriously wounded and Colonel Benton and many others were stunned by the explosion. Such was the force of it that the starboard and larboard bulwarks of the ship were shattered and the gun blown into many pieces.

Judge Wilkins had taken his stand by the side of Governor Gilmer but some remarks falling from the lips of the latter, and perceiving that the gun was about to be fired he explained, "though Secretary of War, I don't like this firing, and believe that I shall

run," so saying he retreated, suiting the action to the word, and escaped injury. The most heart-rending scene, however, was that which followed. The two daughters of Mr. Gardiner, of New York, were both on board and lamenting the death of their father while Mrs. Gilmer from whom they vainly attempted to keep the dreadful news of the death of her husband, presented truly a spectacle fit to be depicted by a tragedian. There she sat on deck, with hair dishevelled, pale as death, struggling with her feelings and with the dignity of a woman, her lips quivering, her eyes fixed and upturned, without a tear, soliloquizing, "Oh certainly not! Mr. Gilmer cannot be dead! Who could dare to injure him? Yes, O Lord have mercy upon me! O Lord, have mercy upon him!" And then, still more apparently calm and seeming to be collected, with the furies tearing her heart within, "I beseech you, gentlemen, to tell me where my husband is? Oh! impossible, impossible! can he, can he, can he be dead? Impossible!" Here Senator Rives of Virginia, drew near. "Come near, Mr. Rives," she said in a soft whisper, which resembled Ophelia's madness, "tell me where my husband is—tell me if he is dead. Now certainly, Mr. Rives, this is impossible." Mr. Rives stood speechless, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "I tell you Mr. Rives, it is impossible," she almost shrieked; and then again moderating her voice, "Now do tell his wife if her husband lives!" Here several ladies exclaimed, "God grant that she may be able to cry; it would relieve her—if not, she must die of a broken heart."

A daughter of Mr. Gardiner, one of the victims of the ill-fated party and to whom the President was paying attention, and who in the following June became his wife, gave the following relation a few years ago. "When we got down to the collation served in the cabin the President seated me at the head of the table with him and handed me a glass of champagne. My father was standing just back of my chair so I handed the glass over my shoulder, saying, 'Here, pa.' He did not take it but said 'My time will come.' He meant his 'time to be served,' but the words always seemed to me prophetic. That moment, some one called down to the President to come to see the last shot fired, but he replied that he could not go, as he was better engaged. My father started with some other gentlemen and left us. Just then we heard the report and the smoke began to come down the companion-way. 'Something must be wrong', said a bystander, who started to go and see. He got to the door then turned around and gave me such a look of horror, that I never shall forget it. That moment I heard some one say, 'The Secretary of State is dead.' I was frightened, of course, and tried to get upstairs. 'Something dreadful has happened,' I exclaimed. 'Let me go to my father!' I cried, but they kept me back. Some one told me that the gun had exploded, but that there was such a crowd around the scene it would be useless for me to try to get there. I said that my father was there, and that I must know if any evil had befallen him. Then they told me he had been wounded. That drove me frantic, I begged them to let me go and help him—that he loved me, and would want me near him. A lady, seeing my agony, said to me, 'My dear child, you can do no good; your father is in heaven.'"

The bodies of the victims of this dire calamity, which cast a gloom over the whole land, were taken up to the capital. Five hearses, conveying the remains of Messrs. Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxey, and Gardiner, followed by a long train of carriages and a great concourse of citizens, on horseback and afoot, passed in silence up Pennsylvania Avenue and proceeded to the Executive Mansion. The coffins of the distinguished dead were taken into the East Room and placed on biers to await the funeral solemnities which occurred on the Saturday following."



OLD HISTORIC LETTERS.

What is the harvest they bring us,
 Flotsam of life and the years?
 Kissed by the dust in their sleeping
 Bathed in love's sunshine and tears.

The enthusiastic delver among old historic records now and then finds himself in the presence of veritable apparitions of personages whose faces are seen no more save as they look down through the limnings of the painter from their lonely places on the old ancestral walls, whose voices were silent long generations before the time of his earliest memories.

These are the apparitions: A bundle of letters, folded, tied and laid away, when and by whom, by what careful, loving hands no record tells us. They rise up from old trunks, boxes, barrels, and musty shelves, in dust-strown lofts and garrets. To sit down alone in the quiet and open these bundles of missives, faded and worn, sometimes in tatters and hardly decipherable, is like taking a long journey backward through the vanished years, and holding pleasant communion with the dead, and learning somewhat of the lore of the times when they were living, moving actors on the world's wide stage. And we are glad to notice that an interest is at length being fostered among our people, though thousands of opportunities have already irretrievably passed away, for the bringing to light of such of these precious historic souvenirs as have escaped destruction and securing for them preservation from further liability to loss.

The societies of the Daughters and Sons of the Revolution have shown a zeal in this direction at once worthy of commendation and general emulation. Whatever relates to the trials, sacrifices, habits, manners and customs of the ancestors of the colonial days—whatever comes up to the surface in the course of more studious investigation to throw new and more ample light on their home and neighborhood life takes on additional interest and fascination for all classes of our people an interest that will increase as the widening years go on, and as patriotic impulses become more and more the incentives to action.

This letter taken from a bundle preserved with pious care through all the mutations of succeeding times, we open and read with feelings akin to awe. It is dated June 14th, 1723. It is to a correspondent in London and reads:

"WAKEFIELD, VIRGINIA.

Dear Brother—We have not a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly twenty years.

We have now a young minister living with us who was educated at Oxford, took orders and came over as assistant to Rev. Kemp, of Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both and he teaches school for his board. He teaches sister Susie and me and Madame Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast. Mamma and Susie and all send love to you and Mary."

The writer of this matter of fact epistle was no other than Mary Ball, the young Virginia damsel at the age of seventeen, and who ten years later was to find favor in the eyes of Augustine Washington, and become the mother of the future commander-in-chief of the Continental armies and the first President of the United States of America.

Not much is recorded of the youth and young womanhood of Mary Ball, daughter to Joseph Ball, son of Col. Wm. Ball who came to Virginia before 1669. From her mother who died in 1728 after a widowhood of many years she had doubtless inherited the noble qualities of mind and heart, and had been taught all those domestic virtues of which contemporary testimony and tradition tell us. She was a bright exemplar of industry, frugality, strength of will and purpose, obedient to the behest of duty, faithfulness and modesty, and with deep religious convictions. Here is a letter from one of her friends which gives us a glimpse of her lovely girlhood:

"WMSBURG, ye 7th of Oct, 1722.

Dear Sukey:—Madame Ball, of Lancaster, and Her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She know. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is very sensible, Modest and Loving. Her hair is like unto flax. Her eyes are the color of yours and her Cheeks are like May blossoms. I wish you could See Her."

Here is a letter or rather a note which has been handed down as an heirloom through many generations. The date is Wakefield, Va., 1733, one year after the birth of George Washington, and it is in the handwriting of his father; Captain Augustine Washington, who with Mary Ball, his wife, are going to make a visit very soon to some of their friends in the neighborhood of the Old Homestead. They announce the time of their coming and their intention of bringing with them their "baby George." Through this brief note we get but a glimpse of far away events. Only the mere announcement of an afternoon or overnight friendly reunion. And this is all that will ever be known of the little social event thus briefly alluded to; but it is a glimpse which may be readily widened into charming views of all its unnoted details and circumstances, accordingly as rein is given to one's fancies. Doubtless the infant, in swaddling clothes on this neighborly expedition was everywhere hailed by kindred and friends with the usual exclamations of fondness and delight, but they did not perceive the brightness of his particular star hanging serenely in the heavens above and pointing to the future mission and the career of great renown.

Here is a letter of great interest written to Mary Washington by her brother Joseph Ball on learning that there was some talk of entering her son George as a midshipman in the British navy.

STRATFORD BY BOW, LONDON, 19th May, 1747.

"DEAR SISTER: I understand that you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put a prentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month and make him take three-and-twenty, and cut and slash him like a negro, or rather like a dog. And as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, there are so many always gaping for it here who have interest and he has none. And if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship (which will be very difficult to do) a planter that has three or four hundred acres and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may leave his family in better bread than such a master of a ship can, and if the planter can get ever so little before hand let him begin to buy goods for tobacco and sell them again for tobacco, (I never knew them men miss while they went on so, but he must never pretend to buy for money and sell for tobacco. I never knew any of them but lost more than they got. He must not be too hasty to get rich, but go on gently and with patience as things will naturally go. This method, without aiming to be a fine gentleman before his time, will carry a man more comfortably and surely through the world than going to sea. I pray God keep you and yours. My wife and daughter join with me in love and respect to you and yours.

Your loving brother,

Joseph Ball."

Another letter is dated 1759, twenty-six years later. It is from Mary, the mother of George, to a relative in London. Her son is yet but little more than a boy, but he has been away from her for five years, exposed to privations and hardships untold in the

warfare with the French and Indians on the wilderness borders, and pathetically relates to her correspondent how grievous and afflicting to her has been his absence. But now she is glad he is coming home.

And here is one of the messages she has received from her son George just after that disastrous battle of Braddock with the French and Indians on the Monongahela:

CAMP OF GREAT MEADOWS, July 14, 1755.

HONORED MADAME:—As I doubt not you have heard of our defeat, and perhaps have had it represented in a worse light, if possible, than it deserves, I have taken the earliest opportunity to give an account of the engagement as it happened within seven miles of the French fort on Wednesday, the 9th inst. We marched on to that place without any considerable loss, losing now and then a straggler by the French and scouting Indians. When we came there we were attacked by a body of French and Indians whose number I am certain did not exceed 300 men. Ours consisted of about 1,300 well armed troops, chiefly of the English soldiers who were struck with such a panic that they behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly in order to encourage the men, for which they suffered greatly, there being nearly 60 killed and wounded, a large proportion out of the number we had. The Virginia troops showed a great deal of bravery and were nearly all killed, for out of three companies there is scarce 30 men left alive. Capt. Poulson shared a hard fate, for only one of his men was left. In short, the dastardly behaviour of those they called regulars exposed all others that were inclined to their duty to almost certain death, and at last in spite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary they broke and ran as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them. The general, Braddock, was wounded and died three days after. Sir Peter Halket was killed on the field where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the general's aids-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which made the duty hard on me, as I was the only person left to distribute the general's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent spell of sickness that confined me to my bed and wagon for above ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition which induces me to halt here two or three days, in the hopes of recovering a little strength to enable me to proceed homeward, from whence I fear I will not be able to stir until towards September. From your obedient Son,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In July, 1760, Widow Washington writes to her brother Joseph in London as follows:

Dear Brother, this Coms by Captain Nickleson. You seem to blame me for not writing to you butt I doe assure you that it is Note for want for a very great regard for you and the family, butt as I don't ship tobacco the Captains never call on me, soe that I never know when tha com or when tha goe. I believe you have got a very good overseer at this quarter now; Captain Newton has taken a large lease of ground from you which I Deare say, if you had been hear yourself, it had not begn done. Mr. Daniel & his wife & family is well. Cozin Hannah has been married & lost her husband. She has only one child, a boy. Pray give my love to Sister Ball & Mr. Bowmon, his son in law & his Lady & I am, Deare Brother, Your loving sister,

MARY WASHINGTON.

Mr. Joseph Ball, Esq., At Stratford by Bow, Nigh London.

There is another letter extant, written by the same hand but feebler and more unsteady. It is to her son John Augustine, somewhere about the year 1781, when the long struggle of the American Revolution was still pending and the independence of the thirteen colonies was not yet an assured fact. Her son George had been long away from her again as commander-in-chief of the armies and again was exposed to great perils, and in the commotion and uncertainties of the times it was natural that the epistle of the good matron, now bowed with more than three score years and ten, and unassisted by many cares, should take the tinge of surrounding circumstances. She complains that the times are hard and that her estates are not yielding enough for her support, "that she is going fast, and is like an old almanack, out of date."

We must not omit an epistle traced by the hand of George Washington when at the age of sixteen he was surveying the wilderness lands of his patron Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron. His pen doubtless was a stray quill from an eagle or other wild bird—his table a fallen tree—his light a blazing pine fagot. It was written to one of his youthful companions, perhaps a schoolmate who had shared with him the rude academic trainings of schoolmaster Hobby in Westmoreland.

DEAR RICHARD:—The receipt of your kind favor of the 2nd instant afforded me unspeakable pleasure, as I am convinced I am still in the memory of so worthy a friendship I shall ever be proud of increasing.

You gave me the more pleasure as I received it amongst a parcel of barbarians and an uncouth set of people. The like favor often repeated would give me pleasure altho I seem to be in a place where no real satisfaction is to be had. Since you received my letter in October last I have not slept above three nights or four in a bed, but after walking a good deal all the day, lay down before the fire on a little hay, straw, fodder, or bearskin, which ever is to be had, with man, wife and children, like a parcel of dogs or cats, and happy is he that gets the place nearest the fire. There's nothing would make all this tolerable, but a good reward of a doubleloon which is my constant reward every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistols. The coldness of the weather will not allow my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of year. I have never had my clothes off, but lay and sleep in them like a negro except the few nights I have lain in Ferderic town.

G. WASHINGTON.

Two letters more and we will close our chapter. They were written by the Hon. William Fairfax, the founder of Belvoir, on the Potomac. In 1750, accompanied by his son-in-law, Major John Carlyle, of Alexandria, he made a voyage to England to visit such of his kinsmen and friends as were still living in the old neighborhoods of his boyhood. Years of close attention to private and public affairs in Virginia had been wearing upon him, and he needed rest. His faithful wife, Deborah, had passed away from his side three years before. His son, George William, and his wife and children were domiciled in the Belvoir home. The first of these letters is dated, White Haven, England, July 6, 1750.

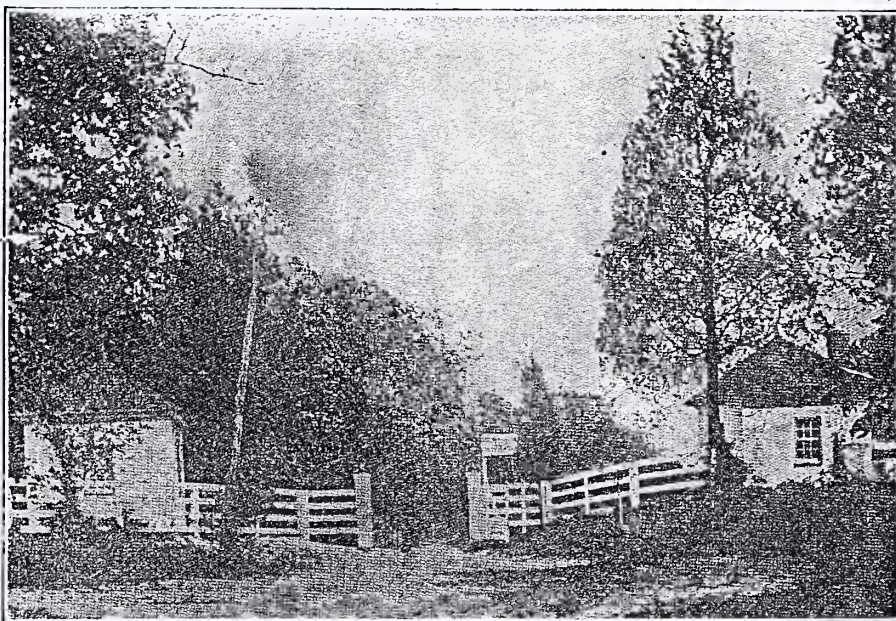
The second is dated London, October of the same year, and both are addressed to Lawrence Washington. In them he gives a description of their voyage and sea sickness, tells of the comfort they found in the plum cake with which they had been provided by his daughter Anne, Lawrence's wife. He speaks of their remembrance of the Mount Vernon and Belvoir friends in their toast while en voyage, of their meeting with cordial friends after landing in old England, of transacting business connected with the tobacco trade, of their solicitude for the well and sick at home, and of the pleasure they had received from home letters; assures them that they will not forget their commissions for the purchase of tokens in London, and in concluding, indulges the hope that Lawrence Washington and his brother George will derive benefit from their visit to the springs.

A voyage across the Atlantic ocean to the Old World in those times was one of no small undertaking. It was an event of a life time. There were no vessels for passengers exclusively and the passage had to be made in the ships, brigs or schooners of commerce, many of them but poorly provided with the conveniences and comforts. Sometimes the voyager was fortunate if favoring gales filled his sails and he crossed over in four or five weeks, but oftener through storms or adverse winds or besetting calms the time was as many months, and generally the "freshest advices" chronicled by the gazettes of the day from England and the other countries "beyond the seas" were quite old reading before they reached the firesides of the colonists.

The old letters—the worn and faded letters written by hands which have been dust long generations ago. Now and then we take them from their places and read them over thoughtfully, as we have many times before, and then how they open for our visions the dim vistas of the past. Far away we can see lonely dwellings, rude, ungarnished cabins, the outposts of civilization in the wilderness clearings, where in their ruddy firelights are gathered, groups of brave hopeful hearts, the makers and builders of the neighborhoods and states. There are fading sails on the rivers and bays; these outward bound with cargoes of tobacco and bearing letters—precious letters to the English friends in homes, three thousand miles away, some of them from brave, hopeful hearts with cheerful story of how their lots have been cast in pleasant places. Some of them perchance from hearts less resolute; and repining because of besetting struggles and hardships in the new homes. And there are sails incoming, desecrated with joy and swelling hearts for the expected friends on board, for the long looked for messages and tokens and presents for the pioneers. These are some of the shadowy throngings of the vistas which open to us when we unfold and read the faded letters. Let ours then be the kindly office of gathering and preserving such of them as still remain scattered that they be not lost.

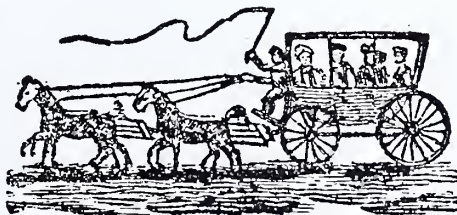
This searching and gathering and rescuing from destruction the faded and tattered waifs of happy fingers of the long ago is purely a labor of love and kindly instincts we know, with no compensations in dollars and cents and of a certainty there will be some who will put but little estimate upon our efforts and fail to appreciate our motives and solicitude, but there will be others, many others we doubt not will properly appreciate them and so, perhaps they shall not have been in vain.

We want more facts concerning the old homesteads, the old families, the old churches, the old high ways, the old manners and customs—more about the heroic sacrifices of the brave pioneers, the honored and worthy fathers and mothers who set the hearth stones and the altars along the bays and rivers and creeks and by the mountains in the new found wastes and planted the germs of civil and religious liberty over them all. We want to learn more about the sturdy Continentals who sprang to arms and filled up the regiments when flying couriers brought tidings of Lexington to the plantations along the Pautuxent, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James. We want more enthusiasm in the direction of preserving and restoring the old historic houses which are fast falling to ruins—more care to keep in order the burial places, to reset the falling memorial stones, restore their fading inscriptions and keep up their inclosures.



THE OLD GATEWAY OF MOUNT VERNON, AND LODGES.

Through this gateway in Washington's time was the only carriage road leading to the Mansion of Mount Vernon. The road connected about one mile distant to the west with the Old King's Highway from Williamsburg by Alexandria and to the Shenandoah. It was a much traveled way and is still used, but the great tide of travel which now sets in to the consecrated home is by railway and Steamboats.



THE SWIFT SURE STAGE,
STARTS FROM THE

GREEN



TREE



THE OLD VIRGINIA REEL.

So sweet and very merry, very faint and far away,
 Now I hear the ancient fiddlers on the strings begin to play,
 Keeping time with swaying bodies and a kind of whispered croon
 Till a host of dainty slippers follow to the dear old tune.

Ah, the instruments are shattered and the strings are snapped in twain,
 And the fiddlers have forgotten and will never play again!
 'Twas the creaking of the branches on the shingles to and fro
 That recalled to me the music and the mirth of long ago.
 But above the stars eternal in their faded pinks and blues,
 With the powder on their ringlets, and the buckles on their shoes
 I shall see the beaux and sweethearts in a long procession kneel
 And their harps will play the music of an old Virginia reel. *Minnie Irving.*

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